

August 14, 1963

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 14, 1963

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Visiting multimillionaire American clothing manufacturer Joseph Daroff (see page 15) is reluctant to talk about how to become a millionaire.

HE just shrugs nonchalantly and says: "You either get the breaks or you don't."

As well as being president of his company, Mr. Daroff is responsible for the selling of its merchandise, and travels abroad every year looking for new markets.

When he is in his Philadelphia head office he works from 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

And he doesn't ride to work in a chauffeur-driven limousine—he walks—from his apartment four blocks away.

Twice a week he spends two days working at his New York office, 90 miles away.

★ ★ ★
OUR Fiction Department is always pleased to see a story by Sydney author Mary Wilkinson, for she is one of the most talented local writers.

This week's story by her, "When It Mattered" (see page 27), has a typical Sydney art show background.

Miss Wilkinson tells us her short story output has declined lately, as she has been busy moving house from Kirribilli to Edgecliff.

She says: "I'm not thinking much about plots at the moment — mainly about whether the purple couch will go with the white walls and dark blue cupboards!"

Our Cover

● Diane Horman, 31, of Cabramurra, N.S.W., recently found a new playmate — Mushka, a husky owned by Sydney visitors to Diane's home town. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

OUR recent (July 24 issue) entertaining article "Do Women Talk Too Much?" by Stephen Birmingham really fascinated a Sydney woman reader.

She wrote to say that she "came face to face with myself," when Mr. Birmingham wrote that there are some female conversations that men find almost incomprehensible.

The reader went on:

"Stephen Birmingham said, 'Her talk seems to jump from subject to subject without connection. She hops about in time, indulging in flashbacks and flash-forwards; a story that begins with something cute the baby said at breakfast may end up saying that this is what is wrong with life today.'"

"The passage describes me to a 'T'."

"No wonder my husband sometimes looks at me as though he has never seen me before!"

THIS WEEK'S WINNER



3rd MARVILLE NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

NATIONAL WEEKLY WINNER

Mrs. G. Freitag, LAUNCESTON, TAS., wins a Philips Transistor Radio. For her recipe see page 16 of pull-out cookbook.

120 OTHER WEEKLY WINNERS

Each wins a set of 6 multi-colored Pyrex ramekins.

N.S.W.: Mesdames—R. Lord, Wagon G. Lovering, Temora; L. Scurran, Jesmond; G. Dodd, Kurri Kurri; F. Worth, B. Hill; O. Cooper, Kambry; Zielinski, Adamstown; Hts. R. Wyong; V. Stimson, Epp; J. Copland, Hts. Lambton; C. Ehsan, Sappington; Mitchell, Ryde; C. Macdonald, Le Meadows; A. Riding, Wauchope; B. Griffith; N. Kassel, Chateau; J. Murwillumbah; B. Reswick, Epp; Gallagher, Hts. Hts.; E. Evans, Leumeah; L. Pike, Curragong; D. Lyons, Goulburn; T. Lynch, Hts. Wauchope; V. Scurran, Hts. Sth.; R. Guy, Bligh; M. Scurran, Barraba; D. McDonnell, Hts. C. Scurran, Dry Plains; F. Robertson, Murrumbidgee; S. Harley, Rindwick; H. Binger; M. Sherman, St. Ives; B. Scurran, Beacon Hts.; B. Flynn, Albury; J. Scurran, Molong; P. Kark, Ararat; J. Gregory, Balmoral; R. Brown, Potts; E. Jordan, Grafton; Miss P. Taylor, Port Macquarie.

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S.A.: Mesdames—E. Hemm, Lp. Hts.; H. Zacker, Tintinara; A. Crisp, Castling; F. Wehrmann, Jamestown; G. Baker, Balcatta; G. Bradley, Wallaroo; D. McKinnon, Tazewell; W. D. Wilkinson, Berkeley; D. Eglington, Naracoorte; T. Stala, Berrumbidgee; A. Farley, Lameroo; E. Paterson, Newcourt; Miss B. Phillips, Smithton.

TAS.: Mesdames—R. Beswick, Sheffield; S. Goldworthy, Kingston; G. Waters, Launceston; R. Huggins, Launceston; R. Wells, Smithton; H. Ferris, Wilmet; A. Duff, Sheffield; C. Allen, Tharbert; A. Harris, Barrington; Miss P. Tabb, Cradle.

Enter now!

Prizes worth £11,050 include 5 Ford Falcon Deluxe Sedans. Entry forms at your grocer's.





CAVE COMFORT. Dorothy writes up her diary in bed. Initials on the rock wall were carved by cave-sitter Wyndham Rendell, who spent 87 days in Ngilgi Cave. Picture by Joe Cunningham.

CAVEWOMAN OF 1963

DOROTHY WILLIAMS, 35, is no world-shunning hermit.

She has been in Ngilgi Cave at Yallingup, 175 miles south of Perth, since May 30—and she intends to stay there for 90 days to break the world cave-sitting record. The record was established earlier this year by Wyndham Rendell, of Bunbury, W.A., who spent 87 days in the same cave.

Discussing Rendell's feat with some women friends one day, Dorothy said she thought women could do just as well at setting endurance records.

All for a dare

"My friends laughed at me and dared me to beat Rendell's record," said Dorothy.

She accepted the challenge and moved "house" from Victoria Park, a Perth suburb, on May 30.

"Well, here I am. And

● *A rash statement made to a group of friends turned a brunette, blue-eyed "Jill of all trades" into a cavewoman.*

here I intend to stay for 90 days," she said.

Her new "residence" is a cave system of six chambers which go 135ft. underground. The temperature inside stays a steady 61 degrees all year round, but lack of moving air makes the atmosphere very stuffy and close.

A partly trained hairdresser who has tried many jobs, including shearers' cook and teashop proprietress, Dorothy finds that being a cavewoman is a full-time job.

Western Australian Museum paleontologists asked her to search the sandy patches in the caves for fossilised bones of animals during her self-imposed imprisonment.

Scientists have already made preliminary explora-

tions in Ngilgi Cave, but Dorothy has had a much better chance to make a full-scale search.

She has found the skeleton of a Tasmanian wolf and several other rare marsupials which scientists did not

By
COLIN MacKAY

know existed in Western Australia.

Using wheelbarrow and sieve she has collected more than 20 bags of fossil samples—among them the jawbone of a giant kangaroo—which she has sent to the museum.

Dorothy also reads, plays patience, writes letters, keeps a diary, knits, and does

exercises. She is planning to learn typing—by correspondence course.

Four possums

For company, Dorothy has befriended four cave-dwelling possums, which she has christened Pepe, Gigi, Susy, and Percy.

"At first they were very timid, but now they sit on my lap and fight one another for my affections," she said.

"Susy, my favorite, snuggles under the blankets when I am in bed and refuses to come out until I make a fuss of her," Dorothy said.

She is writing a paper on the habits of possums for the Western Australian Museum.

Dorothy's furniture consists of a bed, table, and chair. She heats water and does some cooking on a small liquid-gas stove.

She prepares her own breakfast—raw egg and a glass of fruit juice—but other meals are sent down to her by Mr. Bill Copley, proprietor of a nearby hotel.

Ngilgi cave is named after an aboriginal spirit who once lived there, according to native legend.

Despite the ghost and the eerie shadows cast by stalactites and stalagmites, Dorothy is not nervous.

"I have always had a placid nature and I have more than enough to do to stop me from imagining things," she said.

What she misses most is the sight and feel of the sun.

"During the summer I spend every spare moment at the beach," she said. "But I console myself with the thought that winter will be over by the time I get out of here, and I can head for the beach."

A hot bath

Dorothy washes in the hard bore water piped into the cave, but drinking water is sent down to her.

"The cave water is so hard it is impossible to get a proper lather," she said. "I am dreaming of lying in a steaming hot bath and soaking for several hours the day I leave here."

"It is the first thing I intend to do as soon as I have proved my statement—that women can set endurance records as well as men."

NEXT WEEK:

Seven tips to win a husband

● In a wise, witty special article, famous American columnist Abigail Van Buren advises women over 25 who fear they are "on the shelf" for ever.

She tells how to campaign for a husband—by improving appearance, personality, and opportunity.

Many women will want to read and keep handy this fascinating feature.

So, too, will confirmed bachelors!

● Seasonal fashions from the shops

In a special 8-page section we present a collection of clothes (with sizes, descriptions, and prices) designed for spring and summer. The dresses, suits, coats, and evening wear are on sale in stores and shops throughout Australia.

In this feature price-tags as well as fashion trends are kept in mind. If you have to be budget-minded there are style-winners in basics and best-sellers in medium-price ranges.

Those who can afford the fun of high-fashion can splurge on the models.

● Coffee-break special recipes

"Come for coffee" will be an eagerly sought invitation when you serve it hot, strong, and fragrant—and offer with it any of the delicious accompaniments suggested in next week's color cookery feature.

You'll want to cut out and keep each recipe and make them again and again.

● More gardening book pages—on phlox

When perennial phlox plants flower it is a sure sign that summer has arrived, for they are sun-worshippers and rarely begin to brighten up the garden until the heat is turned on.

Learn all about phlox from two special pages to cut out for your garden book.

● Australian TV's "big" brothers

The Charltons—Michael and Tony—have both become famous in totally different Australian TV spheres: Michael as ABC-TV's top commentator on international affairs in the national "Four Corners" programme and Tony with a big Sunday sports show on Melbourne TV.

Next issue there are color pictures of the brothers and stories about their successes.

Paris goes military—but hems stay up!

By ANNE MATHESON

● Everyone was frightened out of her wits when Jacques Heim opened the Paris winter collections with skirts swooping to mid-calf length. Relax. You don't have to let your hems down.

IT took all the other designers put together to give the reassurance that Heim's new look—longer, older, and sadder—was not going to take all the young fun out of fashion.

He was alone with his long look except for Crahay at Nina Ricci, who showed a series of coats longer and bulkier than the little-nothing suits beneath (as though the wearer had slipped on her boy-friend's coat on a chilly night).

The House of Dior has taken on a very martial air. The collection was like a military parade.

Designer Bohan had squared shoulders built out with wide but rather flat padding.

The longer jackets of wartime memory have large pockets, and skirts are deeply pleated in four flat pleats like panels. Topcoats are for all the world like army greatcoats.

Even Bohan's rich lame cocktail suits have long, double-breasted jackets with large pockets and slits like a man's hacking jacket.

Cardin, too, showed the longer suit jacket and the shoulders were squared but less masculine.

In contrast to these military lines there are also soft chiffons and dainty laces. Dior's are frilled and have bloused tops, and the lace evening dresses have long sleeves puffed on top.

For those who don't want a change, things look good. The fashions are the most "with it" yet.

Gone are the days when Paris couturiers dreamed up something for the exclusive set, and bit by bit these high-life fashions were adapted to the woman in the street. This season it's the other way round, and high fashion is more likely to be a souped-up version of what's going on.

Boots, leggings

For instance, there are the high boots and leggings, dark stockings, and knee socks which have been seen in Chelsea for two years and are hardly news in New York, where the "Kookie" fashions from England have had a big run.

This "Kookie" look in France has been given a very determined boost by the couture.

Pierre Cardin's daytime look has a fresh slant—long, skinny jackets over short, tight skirts, and the "padre's" hat with its wide

THIS IS THE LONG, SAD LOOK THAT WOMEN DIDN'T WANT.



JACQUES HEIM dropped hemlines to three inches below the knee, as in this check tweed coat with matching beanie and ankle socks.

slightly curling brim. Add a huge airy organza scarf, falling as low as the jacket, and you've got it.

Knee-high leggings of glove leather go with these suits and dresses. The pale make-up of the models completes the picture.

"With it" all the way are the headpieces—in mink, sable, leather, satin, and even plastic—that are nothing more than replicas of headscarves.

Other gimmicks are wind-cheater tops to smart dresses, Rugger scarves, students' topcoats (wide and long, in fabric coarse as an army blanket), buckled shoes with flat heels, polo-necked sweaters, peaked schoolboy caps, shirt-blouses, and large floppy neck-bows.

Newer, but in the same vein, are the knickerbockers shown even at the conservative house of Lanvin, and all the way through the collections to Paris newcomer Zabaleta.

This Spanish designer added to the young students' look black leather skirts with mohair polo sweaters beneath black leather coats and sugar-loaf leather hats.

The Robin Hood look—suits, hats, jerkins, and long leather boots reaching nearly to the thigh—was the hit of Yves Saint-Laurent's collection. He preserved last season's little-boy look with polo necks, peasant smocks, and pinafores. He didn't drop the hemline.

Chanel has introduced the tucked silk blouse with her classic suits. The Chanel suit is again braided, unmistakably Chanel, and even more beautiful, in the season's pinks and oranges, mauves, greens, golds, and yet more pink.

Michel Goma at Jean Patou showed a collection that sparkled all the way.

Feathers

A yellow faille evening dress topped with a white feather bodice (reminiscent of the Victorian governess) was one of several feathered models that turned up here and there.

Guy Laroche showed a cocktail dress with a bodice of grey feathers, soft and rounded as a pigeon's breast.

Hemlines may not be com-

ing down, but necklines are down to a new low for evening, accentuating the bust.

Down, too, are the marvelous hostess gowns sweeping the floor and usually slit or wrapping over pyjama trousers tied loosely at the ankle.

Necklines are high in coats and suits for daytime. The designers seem intent to arm the world against the long, hard winter ahead, and no smart woman will be allowed to show more than the tip of her nose, darkly shaded eyes, and as fair a brow as ever was seen.

Hats are all pushed back over the smoothest hairlines, heralding the return of page-boy styles.

High collars

The high-necked look is best seen at Ricci: Crahay's coats have high lapels and fur shawl collars finish high-buttoning sheath dresses and turn out over collarless jackets.

Dior's bloused dresses in light, lacy tweed have enormous matching scarves that seem to strangle the wearer.

Upturned collars are seen everywhere. Cardin's checked wool suit has a shirt jacket buttoned up the back and an upturned collar as high as the tip of the nose in front. With dark leather riding-boots to the knee, this completes and sums up the covered-up look of the season.

Materials are clearly designed with an eye to temperatures, for they are thicker than ever and appear in every color of the rainbow.

In tweeds you have only to think of a color and it's there—delicious raspberry and cream mixtures, and lush lame and tweed weaves, pink in all the soft fruit shades of strawberry, raspberry, and red and black currants.

It was left to Balmain to give the right look to the shift by lifting it just below the bustline.

Cardin's shift for winter is straight and casual. Dior moves toward an Empire line. Capucci showed colored snakeskin shifts, coats, and hats.

Wherever it is seen, the shift is loose. From under the bust it skims past the figure, with all the details well down or well up.

Overblouse dresses are seen less frequently, but are not entirely excluded.

The designers have left in all the good-sense clothes this season, and given the fashion world nothing sensational. But the clothes are prettier than ever.



ROYAL JERKIN for bowls has a leather front with two pockets. Neckline, basque, back, and sleeves are thick knitting. Note, no jewels.

● Queen Farah, who lived in Paris before her marriage to the Shah of Persia, took back to her native land the old French game of bowls (boule), played with light balls. On holiday beside the Caspian Sea the Royal pair played the sport—when Crown Prince Reza, now 2½ and a ball of mischief, wasn't about. They also enjoyed the Caspian beaches.



KEENLY and with great concentration, Queen Farah bowls a ball in a game with the Shah at Babolsar, on the Caspian Sea. Her trousers are tight-fitting and she wears socks, flat shoes.

PERSIA'S "ROYALS" AT PLAY

(At bowls—and on the beach)



SHAH'S POSE is typical in the old French game. The ball is light, unlike the bowls used in the popular modern game.



SEA-MINDED youngster Crown Prince Reza, 2½, makes for the water, and Queen Farah finds there's no way of stopping him. But, anyway, Dad's waiting (above, right). The family were at Nowshahr, a beach resort on the Caspian Sea, when these two pictures were taken. The Shah often strolled barefoot over the beach with the Queen, free from State cares.



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REGULAR SIZE 10/-
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 14, 1963

Another diet success story

SHE COUNTED HER CALORIES —AND LOST 4st. 8lb.

● "I feel like a 30-year-old," said Mrs. Joyce Manley, 55-year-old housewife of Chadstone, Vic., who has reduced from 16st. to 11st. 6lb., a loss of 4st. 8lb., in just five months. "And I'm sorry I didn't do it when I was 30," she added.

MRS. MANLEY'S measurements before her diet were 52-48-54. They are now 41-35-41.

Her husband, Mr. Roy Manley, a retired fitter and turner, is very proud of her. "She looks like a flapper now," he said.

The children, Wayne, 13, who goes to Waverley High School, and Sandra, 11, who attends Jordanville South State School, are impressed.

Mrs. Manley told me: "They said, 'Gee, you're getting skinny, Mum.' And I told them I was going to dye my hair black and be all glamorous."

Always cheerful, with pretty white hair and a firm fresh complexion, Mrs. Manley doesn't claim that her diet is unusual. She used the orthodox calorie-counting method.

Her real secret is will-power.

Mrs. Manley wrote to us after reading about the diets of Jill Warwick and Mrs. Patricia Hancock in *The Australian Women's Weekly* of July 3.

Jill lost 5st. in 11 months and Mrs. Hancock 3st. 6lb. in four months. "But I can say I have done even better," Mrs. Manley wrote.

Mrs. Manley told me Jill's diet, with calcium tablets, vitamins, and oil baths, is too expensive for her.

"I couldn't have done it," she said. "We have to manage on my husband's pension."

And she finds her diet more attractive because it allows for more variety in the foods that can be eaten.

Last February Mrs. Manley, an unwieldy 16st., started getting pains around her heart and these drove her to the doctor for the first time in many years.

"I knew the doctor would tell me to diet, and he did," she said. "He told me my weight was too much strain, and that he was going to get me down to 11st."

"He warned me I would be wise to do something about my weight before I got really sick."

The doctor gave Mrs. Manley two lists, foods she could eat and foods she couldn't eat, and told her to keep within 1200 calories a day. He also gave her some tablets.

"When I first went on the

diet I was starving and the doctor increased the tablets," Mrs. Manley said. "He said they weren't very strong. I don't need them now. I stopped taking them several weeks ago."

Mrs. Manley went home from the doctor's and began her diet that very night.

In the first week she lost 11lb. After that, she checked her weight only when she visited her doctor, generally every four or five weeks.

Each time her weight loss was about one stone.

It was two months before she stopped feeling hungry, but she doesn't even think about that aspect of dieting now.

By **MARGARET BERKELEY**

"I used to like everything that you shouldn't eat — puff pastry, for instance — but I could go right by it now."

Mrs. Manley had always been big, even as a girl, but had never made the effort to diet before.

"I loved my food," she said. "The hardest thing to give up was the sweets at dinner-time."

"I still make them for the family, but I have fruit instead."

When cooking cakes or any special dish, Mrs. Manley was an inveterate "taster." She had to force herself to stop this.

But now she doesn't even think of doing it.

Below are a day's low-calorie meals worked out by Mrs. Manley.

BREAKFAST:

Two slices of special low-calorie bread, toasted—no butter.

One boiled (or poached) egg.

Black tea, no sugar.

LUNCH:

Two sandwiches comprising four thin slices of low-calorie bread, thin scraping of butter, thin slice of cheese, tomato, celery (one stick), an apple.

DINNER:

Grilled chop or piece of steak, grilled tomato, 1 helping of silver beet, an apple.

(Usually when cooking

silver beet or other suitable vegetables, Mrs. Manley makes soup of a cupful of the vegetable water and some meat extract to add to her meal.)

Black tea, no sugar.

SUPPER (which Mrs. Manley always has):

Three low-calorie biscuits, with a scraping of vegetable extract, black tea.

The food listed totals 980 calories, but on most days Mrs. Manley ate less than 900 calories.

"I didn't feel I needed more," she said.

Nevertheless, when she reached 11st. 6lb., her doctor suggested she stay at this weight by increasing her intake but keeping to within 1200 calories a day.

"He was very pleased with me," she said. "In fact, everyone has been amazed—my neighbors, the doctor's receptionist—they all think it's fantastic, the change in me."

"And I must admit I'm

pleased with myself. I'll never go back to that again. I feel so well."

Counting the calories is part of Mrs. Manley's daily routine now. She keeps a sheet of paper in the kitchen on which she adds up her daily calorie "intake." It's covered with little sums.

She doesn't go out visiting very much, so doesn't have to face the temptations this involves.

Not that she is perfect.

Ate pasty

Very occasionally she gets a sudden craving for something sweet. At those moments she eats one square of barley sugar and this, she says, satisfies her.

"And one day recently when it was bitterly cold, I sneaked a pasty," she said. "I made them for the family. I was warming a few up for my husband's lunch and I thought, 'Oh golly, I can't watch him eat these.'"

"I felt very guilty, but it didn't make any difference."



TRIUMPHANT SLIMMER: Mrs. Joyce Manley, of Chadstone, Vic., a trim 11st. 6lb. nowadays, poses with one of the dresses she was wearing when, weighing 16st., she started dieting four months or so ago. **LEFT:** Mrs. Manley at a wedding in the 1940s. She thinks she weighed about 14st. at this time, and had no photographs taken in the next 20 years.

Mrs. Manley drinks lots of black tea and black coffee. She used to have milk in tea and coffee before her diet, but hadn't taken sugar in these drinks for years.

Now she drinks them weak, sometimes adding just a quarter grain of saccharine to the coffee.

On Sundays she treats herself to a small potato baked in its jacket for midday dinner (no butter on it, though), which is 125 extra calories.

She likes bread, but eats only the special low-calorie bread. She allows herself two teaspoons of butter a day at the very most.

She doesn't care for salads in winter, but intends alternating them with cooked vegetables in summer.

Instead of gravy she has a little vegetable extract mixed with water and heated.

She uses diabetic jam and chutney for occasional taste treats.

She now has a quarter-pint of skim milk a day and is planning to have unsweetened stewed fruit or gelatine desserts sometimes.

"In fact, now I can have almost anything in small servings, except sugar, starches, and gravies."

Mrs. Manley is fortunate in having good skin. The loss of weight has not left wrinkles.

She has not done any special exercises. She can get round more agilely now—no trouble to get down and sweep under the beds—and gets more exercise than she ever did before.

"I used to get such pains in the backs of my legs when I walked to the shops," she said. "I never get them now. It was just the weight."

Now that her weight is stable, Mrs. Manley is looking forward to a shopping and dressmaking spree. She will ignore XOS now.

During her diet she bought only one dress. "No point," she said, "until my figure settled down."

"I saw a lovely pattern for a 43in. bust in the paper this morning. It's nice to think I can make it for myself now."

The diet has given Mrs. Manley a new experience.

"Now I can feel my bones," she said, laughing. "Before I didn't know I had any."

"How to Diet in Secret"—Page 35
(A 16-page Low-calorie Cookbook)

PETER STUYVESANT THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

The collage features a variety of international motifs. At the top left is a traditional Chinese junk boat. To its right is a green ceramic statue of a standing figure. Further right is a yellow cloth tied with a decorative knot. Below these are a painting of a woman in traditional dress, a large white flower, and a night scene of a busy street with neon signs, including one for '456 Restaurant'. In the center foreground is a pack of Peter Stuyvesant cigarettes, labeled 'FILTER 20' and 'RICH CHOICE TOBACCO KING SIZE'.

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THE UNICOMBS ARE 'SITTING PRETTY'

By KERRY YATES

● Sydney actor John Unicom and his actress wife, Fernande Glyn, need a babysitter so often that they keep one on a retainer.

THE Unicombs have a babysitter on call, and pay her £6 a week, plus overtime and fares.

They live with their two sons, Michael, 9, and David, 3, in a modern boomerang-shaped house built on the edge of a cliff at Lindfield, on Sydney's north shore.

John and "Fernie" have appeared in many stage productions (sometimes together), but at present they're kept busy with television and radio acting. When time permits, Fernie does TV commercials, too.

Acting calls for irregular hours, and sometimes while one parent is working the other can mind Michael and David.

"But often we're out at the same time," said John, "and we call in a babysitter."

"Casual babysitters usually ask four shillings an hour," said Fernie, "and you must pay expenses for transport to and from your home."

She thinks it's wise to interview a babysitter booked through an agency before the actual day she is required.

Once she telephoned for a sitter and a very old lady arrived at the house, exhausted from the heat of the day.

"I was worried, but late for my appointment, too," said Fernie. "So I just sat her down with a cool drink."

Fernie returned a few hours later to find Michael, then 6, fanning the babysitter.

"Don't worry, Mum," he said. "I've looked after her!"

The hunt for reliable babysitters started nine years ago in England when the Unicombs' first boy was born during six years abroad.

John and Fernie, who were married a few weeks after they arrived in London, met a year before when they were playing leading parts in rival Shakespearian productions in Sydney.

For the first two years in London they were busy with stage, radio, and television. After Michael was born they bought a caravan and toured England, Wales, and Scotland with theatrical groups.

"When Michael was tiny," said John, "we used to leave him asleep in the theatre manager's office."

Lullaby

Fernie worried every night that he would wake up when the orchestra struck up, but Michael never stirred. In fact, when a friend was minding him at home once, he woke up and cried at about eight o'clock—curtain-rise time. He probably missed his bedtime music.

As Michael grew older, the Unicombs hired babysitters wherever they went.

As soon as they reach a new town or city (they've



A BABYSITTER is a regular necessity for Michael, 9, and David, 3, pictured here with their parents, John Unicom and Fernande Glyn. On one occasion Michael had to mind the sitter!

toured Australia a couple of times) they advertise for a sitter.

"The response is sometimes frightening," said Fernie. "Last trip to Melbourne, about 30 people applied for the job."

Fernie likes to interview them all personally. She looks for someone with commonsense who really likes children.

"I can usually tell on first meeting," she said, "if a person can be trusted to do the job."

There are other problems for families travelling with shows.

"The boys insisted on taking our pet budgerigar on the train when we went to Perth," said John.

This meant a medical examination and special licence for the bird, which was supposed to travel in the guard's van.

Bird-smugglers

The boys were so upset at this that Fernie made a blue satin cover to put over its cage to make it look like a big cushion, and the budgie was smuggled across the Nullarbor Plain in their compartment.

He was nearly discovered when a guard brought tea to their carriage.

The bird suddenly

whistled, so Fernie started whistling, too, to cover up.

Fernie tries to do shopping and other family chores between jobs.

She knitted four jumpers (one for each of the family) between her entrances in the stage production "Shot in the Dark."

Both John and Fernie took leading roles in the show, a French comedy which ran for nearly four months in Sydney and Melbourne.

Fernie doesn't want to give up her career.

"Either a career OR being a mother would mean only half a life to me," she

said. "I need both to make it full and happy."

Fernie is sometimes brunette, sometimes blond.

"The real me is dark," she explained, "but most producers I work with insist I go blond."

"Sometimes I wear wigs, but bleaching my hair seems to give a better effect. Fortunately, the producers usually pay the bill."

Another secret Fernie gave away—vanity stops her wearing glasses.

"I have perfect vision," she said, "for one yard! But I take my glasses when shopping, otherwise I'd miss all the bargains."

ALUMINIUM AND YOU

"ALUMINIUM AND YOU" — that's the theme of page after page in The Sunday Telegraph on August 11.

All the popular Sunday Telegraph features like Steven Kalmar's "You and Your Home," Reg Edwards' "You and Your Garden," and David McKay's "You and Your Car" will report on the latest specialised uses of aluminium.

For housewives "You and Your Kitchen" will tell you how this versatile material, always widely used for cooking utensils, is growing continually in popularity.

If you're building a new home, you'll find a lot of practical advice in "Building for Tomorrow" on the uses of aluminium.

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SETTING FOR DECORATOR'S LECTURE



LUXURIOUS master bedroom (above). Silk has been used to drape windows, one wall, for the quilted bedhead and spread. The wallpaper is also silk. A day bed and silk cushions give touches of color. Two bathrooms and dressing-rooms lead off at left of picture.

IMPRESSIVE entrance hall (right) is semicircular and tiled in white marble. An air of formality is added with the gilt mirror and velvet-upholstered chairs. The archway leads to a downstairs powder-room and the kitchen. The formal sitting-room leads off at right beside staircase.



DIGNIFIED exterior of the house shows the split-level design to suit the land slope and capture the view of Sydney Harbor. Wide verandahs are framed in slim white columns and wrought-iron railings. The verandahs and entrance steps are paved in gleaming white squares.

GRACEFUL winding staircase carpeted in gold (right) is viewed from the landing outside the master bedroom. Two children's bedrooms, each with separate bathroom and dressing-room, and a playroom are also on this floor. Photographs by Ron Berg and Keith Barlow.

● Guests will see one of Sydney's most luxurious modern homes when they attend a luncheon to hear a lecture by leading London interior decorator the Hon. John Siddeley on August 16. The Point Piper home of Mr. and Mrs. Max Sturzen will be lent for the lecture, which has been arranged by the Black and White committee to aid the Royal Blind Society.



RESTFUL AIR of family sitting-room (above) is achieved through blending of understated colors. Tables are white marble and brass. The 20-roomed home, which includes 6 bathrooms, was decorated by Warren Harding and David Lorimer, of Decor Associates.

SUNNY dining-room (below). The pickle-finished suite has velvet-covered chairs to seat 12 guests. Japanese-silk wallpaper matches the silk drapes and chandelier shades. The study leads off at right. As in most rooms, sliding glass doors open on to a patio.



CHARMING bedroom for daughter has floral bed, velvet sofa, and antique-finished side tables and dressing-table. The mauve color scheme is carried through to the bathroom, in which there is a pretty draped and frilled terylene shower curtain.

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## SOCIAL

**T**HE most important item in Mrs. R. V. Palmer's luggage when she returns home in September after a two-month tour of the East will be a length of white raw silk for her daughter, Jillian.

Jillian, who recently announced her engagement to John Buchanan, of Double Bay, will have the material made up for her wedding gown, which will be styled on classical lines.

Although Jillian is originally from South Yarra, Victoria, she has been flatting at Double Bay since she came back from America 14 months ago, and has chosen St. Peter's Church, Watson's Bay, for her marriage on January 21—incidentally, St. Peter's will celebrate its centenary next year.

Jillian will be attended by John's sister, Sue, Marcia Macdougall, of Double Bay, and Mrs. Andrew Becher, of Bellevue Hill, who's holidaying overseas until September and at the moment is visiting her parents-in-law, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. O. H. Becher, in London, where Rear-Admiral Becher is Head of the Australian Staff of Joint Services.

Later this year Jillian will fly to Melbourne to be guest of honor at a cocktail party which her mother will give at her South Yarra home for her many Victorian friends unable to come to Sydney for the wedding.

A TRIP to Paris is exciting, but even more so if you get the chance to meet a famous couturier. Mrs. Adrian van Bochove, who has returned after two months overseas, not only met Roger Givenchy in Paris but also went to the showing of his autumn collection. It happened by chance. She and her husband were travelling by train from London to Paris when they met Roger's brother at dinner. They exchanged cards and he invited them to the showing next day. "The clothes were gorgeous and the Givenchys told me they hope to open a salon in Sydney soon," Mrs. van Bochove said.

NICE to see Wendy Boom, of Point Piper, back in town the other day. She made a flight up to Sydney to attend the wedding of Catherine Weigall and Graham Ducker before returning to Thredbo, where she is working in a gift shop for the winter season.

ENTHUSIASTIC skier Marea Tancred, of Drummoyne, who has made several excursions to the snow slopes this year, is planning another trip. She'll spend a fortnight at Thredbo in September with Gillian Goulding, of Melbourne.

I LIKE the lovely brooch Lady Berryman pinned to the front of her French beret of green melusine when she went to the North Shore Auxiliary's £2500 cheque presentation to the Children's Medical Research Foundation. In the design of the badge of the Australian Staff Corps, the brooch was a wedding anniversary gift which her husband, Lieutenant-General Sir Frank Berryman, sent to her during World War II. A platinum lion and a crown of diamonds are set off by a red enamelled background, with a boomerang beneath the crown carrying the words "Australian Staff Corps."

THE engagement has been announced in London of Pamela Smyth and Geoffrey Jackson. Pamela, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smyth, of Tamworth, will leave shortly for Spain, where she plans to do a cultural course at the University of Madrid before returning to London for her wedding in October. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. Ian Jackson, of Premier, and of the late Mrs. Jackson. The young couple will make their home in England for the next two years.

CAROLYN BARCLAY, of Boggabri, is homeward bound after a nine-month holiday in England and the Continent. At present she's touring the United States before going to Los Angeles, where she'll stay with her aunt Mrs. Gus Bagnard. When Carolyn gets home she will be welcomed by her sister, Mrs. John Byrne, of Taroom, Queensland, who is staying at Boggabri with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Barclay.

FROM England comes news of recent visitors to Sydney Rear-Admiral and Mrs. M. C. Morgan Giles, who are living at Greenwich, where Rear-Admiral Morgan Giles is president of the Royal Naval College. Their teenage daughter Penelope has just spent the summer vacation with them and has returned to Florence, where she is at finishing school. A fellow pupil is the Hon. Anne Sidney, daughter of the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle.

ONE of the most treasured possessions which Joy Sheidow and Kenneth Legge will take to their new home at Cottesloe, Western Australia, after their marriage at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, on August 10, will be a silver champagne bucket. It's a gift from Joy's bridesmaids, Patricia Cooper and Robin Biddolph.



AT LEFT: Mr. Toby Case and his bride, formerly Miss Marna Macdonald, daughter of Mrs. E. H. B. Neill, of "Carcoola," Clyde, Victoria, and of the late Mr. H. C. B. Macdonald, of "Wanatabadgery West," Wagga, leaving St. James' Old Cathedral, Melbourne, after their marriage. Mr. Case is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Case, of "Pisham Mill House," Dorking, Surrey, England.



# ROUNDAABOUT



HOSTESS Mrs. Ken Patrick with (from left) the Consul-General for the Netherlands, Mr. Alex Laboyrie, and Mrs. Laboyrie, and Mrs. Rosemary Muller at the farewell dinner party which Mrs. Patrick gave at her Mosman home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Laboyrie, who will return home to Holland on September 4, to take up a new position, after more than three years in Sydney.



ABOVE, from left, Miss Helen Blundell, Mr. Monty Walker, Mr. Wayne Hinchcliffe, and Miss Margaret Kirkwood, who were among guests at the Candlelight Ball which The King's School Old Boys' Union held at the Trocadero. Champagne cocktails were served to the guests, who were welcomed by the acting-president of the ball committee, Mrs. J. H. Elliott, of Vaucluse.



SWISS delicacies were enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Swift at the reception which the Consul-General for Switzerland, Mr. J. J. Huber, and Mrs. Huber gave for more than 500 guests in the Wine Pavilion at Sydney Showground to celebrate Switzerland's National Day and to mark the opening of the Swiss exhibit at the Sydney Trade Fair.

IN ENGLAND. Royal garden party guests at Buckingham Palace included (from left) Miss Louise Lester, of Christchurch, New Zealand, Miss Bridget Hordern and her sister, Miss Ann Hordern, of "Pitlochry," Merriwa, who are holidaying in England with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Hordern, until late November.



SMILES from Mr. Tassie Atgemis and his pretty sister, Miss Despina Atgemis, who were among more than 700 guests at the Annual Grecian Ball at the Trocadero. Twelve debutantes were presented to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Geraghty, who were guests of honor at the ball.



LEAVING St. Peter's Church, Watsons Bay, after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Ducker (centre) with their attendants (from left), Mr. Gordon Williams, Mr. Tony Pratten, Mr. Bill Edwards, Mr. Murray Robson, Mrs. Colin Webster, Miss Stella Collins, Miss Kay Maimewaring, and Miss Rosemary Sheldon. The bride was Catharine Weigall, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Weigall, of Bellevue Hill, and of the late Mr. Weigall. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. Lyle Ducker, of Lindfield, and of the late Mrs. Ducker. They will make their home at Vaucluse after honeymooning at Perisher Valley and Thredbo.



# Worth Reporting

WE were fascinated by the hands at the exhibition of sculpture and ceramics from Thailand, held at David Jones' Fine Arts Gallery, Sydney.

Some exquisite tapering-fingered hands belonged to stone and stucco Buddha images of the sixth and seventh centuries, some to bronze and gold Buddha images of a later period. There were three bronzes of hands alone.

They reminded us of the hands of young Thai students we had seen performing the traditional dances.

"Hands are very important in Thai culture," said Mr. Robert Haines, director of the gallery.

"There are about a dozen postures and gestures of the Buddha image which depict various rites, like dispelling fear, calming the waters. The position of the hands and fingers is significant in all of these.

"The hand movements are a very important part of Thai dances, too."

Mr. Haines went to Thailand and Cambodia to buy the works in the exhibition. He also brought back some Thai incense tapers.

The aroma from a burning taper wafted around the gallery while we talked to him.

**DIZZIEST** teenage group we've yet heard of is the *Laundronauts*, formed by American college students.

*Laundronauts* qualify for membership by making 1000 or more "orbits" inside the tumble dryer of a washing-machine. The heat is turned off during "blast off" and the door left open for ventilation.

The aspiring spaceman crawls in wearing football helmet, shoulder padding, and gloves. And crawls out limp as a dish-rag.

The record, held by a Californian college student, is 2000 revolutions.

We weren't surprised to read that most colleges have banned the "sport."



• Melbourne composer Felix Werder.

## Saying it with music

"I BELIEVE a composer should not withdraw into an ivory tower and write for himself. He should write for other people," Melbourne composer Felix Werder told us.

Mr. Werder was in Sydney to hear the first performance of his orchestral work, "Monostrophe," by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. Conductor was Georges Tzipine, to whom it is dedicated.

Music, Mr. Werder feels, is in many ways the Cinderella of the arts in Australia, because so many people take their talent overseas.

"This country can be tremendously exciting for the artist who accepts the challenge to stay and work here," he said. "I have found no frustrations here."

Mr. Werder came to Australia from Berlin 20 years ago and has lived in Melbourne for 15 years.

Besides writing music, he conducts a Melbourne choir and lectures to adult education classes.

Mr. Werder is interested in all forms of music which are a sincere attempt at self-expression.

"It makes no difference whether you play flute or Chinese opera," he said. "I like jazz and often play it to

my classes to relax them before, say, Bartok."

When did he start composing?

"I was about 10," he said. "My father was a cantor and I started by being his copyist and writing psalms and music for the synagogue services. I still write this type of music."

He almost shuddered at the recollection of his early attempts at "serious" music.



**F**EW women can resist trying on a pretty hat—and 80-year-old Mrs. E. H. Clements (above), of "Hope Vale," Eugowra, N.S.W., decided that her birthday cake looked just like a pretty hat. So, after blowing out the 80 candles set round

its "brim," she tried it on. Mrs. Clements has an interesting link with Australia's early history. Her grandfather was Edmund Blacket, the notable Sydney architect who designed so many of the city's buildings between 1842 and 1880.

**T**WO of the latest parlor play gimmicks in America are a monopoly type game called "The Kennedys," in which the object is to win the U.S., and card packs in which pictures of the Kennedys have been substituted for court cards.

We feel the card trick goes a bit TOO far. Whose face, for instance, has been substituted for the knave's?

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# SIX ON A SOUTH SEAS ADVENTURE

From AINSLIE BAKER, in London

● Phrases applied to Philip Sutton's paintings ("headlong," "impetuous") could have described recent activities at his London home.

FROM the terraced house in Battersea the 34-year-old artist, his wife, and four children, plus a collection of his paintings and an immense amount of painting material, set out on a journey that will take them to Australia and on for an 11-month stay in Fiji.

While Philip Sutton and his family are in Australia, 12 of his Matisse-like paintings, with their transparent pale pinks, blues, and yellows, will be on show at David Jones, Sydney.

Sutton is a former builder of electric signs, who for the past nine years has taught for two days a week at

London's Slade Art School. On non-teaching days, he paints in a studio across the river in Chelsea.

Examples of his work have already been bought by the Victorian and South Australian Art Galleries.

Princess Margaret has bought one of his paintings, which will hang in the main room of her home at Kensington Palace.

It was the success of his last London show and a married life of careful saving that enabled the family to embark on their big adventure.

Sutton's wife is Heather, a former schoolteacher, who sometimes does B.B.C. inter-

views on such subjects as the problems of homeless families and mentally handicapped children.

The little Suttons, who spend most of the day painting and drawing, are Jacob (9), Imogen (7), Saskia (5), and Rebekah (2). Their father chose their names.

"We could have bought a smarter car or a bigger house," Philip and Heather said, "but instead, we thought, 'Let's see how far away we can go.'"

"Besides, we've always wanted to try an island, and we've always talked about the South Seas."

"We decided on Fiji because we'd heard about it from a friend of ours, Bill Geddes, who is professor of

Anthropology at Sydney University, and we'll be staying with him at first."

In the weeks preceding departure, life in the Suttons' three-storey, 100-year-old terrace house was a chaotic affair, with cases of paintings, trunks, and children's playthings spilling about and overflowing on to the steep stairs.

Then Heather brought out the little bags that were to hold each child's personal possessions, and immediately the feverish temperature perceptibly dropped, with each child attaching itself firmly to its own base — the bag.

Two-year old Becky, with doll, was packed and ready a week before sailing date.



ARTIST PHILIP SUTTON, described as one of Britain's "most exhilarating painters," will show twelve of his paintings in Sydney.



LONDON ARTIST Philip Sutton with his wife, Heather, and their daughters, Rebekah (2), Imogen (7), and Saskia (5). Son Jacob (9) was not around when the picture was taken.

## EVERY MAN NEEDS 8 SUITS!

### Says multimillionaire American manufacturer

MULTIMILLIONAIRE American clothing manufacturer Joseph Daroff is making his first visit to Australia to look in on his company's manufacturing and market subsidiary, and to confer with the Australian Wool Board.

He buys three million yards of Australian wool fabric a year.

"Honey," he said to me in Melbourne, "we only make quality suits. That's why we use Australian wool. It's the best in the world."

"Look at this," he added, smoothing the lapels of his navy suit (it looked like slanting). "It's Australian wool, with 20 per cent. mohair to give it a shiny finish."

The style of the suit, he explained, was as up to date as today's weather forecast.

The 30in.-length jacket had a low, two-button front, narrow, rounded lapels, natural shoulders; 18in.-cuff trousers.

"I don't go for those skinny 16in. trousers," he said. "You need a shoehorn to get into them."

Mr. Daroff wears a different

ferent suit every day and orders 10 new ones a year. The old ones go to charity.

"Most men I've seen here look as if they were wearing old suits. But I've seen some well-dressed Australian men, too," he said, pointing to one of his Sydney executives.

"Australian women could play a bigger part in influencing their menfolk's dress."

"They have a reputation for following fashion — why don't they encourage their men to do the same?"

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

"How often have you seen a fashionably dressed woman escorted by a man wearing a shabby out-of-date suit. He spoils her image."

"Sure, the average man is always the last in the family to be considered for new clothes, but Mum should make an effort to see he is well dressed."

"I'm all for wives helping their husbands select their clothing."

"I always judge a man on his clothes."

"In my business when a man comes to see me not properly dressed — and by

that I don't mean foppishly, but in a gentleman-like way — I wonder if I want to do business with him."

"That's why our salesmen get around looking like a million dollars."

A booklet his company published in the interests of better dress (it was circulated to the sales staff of more than 200 retail firms) lists the salesman's ideal wardrobe:

Eight suits, 1 tuxedo, 5 sports coats, 7 pr. slacks, 2 topcoats, 1 raincoat, 2 formal-wear shirts, 10 business shirts, 6 sports shirts, 4 hats, 1 pr. formal-wear shoes, 3 pr. dress shoes, 1 pr. sports shoes, 12 ties.

Mr. Daroff recommends the wardrobe for any man who wants to be well dressed.

His own wardrobe includes:

Thirty-five suits — all weights and colors, 15 pr. shoes, stacks of white, pale blue, and canary-yellow shirts (colors VERY new in the shirt business), 15 hats ("A man is never well dressed without a hat"), and 6 coats, each a different weight to suit the season.

Mr. Daroff pointed out that not long ago it used to

take seven years for men's fashions to change, but now, with million-dollar promotions, manufacturers have broken the time down to three years.

"Take the pleatless trousers college students set the fashion for a few years back," he said.

"Two years ago 65 per cent. of American men were for trousers with waist pleats, and 35 against. Now it's the other way round." (His trousers had pleats.)

#### Family firm

Mr. Daroff is president of H. Daroff and Sons, of Philadelphia.

His twin brother, Samuel, is company treasurer, and another brother, Michael, chairman.

The company's brand-name—Botany 500—nets 41 million dollars profit a year.

The suits are turned out at the rate of 25,000 a week, and sell round the world. American TV personalities Dick Van Dyke and Danny Thomas, he says, are "Botany Boys."

The name was created after the merger 25 years ago of Daroffs and 70-year-old Botany Mills. They combined Botany, and a range called 500—then spent millions of dollars promoting it.

"Our 75-dollar suits are as good as our competitors' 90-dollar suits," he said.

"We know, because we

buy theirs and dismantle and laboratory-test them."

Making clothes isn't Mr. Daroff's only dollar-maker. The company also controls 82 retail stores and 24 companies which market dozens of best-sellers from artificial furs and pearl jewellery to "Mad" magazine.

They employ 11,000 people.

Mr. Daroff didn't work his way from tailor to tycoon.

He and his brothers inherited the company from their father, Harry Daroff, a Russian immigrant who

started a business in Philadelphia at the age of 18 on five dollars.

With the help of his young bride, Harry Daroff began manufacturing trousers. He died a millionaire.

Joseph Daroff's wife is travelling with him on this business and pleasure trip, which has taken them to the Far East, Sydney, and Melbourne.

"She's in Sydney suffering from a very bad cold at the moment," he said.

He produced a picture of his wife — an attractive blonde — and explained proudly that she originated Daisy Day, which in seven years had raised 250,000 dollars for the Children's Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.

#### Married young

"We were married when she was 18," said Mr. Daroff. "And our daughter Lyn was married at the same age. I was a grandfather in my early forties."

"Lyn is married to the American composer Burton Lane. You know, the guy who wrote 'The Old Devil Moon,' and 'I Like New York in June.'"

And to sell his son-in-law's song he began singing in a not-too-shaky voice: "I Like New York in June, how about you . . ."

"I used to be a tenor, but now I'm an elevenor," Mr. Daroff punned cheerfully.



● Multimillionaire Joseph Daroff. He's in his sixties, loves life, people.



264 — Tico-Tico; Strange Music; Lisbon Antigua; Morgen; 5 more.

190 — Taboo; I Wish I Knew; Squatty Roo; Should I; 5 more.

329 — Go Chase A Moonbeam; And This Is My Beloved; many more.

25 — Frank De Vol. Annie Laurie; Peg o' My Heart; Roses of Picardy; etc.

270 — Bye Bye Blackbird; Red River Valley; Blue Tail Fly; etc.

183 — "Absolutely enchanting music..." Collector's Tchaikovsky.

252 — Twist City; Big Susie; Mo-lasses; Fast Twist; Twist On; etc.

171 — Also includes Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini. Superb Entremont.

255 — Andy Williams with 12 velvet - smooth songs; Tammy; etc.

322 — Wood-chopper's Ball; Got a Date With an Angel; etc.

72 — Also Invitation to the Dance; Sylvia Ballet; Coppelia Suite; Red Shoes.

90 — 10 arias from La Boheme; Tosca; Turandot; Butterfly; 2 others.

276 — Cole Porter's Broadway Hit. I Hate Men; So In Love; All The Times.

184 — Isaac Stern with pianist Zakin. Impressive virtuoso performance.

74 — Moonlight; Cocktail for Two; Stella By Starlight; many more.

374 — Mack the Knife; Poor People of Paris; Third Man Theme; Anna.

41 — The London Waits; The Girl I Left Behind Me; Lavender Blue.

161 — "What music it is!... stirring, crooning... pounding rhythms."

261 — Benny Goodman. After You've Gone; Where or When; Slipped Disc.

33 — I Backed Out; Big River, Big Man; Sweet Lovin'; Would You Care;

273 — Take the 'A' Train; Until I Met You; To You; Wild Man; 5 more.

## AUSTRALIAN RECORD CLUB

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64 — This Broadway musical sizzles on disc with exciting top songs.



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208\* — Broadway Cast; Somebody, Somewhere; etc. Complete score.

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309 — Rockin' On The Railroad; Down By The Old Mill Stream; others.

211 — All of You; It's All Right With Me; The Party's Over; 9 more.

360 — Exodus Theme; Some Like It Hot; The Alamo; On the Beach.

344 — Stranger On The Shore; Would You Like To Take A Walk; Half As Much.

205 — The Song Is You; Bess, Where's My Best; On the Trail; and more.

160 — "Bruno Walter's legacy of a definitive, poetic recording."

193\* — Oklahoma. All the great songs from this spectacular hit show.

53 — When Day Is Done; Smiles; Memories; Good-night Sweetheart.

89 — Also In the Steps of Central Asia; Polovtsian Dances; etc.

163 — My Funny Valentine; My Prayer; Blues In Gold; 9 more.

135 — The Lord is My Shepherd; Rock of Ages; How Firm A Foundation; etc.

321 — Little Rock Getaway; Darling Nellie Gray; Heart of Texas; etc.

130 — Rudolf Serkin, "The Greatest living pianist!" Herald Tribune.

217 — Weep No More; Talkin' and Walkin'; Briar Bush; Trifles; etc.

82 — Cool Water; Along the Navajo Trail; Rawhide; Bowie Knife. More.

77 — Hello, Young Lovers; Little Girl Blue; By Myself; Spring Is Here; etc.

258 — If I Were A Bell; Hey, Look Me Over; Lida Rosa; 8 other hits.

115 — "Sheer charm and wonderful semblance of spontaneity."

214 — All Too Soon; Happy Anatomy; Rocks In My Bed; Mellow Tone.

237 — Got The Sun In The Morning; A Wonderful Guy; I Love Paris; etc.

370 — The Man I Love; Get Out of Town; Binga Bonga Bonga; many more.

165 — Handel, Purcell, others. "Overwhelming." New York Times.

249 — Sixteen Tons; To A Sleeping Beauty; Gotta Travel On; 9 more.

29 — Sweet Lelani; Blue Hawaii; Heavenly Islands; Aloha Oe; etc.

243 — Solitude; Perdido; Le Sucrier Velours; It Don't Mean a Thing; etc.

140 — Serenade for String Orchestra; Adagio for Strings; and others.

YES, here's a brand new selection of the best selling records from every field of music. And now you may take your pick of ANY 3 of these exciting records—in your choice of regular high fidelity (mono) or stereo—ALL 3 for only £1 as a new member of the Australian Record Club.

Furthermore, the selection shown here is typical of the wide range of recorded entertainment offered to all members each and every month.

**TO RECEIVE YOUR THREE RECORDS FOR £1**—fill in and mail the coupon below. Be sure to indicate whether you want your three records (and all future selections) in Regular High Fidelity or Stereo. Please indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical, Popular or Jazz.

**HOW THE CLUB OPERATES.** Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding recordings from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club Magazine which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division... take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the magazine, or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase 4 selections from the more than 150 superb LP records

to be offered during the coming 12 months... and you may discontinue membership any time thereafter.

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**NOTE: STEREO RECORDS MUST BE PLAYED ON A STEREO RECORD PLAYER.**

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I accept your offer and have written at right the numbers of the three records I wish to receive for £1.

Send my three records in (check one)

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Each month you will send me FREE the Record Club Magazine which describes the current Club selections. I have the privilege of accepting the monthly selection for my Division, or any other selection described, or none at all. My only obligation is to purchase four records in the next 12 months from the more than 150 to be offered at the regular list price, plus a small mailing and handling charge. After accepting four records I will receive a free bonus record for every two additional records I purchase.

MR. NAME: MRS. MISS (Please Print)

ADDRESS

STATE

NEW MEMBER'S SIGNATURE

This offer does not apply in States where it contravenes the Act.

WRITE ONE NUMBER IN EACH BOX





## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Wives who look older

I AGREE with "Am I Not Right?" (N.S.W.) that many Australian wives look older than their husbands. Women usually age quicker than men, and the hard climate affects their complexions. The best way to avoid the problem is for a woman to marry a man several years older than herself.

£1/1/- to "I Did" (name supplied), Swan Reach, Vic.

ALTHOUGH we only have two small children, I work at least 14 hours a day seven days a week. My husband works for 8 hours a day five days a week and the weekend is kept solely for the purpose of his leisure, and nothing, however important, must interfere with it. This could be the reason why Australian women look older than their husbands. But, can anyone tell me why wives usually outlive their lary menfolk?

£1/1/- to "Older Looking" (name and address supplied), A.C.T.

THERE is no doubt that our lovely sunny climate causes Australian women to look older than our menfolk. Washing, gardening, and living out of doors in sunshine dries and ages a woman's skin, while its effect on men is to make them look attractively tanned and rugged. After living for two years in the soft moist English climate my skin became smooth and my freckles almost disappeared.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. M. Stephens, Grovelly, Qld.

TODAY most older women keep their figures trimmer than of yore, and, with smarter clothes available for matrons and color rinses for the hair, most of them look years younger. But we still see just as many grey hairs, bald heads, and "corporations" among husbands.

£1/1/- to "Can't Agree" (name supplied), Quairading, W.A.

MOST husbands deduct from their pay packets what they consider they will need for their personal expenses and entertainment. With the remainder a wife is expected to feed and clothe the family, pay all the bills, keep up hire purchase payments, and pay the rent, rates, gas, and electricity bills. No wonder husbands look younger.

£1/1/- to "It's a Man's World" (name supplied), Clovelly, N.S.W.

IT could be because women make a bigger effort than men to retain slim figures. A fat figure is not attractive, but the face that goes with it is usually youthful looking.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Ellis, Holland Park, Qld.

### Twins everywhere

I WONDER if we have a record number of twins in our suburb? I could name ten sets (including my own) within a two-mile radius of my home. And each time I visit our local shopping centre I am sure to see at least one more pair.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. J. Devlin, Eastwood, N.S.W.

### From teeth to wedding ring

UNLIKE "It's True" (Qld.), who had her teeth filled with gold from a wedding ring which had become too small, my sister-in-law used gold fillings which had once been in her teeth to have her wedding ring made larger. So little bits of gold are worth keeping.

£1/1/- to "Gold Digger" (name supplied), Blackwood, S.A.

### That useful spare bedroom

MY husband and I have always shared a double bed in winter and moved to another room containing twin beds in the summer. In our early years of marriage, when my husband had a night out with the boys he knew which bedroom to occupy, as I cannot abide the smell of stale alcohol. And if we had a tiff, instead of racing home to mother I would flounce off to the spare room to "sulk it out." Having two bedrooms always available is also an ideal arrangement in time of sickness. Our friends think it is a queer idea, but as we have been happily married for 30 years it must have some merits.

£1/1/- to "Darby and Joan" (name supplied), Fern Bay, Newcastle, N.S.W.

### Managing on the pension

MY husband and I will qualify for the pension together (he is five years older than I am). What I am wondering now is how we will sort out our expenses then? Since our marriage he has always given me housekeeping money only, paying all the other bills himself and being careful of every penny spent. How do other pensioner couples manage?

£1/1/- to "Pension" (name supplied), Lakemba, N.S.W.

### Finding the J.P.s

WHAT a help it would be if Justices of the Peace had their names and addresses on a noticeboard in local post offices or similar public buildings to assist members of the community needing the assistance of a J.P.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. J. Rogerson, Kingsdale, N.S.W.

### THIS WEEK IN VERSE

#### A child's guide to foreign affairs

What is an ally, Mummy?  
A friend in need, my dear.  
What countries are our allies?  
They vary, year by year.  
The Japanese, for instance?  
Depends upon your age.  
The Chinese or the Russians?  
These things are hard to gauge.  
But don't they hate each other?  
Looks like it, I'll allow.  
So, aren't the Russians friendly?  
It seems so, as of now.  
Which side are French and Germans?  
My child, we're not at war.  
And what of Indonesians?  
They're neighbors. Hush. No more.

— Dorothy Drain

### Widows — and outcasts

THE lot of most widows is not an enviable one. They lose their life companion and social status. Invitations become less and less. An unattached woman presents a challenge, and wives become uneasy in their presence.

£1/1/- to S.M. (name supplied), Harbord, N.S.W.

### Writing to let off steam

EXPERTS believe that bearing a grudge and brooding over real or fancied injustices can cause illness. I suggest anyone feeling annoyed by another should take pen and paper and write a letter to the person concerned. Don't spare her or your words in "telling her off." When you have finished burn the letter. You have let off steam, had the last word, and nobody has been hurt. I can guarantee it works.

£1/1/- to "Topsy" (name supplied), Howard, Qld.

### Spelling mistakes ignored

LOOKING through my son's high-school exercise books I noticed that glaring spelling errors were disregarded in exercises marked "correct." I was astounded when he explained that students were told that after seven years of daily spelling tests in primary school they were expected to know how to spell when they arrived at high school and that no further tuition would be given in spelling. Granted that today's education rat-race leaves little time for regular spelling tests, how may a student improve his vocabulary if spelling errors are not corrected?

£1/1/- to "Student's Mother" (name supplied), Coleraine, Vic.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### "ARE you sure you've got everything?" I said.

I was picking up my middle daughter from a birthday party given by her friend Pam.

The picking up had taken quite a time. When I arrived my daughter was about to sing *Happy Talk* for the assembled guests. Loyal to the tradition that the show must go on, she gave the item while I waited.

Then she had to collect her school uniform (from which she had changed into a party dress), a basket of lollies, a slice of birthday cake, a funny hat, etc.

When we reached the gate she said in dismay: "I haven't got my balloon!" and ran back for it.

The balloon was a long blue one, of a kind I had not seen before. The big end of it had a face with two horns, like a thing from outer space.

Baby Pip, it happened, had been to a party the same afternoon.

She, too, brought home a slice of cake, a basket of lollies, and a balloon. Her balloon was a red one with a more normal face.

### AFTER THE BALL

I have seen a lot of things brought home from parties. It is kind of the hosts to hand the gifts out. Yet I am not sure that bringing them home is a good idea.

They have such a hopeless future.



Take those squawking things with a feather on the end that you blow into people's faces.

They last a day or so. Then the mouthpiece gets damp and the squawk stops and the shooting-out mechanism goes out of order.

This time the elastic on the funny hats soon broke and they were thrown out.

My wife became tired of seeing the battered baskets of lollies around the kitchen.

"I haven't nearly not eaten my lollies!" Pip objected. But next day the baskets were quietly scrapped.

The inevitable doom of balloons is particularly depressing.

Pip's red-faced balloon hit a rose-bush and burst straight off. There was weeping and wailing.

The balloon that looked like a thing from outer space had more stamina. My middle daughter put sun-glasses on it and poked its head round corners to give people a surprise, which it usually did.

But gradually it shrank and grew wrinkled, as ageing party balloons do.

"Will you please blow it up?" I was asked.

I had to blow hard, being shorter in wind as in memory long.

The horns and head swelled up nicely. The body of the space thing was just beginning to fill out when BANG.

Next week there is to be another party, and another balloon.

## fabulous Ceylon the last Paradise

There is a charm, a serenity, a fascination that belongs to Ceylon alone. Life in Ceylon is restful, but never dull because there is so much to see and do. Ceylon has a culture that dates back 2,500 years and the mark of this is everywhere.



### Art Treasure of Asia

Ancient cities 2,500 years old—jungle shrines—unbelievable stone carvings 180 feet high—you can see them only in fabulous Ceylon.

### Regular Sailings and Air Services

Ask your Travel Agent or write to

### the Ceylon Trade Commissioner,

66 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W., or the Director, Government Tourist Office, Colombo, Ceylon.

C3479. WD

### Big chief was a bad boy yesterday!



### But today he's HAPPY AND WELL THE LAXETTE WAY

When your child is crabby, naughty or nervy, it may be constipation that's upset his normal happy nature. Aren't you glad you can make him happy and well overnight—the Laxette way? Get Laxettes today; tiny squares of nice-to-take milk chocolate—each containing a gentle, tasteless laxative. Made specially for children.




### Liverish? Out-of-sorts?

If you're bilious and headachy, your system is out of order and nature needs help! Take PINKETTES tonight—and feel ever so much brighter tomorrow. PINKETTES, the tiny laxative pills, are safe and gentle in action. They dispel biliousness, sick headaches, tone up sluggish digestion—help you to feel "fit-as-a-fiddle." PINKETTES are effective but not habit forming. Take them with confidence just when you need them. At all chemists and stores.





 *Your baby depends on you — you can depend on new-formula Lactogen*

# Announcing **NEW-Formula Lactogen** specially prepared to supply baby with his essential food requirements

## IMPORTANT NEW ADVANCE IN INFANT NUTRITION

Whilst Lactogen has been renowned for over half a century as the dependable infant food, the new, nutritionally balanced formula of Lactogen *combines* the latest in up-to-date authoritative opinion on infant feeding with the ultimate in simplicity and convenience for mother.

## SEE YOUR BABY THRIVE ON LACTOGEN

The new, balanced-formula Lactogen, specially prepared from pure milk, will give him the start he needs. Essential daily vitamins are already in the formula, including the all-important vitamin C. There's no need to bother with costly vitamin additions or orange juice; they're not necessary as baby's needs are fully provided for in new, balanced-formula Lactogen.

## PERFECTED FORMULA

NEW balanced-formula Lactogen is the result of long and painstaking research by experts in infant nutrition and the formula that they have now perfected conforms with leading world opinion in this field. The recommended balance of the essential milk nutrients — protein,

fat, carbohydrate — is assured with Lactogen for all normal bottle feeding either as a complement to or in place of natural feeding.

## EASY TO PREPARE LACTOGEN TAKES THE GUESSWORK OUT OF INFANT FEEDING

There are clear directions on every tin and the new feeding table (printed below) is simplicity itself. And, included in every tin is a scoop for accurate, speedy measuring.

### QUANTITIES FOR ONE FEED (Five feeds daily.)

| Age        | Approx. Weight lbs. | Lactogen Scoops | Water fl. oz. | Cane Sugar Level Teaspoons |
|------------|---------------------|-----------------|---------------|----------------------------|
| 0-2 weeks  | 7½                  | 2               | 3½            | 1½                         |
| 2-4 weeks  | 8                   | 2½              | 4             | 1½                         |
| 1-2 months | 10                  | 4               | 5             | 1½                         |
| 2-3 months | 12                  | 5               | 6             | 1½                         |
| 3-4 months | 13½                 | 6               | 7             | 1½                         |
| 4-5 months | 14½                 | 7               | 7             | —                          |
| 5-6 months | 16                  | 8               | 8             | —                          |

## NEW-FORMULA LACTOGEN SPECIALLY PREPARED FROM PURE, FRESH MILK

**CORRECTLY BALANCED** to ensure happy, healthy progress for your baby right through his vital early months. It is specially prepared to satisfy his needs when correct feeding is the most essential factor in his development. Make feeding time Lactogen time. You can buy new, balanced-formula Lactogen now at your family Chemist.

## ASK YOUR DOCTOR OR CLINIC ABOUT LACTOGEN



MADE BY NESTLÉ—DEVOTED TO INFANT WELFARE

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 14, 1965



# - and now it's Dr. Corder

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● You haven't heard of Dr. Roger Corder, who makes his TV debut on Saturday (TCN9, 8.30 p.m.) in "The Human Jungle." But you will.

LIKE Ben Casey he has a basically cold temperament — but he never gets impatient with a patient.

Like Dr. Theodore Bassett he is a psychiatrist.

Dr. Corder will be a rival to the new Channel 7 series "The Saint," in the same time-slot, and from what I hear of Dr. Corder he'll be much more appealing.

And here's why I say that:

● He's a psychiatrist—and headshrinkers are more "in" with television viewers at the moment than private eyes. ("The Human Jungle" replaces "Hawaiian Eye," which moves to 7.30 p.m. on Mondays.)

● He has the cold, rather stern demeanor of Casey, and a slightly unhappy background. He is a widower, and has never been really happy since his wife died. What woman viewer could resist a man in that sort of situation?

● The young interest looks very promising in the shape of his young assistant, Dr. Jimmy Davis, and Dr. Corder's 18-year-old daughter, Jennifer. I bet the English producers of this series have worked up some intriguing love interest there.

## New to TV

Dr. Corder will be played by Czech-born Herbert Lom, a veteran film actor who has never been on television before.

I remember his fascinating accent when he played the King of Siam on the London stage opposite Mrs. Puffino (then Valerie Hobson) as Anna.

A diminutive little London actress called Sally Smith plays Dr. Corder's daughter, Mary Yeomans is his secretary, and another newcomer to television, clean-cut and handsome Michael Johnson, is Dr. Jimmy.

I understand that Dr. Corder doesn't believe in the "psychiatrist's couch" approach to his patients, but prefers to study them in their own surroundings.

He describes himself as a "mind detective," piecing together bits of evidence and clues until he discovers the key to his patients' troubles.

To give the series the widest possible range — from wealthy middle-aged men with money problems to mothers who don't want their children — the script-writers have given Dr. Corder two spheres of operation.

His rich patients come to his Harley Street rooms, where he has a lucrative private practice.

But he is also consulting

psychiatrist to St. Damian's General Hospital, where he treats patients on his National Health Service round.

Off duty Dr. Corder has a farm in Kent, where he indulges his favorite hobby, mending broken-down farm machinery. He is described as "successful, moderately rich, well dressed, handsome."

His slightly foreign accent is explained by his father

produced by C.B.S., starts at 10.40.

Friday night's discussion programme, called "The Trouble With Men," starts at 10.10 and is billed as "unsuitable for men over the age of 21."

A panel of women "experts" will talk all about men and their increased spending in perfumed toilet preparations, slim-line slacks, and Italian shirts and shoes.

Both promise to be explosive

to the Eduardo Romero Dancers on ABN2.

What a disappointment they were! Here was none of the skill and fire of Antonio, none of the vital, complicated footwork of Luisillo.

Their Cuban and Haitian dancing was reminiscent of a nightclub act, and quite out of place in such a programme. The sets were clumsy and obvious.

Good Spanish dancing needs no complicated sets — in fact, it needs no background at all.



## Television



having been a Swiss brain specialist.

The producers have built up a most intriguing picture of Dr. Corder. And Herbert Lom has made so many screen appearances as the suave crook that I'm looking forward to meeting him again, via the small screen.

★ ★ ★

IT takes this working girl at least an hour to do her evening chores and prepare for bed—to wash her stockings, cream her face, put up her hair, and have a shower.

I mention this because I'm at loggerheads with all the channels because of the late hours they show some of their best programmes.

Two Channel 2 programmes which promise to be interesting — one on Thursday, one Friday night — both start after 10 o'clock.

Tomorrow night's two-part series on Franco's Spain,

sive hours of viewing. Both are too late for the average alarm-clock waker.

But there are other good regular programmes which start too late — Channel 9's "Project '63" and "Desilu Playhouse" (both 9.30 p.m. offerings) and "Divorce Court," starting at 10.30 p.m.

One of the best Westerns on TV is Channel 7's "The Deputy," which also starts at 10.30 p.m.

I'd like to see these programmes in the peak viewing hours — 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. — so I can get to bed before midnight. Wouldn't you?

## I'm throwing out my castanets

EVER since I saw Antonio in London and Luisillo in Sydney, I've been mad about Spanish dancing.

Remembering Luisillo's television appearance in Australia I was looking forward

★ ★ ★

NEVER, on TV or film, have I seen a mentally deranged person more skillfully and convincingly portrayed than in Don Gordon's performance as Joe Tassili in the two-part episode of "The Defenders" called "The Madman" (ATN7, Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m.).

There's Joe, laughing crazily one minute, sobbing bitterly the next, insisting that he is sane; while Lawrence and Ken Preston know that the only way to save him is to prove that he isn't.

And his mother — played by veteran actress Sylvia Sydney, acting better than she ever has in her long film career — who never wanted her son in the first place, and all his life has bitterly resented him.

No wonder this episode of the series won an Emmy Award. Never was it more richly deserved.

Part two is on this Wednesday, and I don't know when I've looked forward with more anticipation to a two-part serial (and we get too few of these on TV).



"THE DEFENDERS" won a TV Emmy Award for the two-part episode "The Madman," the first part of which was screened last week. E. G. Marshall (left) and Robert Reed are the father-and-son lawyer team.

WHEN TCN9 ran out of their batch of "Wrestling from Great Britain" series they were quite unprepared for the avalanche of letters and telephone calls from wrestling fans (mostly women) wanting to know when the series would start again.

A new stock of up-to-date British wrestling films will not be available until some time in September.

They had intended to give wrestling a rest for a few weeks, but this didn't suit the enthusiasts.

So Channel 9 has solved the problem. They are repeating some of the best bouts of the old series to fill in until the new ones are available.

They report that so far they've not had a single complaint about the repeats.

## REVIEWS OF NEW FILM RELEASES

### OUR GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No Star — Poor



CLIFF ROBERTSON, who stars as Lieut. Jack Kennedy in "PT 109."

### ★★ PT 109

This beautifully colored and photographed film of Lieut. Jack Kennedy's wartime exploits in the Solomon Islands is impossible to view without being constantly aware that this undoubtedly brave and amiable young man is the future U.S. President.

The producers couldn't forget it, either, because sometimes the hero is just too perfect to be true, especially when he refuses home leave after losing his boat — a right of every serving naval man.

Nevertheless, this is an absorbing war adventure, and some of the scenes are truly spectacular, especially when PT 109 is chopped in half by a Jap ship and the survivors are swimming around in oil-blazing waters.

Cliff Robertson, playing Kennedy, is handsome and

not unlike the U.S. President.

He is well supported by blond, bearded Ty Hardin, James Gregory, and Robert Culp.—Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . HEROIC.

### ★ SOMETHING WILD

Carroll ("Baby Doll") Baker gives a fair performance as a young girl assaulted on her way home from school in this not-very-different social drama. Unable to tell her parents, she faces a life alone and soon tries to end this, too. A slow, pleasant guy comes to the rescue and takes her home, and all ends well when he convinces her that his only intentions are to marry her. K.Y. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . MISSES.

### By WINIFRED MUNDAY

### ★ MADAME

This is a French-Italian-Spanish, comedy-historical romance starring the luminous Sophia Loren as a French laundress who becomes a duchess after the French Revolution. Sophia is delightful, but she fights a losing battle against the awful dubbed dialogue (replete with such gems as "Napoleon — boss of all Europe") and confused action. Settings and costumes are stunning. P.K. — Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . DISAPPOINTING.

★ ★ ★  
QUITE a few of the older stars are putting their financial eggs into other baskets against the time when their screen popularity wanes.

David Niven, who recently gave a terrific performance as the British Ambassador in

"55 Days At Peking," is making a lot of money from television but also has other money salted away in a British razor-blade company which is doing very nicely.

★ ★ ★

PETER O'TOOLE and Peter Sellers have been signed to play Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in a film version of Conan Doyle's immortal detective.

But Billy Wilder, who'll make the film, doesn't like working outside Hollywood, so the famous Baker Street address will be reconstructed on a Hollywood set.

★ ★ ★

THE new 90-minute documentary film on Winston Churchill will probably have Peter Sellers as Winston's voice. He is top of the list of possibles, followed by Richard Burton—who has already been the "voice" in a TV series on Churchill—Peter Ustinov, Sir Laurence Olivier, and Sir Alec Guinness.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 14, 1963





Tommy Hanlon

## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Mamma once said . . . It's never ceased to amaze me how most marriages turn out as well as they do. When you think of it, marriage isn't the easiest thing in life to get used to. You take two people who, perhaps, are both used to having their own way and living their own lives and put them together 24 hours a day. One, maybe, loves liver and onions. The other just can't bear the sight of them. Soon one no longer has liver and onions or the other acquires a taste for it. One used to go dancing every night, the other thinks it's foolish. Once again one either finds another interest or the other learns to struggle manfully or womanfully around the dance-floor. I guess the whole answer to a happy marriage is you have to give a little and take a little.

Mamma's moral: Couples hopeful for a happy marriage will do well to remember that in wedding . . . the WE comes before the I.

## DID YOU KNOW?

TELEVISED satire may spread from Britain to the U.S. Inspired by the spectacular success in England of "That Was The Week That Was," the American Broadcasting Company presented a half hour of "What's Going on Here," written by an Anglo-American team of young satirists.

The English companies of "The Establishment" and "Beyond the Fringe" joined with the American "Second City" company to prepare the programme billed as a test.

★ ★ ★  
SHIRLEY TEMPLE has completed filming of a guest appearance on the "RED SKELTON HOUR."

★ ★ ★  
THE luxurious Rothschild villa at St. Jean-Cap-Ferrat, on the French Riviera, will be used for location shooting of the new comedy series "Harry's Girls." Currently

used as a French museum, one room of the villa is always kept available for any member of the Rothschild family who visits the South of France.

Sevres and Dresden china, Gebelin and Beauvais tapestries, 17th and 18th-century paintings abound in the villa. The gardens are laid out in French, Japanese, Spanish, and Italian styles.

"Harry's Girls" portrays the adventures of a small-time American vaudeville troupe touring Europe and stars Larry Blyden, Susan Silo, and Dawn Nickerson.

★ ★ ★  
THEY'VE decided to give Zena Bethune a boy-friend in "The Nurses"—an intern, of course, to be played by actor Steve Brooks.

★ ★ ★  
SHELLY FABARES, for the past several years co-starred on "The Donna Reed Show," will play a leading teenage role in the new "Mr. Novak" series, about a high-school teacher and his students.

## Television

PRODUCER David Susskind has taped for the premiere programme of the hour-long dramatic series "Command Performance" Edward Albee's "The American Dream," starring Ruth Gordon, Celeste Holm, Ernest Truex, George Maharis, and Susie Bond. Albee is currently the favorite playwright on Broadway with his "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf."

The "Command Performance" series is to be a kind of off-Broadway of the air, culled from the shorter works of Albee, Berthold Brecht, Eugene Ionesco, Harold Pinter, Arnold Wesker, Thornton Wilder, Arthur Miller, and Tennessee Williams.

★ ★ ★  
AFTER six years of sporting his own moustache for "HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL," Richard Boone has mowed the thing off. In his new "RICHARD BOONE SHOW" he'll be bare-lipped—unless one of the roles he undertakes in the drama series calls for a biscuit brush.

★ ★ ★  
MILTON BERLE is discussing four hour-long documentaries with 20th Century-Fox TV keyed to the theme "Berle on Comedy." The N.B.C. network, which still pays Berle under his virtual lifetime contract, work or no work, would carry the shows.

★ ★ ★  
THE Bob Hope drama series has lined up Melvyn Douglas, Jason Robards, jun., and Eleanor Parker for guest-star duty.

★ ★ ★  
E. G. MARSHALL, senior law partner of "The Defenders," goes every Thursday evening to the New School for Social Research in New York's Greenwich Village. He's taking a law degree.

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# MEET "THE NURSES"

• "She even looks like a nurse ... whether she's putting her frightened patient through childbirth or resting her large, white-stockinged feet atop of her desk and wishing she were an airline hostess."

THAT'S what a New York woman correspondent said about Shirl Conway after she had seen her in the new television series "The Nurses."

Australian theatre audiences will remember Shirl as Auntie Mame, the stage part she made famous here three years ago.

Now she'll become even better known as Liz Thorpe, the "wiser, older" senior nurse who looks like being a female equivalent of Dr. Ben Casey.

Shirl says of Liz: "I see her as someone who is honestly fair. She calls a spade a spade and faces facts."

Playing the other female lead is Zina Bethune, as Gail Lucas, a 17-year-old student nurse.

Gail is anything but a born nurse. She drops test tubes, sometimes forgets her duty, races to the aid of all the lame dogs who crop up in the series, and is generally Little Miss Fix-it with not much experience of life but with the proverbial "golden heart."

"The Nurses" has been likened in the U.S. where it is an extremely popular programme, to "The Defenders." In fact, both come from the same team of writers, directors, and producers.

It is more than a medical series. It has a sense, argumentative quality about what is right and wrong.

Everyone concerned is hoping the show will prove more than a match for Doctors Casey and Kildare.

And those who remember Shirl Conway as Auntie Mame have been astounded at her versatility.

When she returned to America from Australia she decided to give up show business and devote herself to a life of farming — gardening, tending sheep.

She and her husband, Gordon Larson, an engineer, have 28 acres near Paoli, Pennsylvania.

When the television series "Route 66" happened to be filming near the farm, Shirl was called on to appear in one episode of the series.

Shirl was back in harness, and when Herbert Brodtkin, producer of "The Nurses," asked her to appear as guest star in a "Defenders" episode she found herself back in show business.

Shirl's co-star, Zina Bethune, is a "swee-eyed innocent" who started her professional career at the age of six. She has been on radio and on TV soap operas for years, and in 1956 appeared on Broadway in "The Most Happy Fella."

Both Zina and Shirl agree on what pleases them most about their exacting roles in "The Nurses."

There are no costume changes. They wear nurses' uniforms all the time.

Screening times in capital cities of "The Nurses" are as follows:

SYDNEY: TCN9, Fridays, 8.30 p.m.  
ADELAIDE: NWS9, Mondays, 9 p.m.  
BRISBANE: QTQ9, Thursdays, 8.30 p.m., beginning August 29. MELBOURNE: GTV9, programme not yet scheduled.

SHIRL CONWAY as Senior Nurse Liz Thorpe and Zina Bethune (far right) as a first-year trainee nurse, Gail Lucas, in the new medical series "The Nurses." Shirl is well known to Australians for her stage appearance as Auntie Mame.







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3/3



Jason had a fit of the tantrums when sweet little Mandy Miller, hailed by the critics as a rising young star, was billed to play the part of his daughter

# RELUCTANT FATHER

An amusing short story by **HARRIET FRANK, JR.**

THE day Vanguard Pictures announced "Little Miss Muffet" I took time off, a half bottle of tranquillisers, and a powder. I headed for an obscure motel on the wrong side of Palm Springs, where I registered as J. Jones and asked for a room without a view. I then lay on my bed and plotted darkly (A) How to break my contract and (B) How to break my agent's neck.

The phone rang ten times before I answered it, and when I heard the voice of Sam Sanford, my long-time representative, I gripped the receiver as if it were a human throat. I bypassed the amenities and merely snarled, "Am I in or out?"

"You're in, Dad," came the quiet voice in reply, "and you're gonna stay in. Read the papers today."

"The only thing I'm reading these days is the riot act," I said.

"O.K., just simmer down and hear this. A prominent lady columnist speaking. I quote: 'What rising

young star has revealed himself to our town as a cold-hearted heel? Just let him note that lovely young Mandy Miller will be enshrined in all of our hearts when his name is forgotten.' End quote. She also hints that maybe you don't support your aged mother."

My cry of pain travelled from Palm Springs to Beverly Hills. "My mother is living in the biggest duplex this side of the Empire State. I just got socked sixty-five grand for it."

"I'm only reporting the gossip. The word's out, Jason. They got you pegged as a kid-hater."

I sent another yelp traversing time and space. "Kid-hater! Who's paying the orthodontist's tab for my sister's two kids? Who has got a nephew goofing off at college for four bills a month? Who ran the camp for under-privileged kids for six straight years?"

A soothing murmur floated over the wire. "True. Every word of it. But you've gone on record, boy. You have announced publicly that you would go back

to pumping gas before you'll star with an eleven-year-old girl in a motion picture. This has earned you no friends, chum."

"I addressed the P.T.A. last month in Anaheim," I cried. "They loved me."

"Before the bomb, son."

"Ask 'em what they think of me at the Children's Hospital? Ask 'em."

"Mandy Miller did a benefit there on Saturday. She's a doll. She's only eleven. They're with her, buddy—"

I made a noose of the telephone wire. "Why me?" I cried. "Kirk Douglas gets Jean Simmons. Tony Perkins gets Ingrid Bergman. Lawrence Harvey cops Elizabeth Taylor. And I end up with a buck-toothed, tousel-headed, wide-eyed pre-adolescent. Playing her father, yet!"

To page 25





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Sam made sympathetic clicking sounds. "Yeah, baby, I know," he said. "It's rough. But look at it this way. She happens to be a very nice little kid with a big talent." "Don't talk to me about talent," I snapped. "Kids and dogs kill you in the flicks. They steal every scene. They leave egg on your face."

"Play along, Jason. I've been passed the word that if you're a good boy this time they'll hand you a great big fat part in a religious epic. How's that?"

"They could give me Saint Joan. I'm not having any!"

"You're due on the set. Monday morning, fat and sassy. Harry Widlock is reining this one and he's the best. You got Mitch Martin on camera and Cob White cutting. It's a good team."

"I'm staying on the bench," I said, setting my jaw. "Nobody's gonna have me wipe cereal off the chin of some little half-baked Lolita. You force me, Sam, and I'll sign on as a marshal on a TV outer. For thirty-three weeks, so help me!"

"Look," said Sam quietly, "we signed for this. We're gonna show."

"We signed when they were talking about big girls. Now all of a sudden it's the children's hour!"

"Okay, so they made a few story changes. Listen. It's a good part. My wife cried her eyes out reading the script."

"She cries at Jerry Lewis pictures," I retorted coldly.

"All right, I cried."

"You're a slob."

"See you on the set," said Sam and hung up.

The first day of shooting I tucked a large red "Keep Out — This Means You" sign on the door of my dressing-room and stayed inside like a maddened bull in a pen. I heard my dresser commiserating with the wardrobe woman outside my door and listened with a ferocious smile.

"I hope that kid's armed," my dresser said. "Jason's blue murder this morning. Funny, I used to think he was an all-right guy. He about took my head off when I greyed him up a little at the temples. Asked me what I thought he was playing here, Whistler's Mother?"

**T**HE wardrobe woman sniffed. "You should have seen what I had from him this morning. Wouldn't let me put any padding in the vest of his suit. The script calls for a little middle-aged spread. I said I'd have to take it up with Mr. Widlock and he said I should just do that and also tell Mr. Widlock that he was at his fighting weight."

I listened to the tch-tch-tching with grim satisfaction.

"Well," said my dresser smugly, "the crew's laying back, but if he makes one false move at that kid, he'll come outa this picture looking like he was over the hill. Mitch's got five kids of his own. He'll know how to light him."

"Cob White told me if he upstages that child just once he'll cut the picture so tight Jason'll look like a walk-on."

I stuck my head out the door and glowered down at them. "I'm ready for you," I snarled, "all of you."

They backed off nervously. A moment later Harry Widlock ambled up to the door.

"Does ums want daddikins to come out and play now?" I inquired.

"Okay. Cool it, willya," said Harry flatly. "We've got a day's shooting ahead of us. Now I want you to go out there and introduce yourself to Mandy and break the ice."

"Fat chance."

"Look, Jason, this is the story of a loving and self-sacrificing father who gives up everything for his kid. You're coming on like Frankenstein. Now if you're looking for a hard time I can give you a hard time. That kid is not only a helluva young actress, but she happens to have the biggest dimples I ever saw. Those dimples are good for a lotta footage anytime I'm not getting what I want from you. Understand me?"

I slammed a chair against the wall. "All right. Where is the little monster?"

Continued from page 23

"Waiting for you. Letter perfect, incidentally. And, buddy, we're all agreed that there'll be no foul language, no loose talk of any kind around the set. We're making a family type picture here and we're going to behave like a family."

"I come from a broken home," I said and stepped out to meet my co-star.

She was sitting bolt upright in her chair on the set. I noted that her feet did not quite touch the floor. She smiled a funny crooked smile and pumped my hand vigorously. A curious unease came over me. It was her eyes.

Some time back I had a cocker spaniel with eyes like that. Old Biff. I'd been very high on Old

Biff and I was sore that his eyes should show up in this kid. Next thing you know she'd be wagging her tail or something.

"Howareya," I mumbled and tried to disengage my hand.

"Sure am excited about making this picture with you," she said gravely. "I saw you in 'Thunderstorm' and I thought you were wonderful."

Now "Thunderstorm" just happened to be my best and most underrated performance. I personally felt I was in line for an Oscar for it. Since I did not get it I had concluded that it was an esoteric intellectual's picture. So where did this little brat get to be an esoteric intellectual at eleven? Then I got

the message. Someone had briefed her — softsoap him.

"Let's get on with it," I muttered ungraciously and we went to work.

Well, brother, I have been taken over the hurdles by the best actresses in the business, but by the end of the first take I was on the ropes. She made The Method look like something out of the Victorian Age. Natural? That kid was so natural I felt I was hamming it up just breathing in and out.

For her, it was strictly Candid Camera. For me it was wooden Indian all the way. As I went reeling back to my corner I took Harry Widlock with me.

"Turn her off, willya!" I panted.

## RELUCTANT FATHER

"I don't know if I'm coming or going. She's doing fifteen things at once out there and they're all good."

"Stop fighting her," said Widlock coldly.

"Fighting her? I'm on my knees. Get the writer down here. I wanna talk to the writer."

"What can he do?"

"I need lines, boy. Lotsa lines. And quick!"

"You've got a fat part. You're just not playing it."

"Did you see her scratch herself? While I was talking to her about her dead mother. Did you see that?"

"Nice touch. Real. Human."

"I want the front office," I shouted. "She can't scratch herself in my big moment."

"You bored her. You bored me."

To page 54



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# WHEN IT MATTERED



*The past was beyond recall . . .  
an appealing short story*

**By MARY  
WILKINSON**

*Suddenly Cathy heard David's  
voice behind her. "Well, this is  
a surprise!" he said.*

THEY met at an art show a few months after his return. She had read of it in the papers, of course. David had made quite a name for himself in the five years since they'd last met. Then he had been merely another unknown art student, in London on some minor scholarship. Now he had begun to be mentioned by the critics as one of the "new group" of painters breaking away from the old gum-tree tradition and exploring new territory.

Cathy wasn't sure she always followed where he was going. In London, while he had never been completely a realist, at least he had painted recognisable themes. She still had one of his still lifes tucked away somewhere in a suitcase. But these days he was very much the young abstractionist. And it was while Cathy was standing before one of his canvases, struggling to assess it, that a voice said behind her: "Well, hello . . . this is a surprise!"

She had known she would meet him again, of course. They still moved in the same crowd, and Sydney was a small place. But she hadn't expected it to happen quite so quickly.

She blushed a little as she greeted him, wondering if he still remembered those wild, foolish letters she had written . . . and gone on writing long after

he'd ceased to answer them. Even up to a year ago, she thought, I would have gone rushing back to him if he'd called. But he hadn't. And now it was too late.

"Hello, David," she said, surprised at her self-possession. "Nice to see you again."

"Yes." His eyes were roving over her face, impatient to discover if she still loved him. Male ego, she thought, turning away. His eyes had always disturbed her. "You haven't changed a bit," he said admiringly.

Cathy laughed. "Oh, that's not much of a compliment . . . when I remember how I used to get around in London!"

She had been five years younger then, of course, and careless of her appearance. One could afford to be, at twenty-two. And then it always seemed to be so terribly cold that keeping warm took precedence over everything else. They used to go for long walks along the Thames, muffled up in scarves and sweaters and bulky coats, while David talked of his ambitions, his frustrations, his plans for the future.

Cathy had always listened with the silent hope that she would be included in them. But the idea never seemed to have occurred to David. And even

when she had announced her intended departure, he had seemed only mildly annoyed by the thought of finding another companion for concerts and shows, and had made no attempt to detain her.

"Yes, those times in London!" David grinned, looking suddenly boyish again. "Weren't they fun, in retrospect? But one wouldn't want to go through them again, of course."

"You like being back then?" she asked, noticing how he'd filled out since their last meeting. He'd lost that lean, nervous look which had been part of his charm. He was even wearing a conventional and smartly tailored suit in place of his usual old paint-spattered denim pants and shirt.

"Yes, I love it!" he declared, his eyes shining with the excitement of his own discovery. "It all seems so different—so vital and alive. I don't know . . . it's like coming back to a foreign country. Didn't you feel that?"

"No, not exactly," she said, remembering how desolate and lonely it had seemed, knowing he was half a world away. "But you learn to adjust."

"And what do you think of my work now?" he asked, turning to the painting. He had always

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THE house was open so people could walk through it — which they quickly did. It was 10 years old and had no electric dish-washer and disposer, and that ruled it out for the exacting young people who wanted to live in that section a little out of town.

But it had a well-established garden against the fringe of the woods where the birds sang and it had a studio workshop opening from the living-room. These two things spelled paradise on earth for Arlene Spring, and she lingered and lingered.

She was a commercial artist with a room in an office down town and as a freelance she was doing fairly well. Well enough to rent a house, but not nearly well enough to buy one. Nor did she have her heart invested in one of these home-coming guys who could buy without a down payment on the G.I. Bill.

The footsteps and voices of the last "interlopers" had ceased and she was alone in the empty little house. She stood at the tilted studio window dreaming. Here she could work at her assignments and by lifting her eyes look into the green tunnels of the wood. She could have a dog here and a cat and enjoy at least half a life. Was half a life too much to ask of living?

Footsteps again over the bare wood floors. This time a clear one and a slurred one. It sounded like Glen Williams. Arlene went out of the studio to look. It was. A pulse beat heavily in her throat. "Well," she said, "Since when have you been interested in empty houses?"

He smiled at her with wise, rather cynical eyes. "I'm interested in how people live — as usual. And why are you here? Don't answer if it's too personal a question."

"It isn't. I'm going through one of my spells of longing for a home. This might have been built for me. It has a studio—"

"Let's have a look-see." Glen moved swiftly and gracefully with his dragging leg. He went to the workbench before he looked out the window. "Somebody has been a carpenter here. How I'd like this!" He looked at her suddenly with his eyes warm and human. "This is what makes a home, Arlene. Things to do and a place to do them in."

"I'd often wondered what makes it." Her voice was soft and dreamy, belying the sarcasm.

## HOUSE FOR SALE

It was the perfect home . . . a story

By OLGA A. ROSMANITH

"It keeps a man around. Women should know that."

"If he's that kind of a man," she countered.

He took a pipe from his pocket and went through the utterly male motions of filling and lighting it. The fragrance of tobacco added a wondrous lived-in quality to the room.

"All men are the kind that like a place of their own in their own home." Now he moved to the window and looked into the green alleys of the wood. "They pay for it, you know."

Arlene's heart felt wrung — a pain out of all proportion to the trifling event of a trifling conversation getting out of hand.

"What makes you such a bitter guy?" she said.

He took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at her, truly astonished. "Is that how I seem to you?"

"Why, yes and no. That was a bitter thing to say, I mean."

He looked at her thoughtfully and his speaking eyes changed again. In them were doubt and perplexity and a mature look of sorrow. "I get called in on so many domestic problems. Why? Not because I'm wise. Because I'm free to go at any hour — or maybe they really do feel the onlooker at life sees most of the game."

Arlene felt like bursting into tears. It made her angry.

"So you find the chief cause of marital discord is a lack of a workshop for the male who pays for the home?"

"A lack of justice for him, usually. And it very often takes that particular form."

"You should advocate building studio workshops on to homes."

"Maybe I will," he said gently. "It would be a great advance in the relations of domesticated humanity."

Arlene laughed. "You're not very Freudian in your interpretation of man's repressions, are you?"

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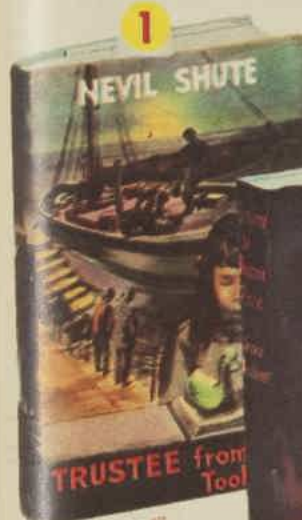
After coffee, Glen looked at Arlene's drawings.



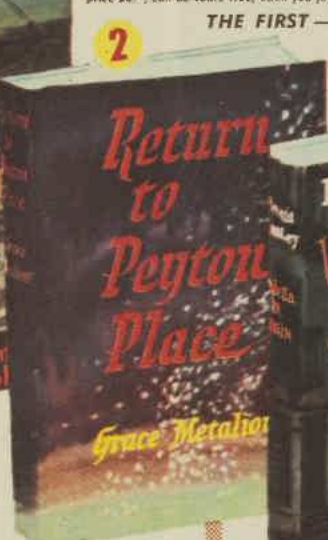
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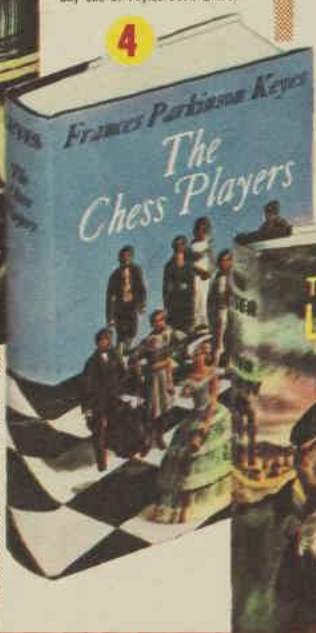


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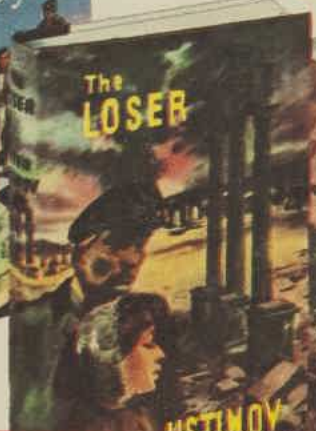
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**5 THE LOSER by Peter Ustinov**

This is the story of Hans Winterschild, a man who was well trained for death but not for life, and to whom glimmers of this truth came too late; a figure very much of our time. The Loser moves across the map of war-torn Europe and embraces a cosmopolitan cast. Its main setting is war, but its deep concern is peace. It is by turns extravagantly funny and grimly serious. Nurtured on the rhetoric of his father, a soldier of the old school, and prodded forward by his brother-in-law, a storm trooper, Hans becomes a hardened little monster created by the Nazi regime and confirmed in his monstrosity by service in the Polish and Russian campaigns. At the Italian front he meets Teresa, at this point he begins to unfreeze. This book, bookshop price 20/-, can be yours free, when you join any one of Foyles Book Clubs.



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Maria Legonsick is the youngest of the three daughters of a Cornish vicar, and she tells the story of what happened in a swiftly-changing world to herself, her sisters, and her brilliant, gifted brother—Roger, whom she loved too well, Louise, whom she admired but could never love; Bella, whom she more and more despised. Beginning in a world that seems unchanging, the book moves into our own time, clouded with menace and anxiety, and it leaves Maria where she began — back in her Cornish vicarage, with nothing left but her memories. This book, bookshop price 21/6, can be yours free, when you join any one of Foyles Book Clubs.



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# NEW LOOK in the



● Black and white are combined in this coat-dress ensemble. The slender dress, in black crepe, is front-buttoned. The white textured tweed coat is lined and buttoned in black.



● Precise cut is seen in a suit (left) made in square-patterned wool. The shirt-type jacket is belted low and finished with narrow uncuffed sleeves. The blown-up beret is in matching wool.



● White textured wool coat (right) is worn over a white one-piece dress. The dress has a panel-effect skirt; the coat is straight and slender. The basin-shape beret is in wool to match the coat.

IT seems like being a vintage year for Chanel fashions. Mademoiselle Chanel has discarded her famous braid trim and replaced her favorite vivid pink with white or black.

Asked to describe the spring collection, Chanel said, "La Sportive is in!"

As always, her clothes are superbly constructed. The Chanel charm is as potent as ever, with utmost attention to detail.

Current new looks include a skirt which has an apron effect round the front and sides, stovepipe sleeves, a narrow shoulderline, and bow-tie trim.

At night there are two distinctive looks—the young, delicate look of cloud-like white organdie sweeping to above-ankle length and a short, worldly, black-pailletted suit. Both looks are fresh and important.

Chanel models are reputed to have the sexiest legs in Paris. Throughout the collection, with everything they wore black-and-blond sling-strap shoes.

Currently in Paris it is the chic young dream to dance the Twist in Coco Chanel's glittering black evening suit.

—BETTY KEEP

● Night glitter at Chanel (left), a white three-piece theatre suit in silver lame. The jumper top has an Empire-line silhouette. The casual cardigan is typical Chanel.





# CHANEL SPRING COLLECTION



● Jacket dress in bright striped and checked silk, one of the few splurges of color in the Chanel spring collection. The bow-tie trim threaded through the neckline is a new Chanelism.



● Chanel's enchanting new evening look (above) in white organdie. The dress has a matching jacket finished with three-quarter sleeves; at the waist, a crimson sash.

● White suit (left) Paris loves. The apron skirt, matching overblouse, and stovepipe sleeves add up to the new Chanel day look.

● Brilliant pailletted evening suit (right) all young Parisiennes dream of owning. The skirt is short, the bodice-top sleeveless.





# Dress Sense

by  
**BETTY  
KEEP**

● The newest evening length in current fashion just covers the ankle. With this in mind, I have chosen the ensemble at right for a not-so-slim reader in the over-40 age group.

Chuck out your chest, Charlie



Charlie is going to have a fine figure. In particular, he'll have a strong chest, that will throw off coughs and colds while others go under. Charlie's mother adds an extra food to his winter meals — one spoonful of Lane's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Lane's gives him the real body-building oil, the oil you just can't get into a pill or tablet. It gives him extra Vitamins, Hypophosphites and the goodness of fresh eggs, too. Now's the time to protect your family's chests, with Lane's Plain (with creosote, for bad coughs) or orange-flavoured.

HERE is part of her letter and my reply:

**"I need a suitable design to wear to a formal 8 p.m. function. I am in my early fifties and not very slim. Would a frock and jacket be correct? I don't want to look frumpy. I want the outfit made in satin and would like a pattern in size 40in. bust."**

An evening dress and matching jacket would be an excellent design for your age group and figure proportions. The ensemble is illustrated at right. The jacket and skirt are made in satin and the bodice-top in lace. The slim skirt has a centre-back vent; the bloused bodice has a deep oval neckline and can have short sleeves or be sleeveless.

A paper pattern is available in your size. Details and how to order are beside the illustration.

**"Do you think an inch above the knee is too short for a shift?"**

Yes I do, unless the dress is for the beach. Any street dress even a fraction higher than kneecap level is not good fashion or good taste.

**"Do you think a frock and matching jacket help a heavy figure look slimmer?"**

It depends on the design you choose. I certainly think a semi-fitted jacket helps disguise heaviness through the middle.

**"Would it be correct to wear a black frock to an afternoon wedding?"**

A less sombre color would be more appropriate.

**"What would be the best foundation garment to wear under a late-day sheath? My figure is rather lumpy."**

Either a one-piece corselet or a long bra with a girdle will help to create a smooth, unbroken line.

**"What is the most becoming style of slacks for a woman with a dumpy figure?"**

In my opinion a woman with the figure you describe should avoid wearing trousers of any type. A neat tailored skirt would be far more flattering and is appropriate for most occasions when trousers are worn.

**"Is a strapless sundress and matching jacket suitable for office wear?"**

Yes, if it's worn with the jacket. If not, save it for weekends. The shirtwaist dress is back in fashion, and made in a pretty color its simple classic lines are ideal for office wear.

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# A SECRET PLACE

Desperately they sought a refuge—part two of our serial

By EDWIN LANHAM

WHEN a woman is strangled in a New York park, she is identified as VERA STARR, divorced wife of PAUL and mother of their children, SHEILAH and BENJY. Vera had left the children on Saturday with a baby-sitter and rings from Atlantic City. When she does not return, Sheilah rings her father, who lives in Grandkill. She gets no reply and runs to MR. HYMAN'S store and sees headlines of a murder by strangulation with a scarf. She knows the scarf is identical to one her father gave her, and she left it in his house.

Terrified he will be suspected of the murder, Sheilah hurries to the flat and finds DETECTIVES FRANK LUTHER and NICK ARBELLI questioning Benjy. She overhears them suggesting sending them to a police shelter until their father is contacted. On the pretext of visiting LUCILLE BRUSH, a young reporter in a flat below, they run away. Later the detectives and Lucille meet Paul's employer, ARTHUR LANDIS, who, hearing of the tragedy, has come to Vera's flat. He says Paul intended leaving for Chicago on Saturday night, but had changed plans and left the next morning. He had returned immediately to Grandkill on hearing of Vera's death, and then learns of the children's disappearance. At his home, Lucille and CORA, Arthur's wife, discuss the situation when the police arrive and ask Paul to accompany them to the police station. NOW READ ON:



Benjy settled down to sleep with his head resting on Sheilah's lap while Fritzie snuggled close by.

It was a place all children of Manhattan came to know, where the grass was green under the June sun and paths led beneath the gently swaying branches of tall trees to the landmarks of a child's world—to a carousel, to swings and monkey bars, to a lake where toy boats sailed, to a zoo where sea-lions sunned under the open sky. It was Central Park, and the children had been there through the long afternoon.

Sheilah laid down the rules with precision, making a game of it. "Now this is what we do. We move around. We don't want to be seen in the same place twice. It's something like hare and hounds, Benjy, except we don't go together. We decide where we're going and we meet there. If anybody stops you, just say you're with your mother's maid, Susan, and you live over on Park Avenue and your name is . . . let's see—"

"Benjy," he said.  
"No, it has to be a new name."  
He thought a moment. "Butch?"  
"All right, Butch will do," she said, and took a last name from one in daddy's business firm. "Butch Fuller. Can you remember that?"

"Butch Fuller," he said with satisfaction.

"And I'm Eulalia. Just call me Lolly for short."

"Short for Lollypop?"

"Just remember Lolly, that's enough."

The first instinct had been flight—to get away, to run. She had known the park since babyhood, when they had lived in the West Seventies, and she knew one very important thing: in this city there were two kinds of kids—those who were sheltered and shepherded and those who went where they wanted as they pleased.

But in either case nobody paid any attention so long as you seemed to be going about your business. It was only if you loitered, or cried, or looked lost and helpless or very naughty that

anybody would give you a second glance, even a policeman.

"First we'll just skate over to the zoo," she said. "When we get hungry we can eat in the cafeteria there. You go first, I'll be following and I'll keep an eye on you. When we get to the zoo you go to the monkey house and I'll wait for you by the sea-lions while you look at the monkeys, then you meet me there."

She watched him skate away. There was always a crowd at the zoo, and the place to be was among other kids. The skates were good to have, too, because nobody would think anything of seeing a child alone on skates, knowing that a nannie or a parent was probably close by sitting on some bench.

The sun was well past overhead when Benjy met her at the sea-lions' pool. As they stood together by the railing she whispered, "Now I'll go into the cafeteria and get a sandwich and some milk and carry it to a table out on the terrace. You watch where I put it down and then you go to that table and sit down and eat. I'll be real close by."

She joined the line inside the cafeteria, bought two sandwiches and two individual bottles of milk, and paid for them out of her two-dollar bills. She carried the tray out on to the terrace in the sunlight, put one sandwich and a bottle of milk down for Benjy and moved on to another table. She watched until he was safely seated and eating his sandwich before she touched her own.

Someone had left a newspaper and her eye was caught by the headline: Murder on Riverside Drive. She glanced cautiously about her, then took the newspaper into her lap. There it was again, the description of her scarf with its little laughing fox, and she saw a subhead that said: Ex-Husband Sought.

As she read the paragraph that followed she was holding her breath:

Police were seeking Paul Starr, the divorced husband of the dead woman, for questioning. He was to have made a trip to Chicago over the weekend, but police said he had not appeared for an appointment in that city and up until late morning his whereabouts still were unknown. Meanwhile, police were investigating—

She fought back the tears. At her elbow Benjy's voice asked, "Shee, what's the matter?"

She had almost shut it out, but now the fear and the panic had come back. Daddy would be home tomorrow, his secretary had said on the telephone, but Sheilah had been sure he would hurry back as soon as he heard what had happened. But he had not been to Chicago, the newspaper said, and nobody knew where he was. There was no use telephoning an empty house in Grandkill. Daddy wasn't there; he had gone away.

She didn't know what he would want her to do. She wasn't going to let them take her and Benjy to any children's shelter and make her tell about how she had left her scarf in the house at Grandkill, she knew that. She wished daddy was home. She wished she could call and hear his voice, and she would call just in case, but she knew the telephone would just ring and ring in the empty house. Sheilah shut her eyes tight.

"Shee, is that mummy's name in the paper?" Benjy asked.

"No," she said, "of course not."

But he still studied the printing. He knew how to pick out the capital letters and the arrangement of the smaller letters was familiar. He said in a low, dogged voice, "But I see a big V and a big S, and look—I've seen it just like that on the envelopes when mummy gets mail. Vera Starr. And that's number sixty-two, just like our house. Isn't it, Shee?"

"Don't call me that. Say Lolly."

To page 63

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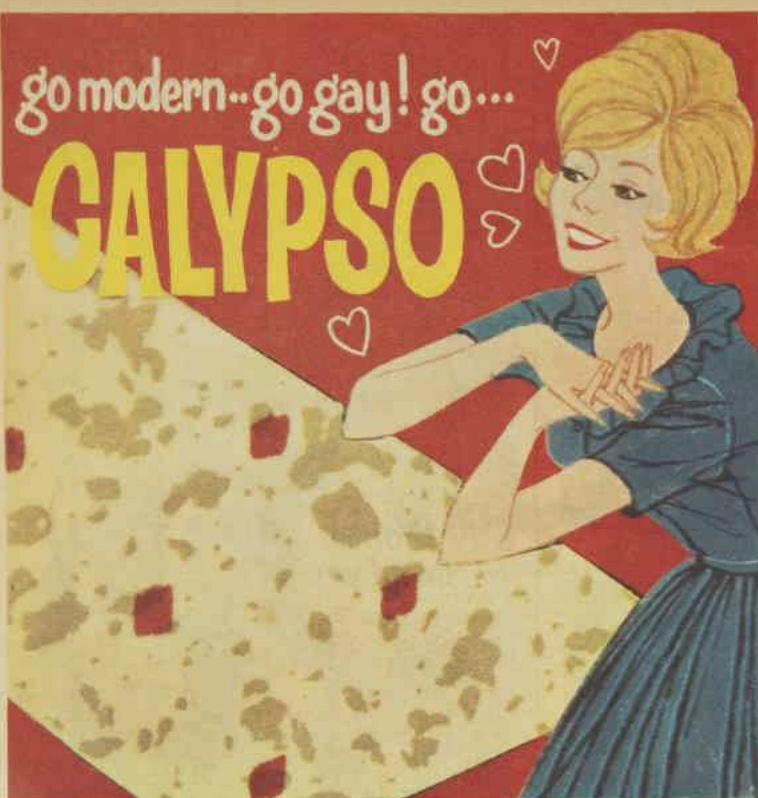
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# Something Gay

A chance meeting was to  
brighten her life . . .  
a short short story

By **MICHELE  
GORDON**

**M**ISS PHIPPS marched into the classroom with swift, regular strides. She placed her handbag on the left-hand side of the table and her pile of books in the centre. She marshalled her pens and pencils in line parallel to the books. Then she looked up at the class.

The class was looking at Miss Phipps' handbag. There had been some dreadful mistake. Miss Phipps' handbag was a sensible, black, oblong affair, while this, this was a gay raffia trifle, bedecked with flowers. The class was thunderstruck. Faces turned to Miss Phipps in wonderment — and then the second marvel occurred. Miss Phipps blushed.

Miss Phipps cleared her throat.  
"Today I shall continue the account of my holiday. I believe I have described it up to my arrival in Singapore . . ." Miss Phipps' eyes roved the classroom automatically, a policeman on duty, her hand drew neat, methodical sketch-maps on the board, and her small voice moved evenly on describing the climate, the occupations of the people, the main items of produce, while her heart escaped from under her crisply starched shirt-front and flew seven thousand miles to Singapore.

Miss Phipps had not admitted to anyone that her world trip had been a terrifying disappointment. The confident, competent schoolmistress had become a lost, bewildered child as she was whipped round the globe in giant silver airliners. She had felt like a lost balloon, until they reached Singapore. There a man called Bruce had reached out a hand and captured the floating balloon.

She had met Bruce in the lounge of Raffles Hotel and there could surely be no place more respectable than that. Even so, Miss Phipps would never have accepted his invitation to join him for a drink but for the fact that he was wearing the tie of her brother's public school.

They had danced later that evening. It was the first time in ten years that Miss Phipps had danced with anyone other than the headmaster and the head prefect — her annual duty dances.

The next day had been just as unreal. In the morning they had wandered through the streets of the city. They had jostled with people of many races in the carnival lane they called Change Alley. She had clutched Bruce's arm in fright when a little Indian poked his face into hers and gabbled, "Madam, God save the Queen. I make you very fine clothes, very cheap. I very honest man!" And then they had laughed. Laura Phipps stopped in astonishment at the sound of her own laughter. Why. She sounded just like the children in the playground!

Then a jolting, swerving, hooting ride in a taxi down to the more exclusive shops. There she bought a bathing-suit. She had selected a smart navy one, but Bruce persuaded her to buy a red model with a daringly low back. She heard his voice again. "No, this one! This is you." So he thought her exotic! Laura felt a thrill of feminine pride.

Laura and Bruce had lunched in a Chinese restaurant. Bruce put his hand over hers to show her how to use the chopsticks. As he leaned toward her their eyes met and she thought wildly: He



Laura and Bruce were sublimely happy as they danced together.

wants to kiss me — and I want him to! In her confusion she bungled the delicate balance of a piece of cabbage she had secured with the chopsticks. It wriggled and twisted desperately for a moment and then flopped despairingly back into the bowl. They both laughed and the mood of gaiety was re-established.

Another taxi took them to the beach. Though she gazed with assumed interest at the sights Bruce pointed out she was conscious of little else but the pressure of his shoulder against hers. On the beach he will kiss me, a voice whispered to her and she felt as giggly and excited as a fourth-former at her first dance.

They swam together in translucent, cool water, and lay side by side in the searing sun. Bruce propped himself up on an elbow and slowly traced the line of her jaw with one finger. Then slowly his lips came down to meet hers.

The next few hours passed in a haze of delight. They had dined and danced in a rooftop restaurant under a soft black sky filled with stars. They walked through narrow streets under the ghostly flags of washing. They had sat in the deserted lounge of the hotel, both unwilling to say good-night.

The next morning Bruce had met her to take her to the airport.

"Shall I write to you, Laura?" he had asked.

"I don't know, Bruce. Perhaps we should write to each other, just once a year, on this day. You see, for me, this has been a dream. Now it's perfect, complete. I don't want to drag it into my everyday life. There it would soon be stifled under timetables, examinations, and books."

"Let me buy you something, then. Something that will remind you of our dream from one letter to the next."

"Yes, Bruce. Buy me something, something gay . . ."

Miss Phipps concluded the lesson, gathered up her books and pencils — and then the third wondrous thing happened. Before picking up her handbag Miss Phipps stroked its handle and smiled.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 14, 1963



## PRIZE FOR MEAT LOAF

- This week's prize of £5 is for a recipe for an unusual meat loaf which has a piquant middle layer.

### CALIFORNIA MEAT LOAF

One pound topside or round steak (minced), 1lb. sausage mince, 1 medium-sized carrot,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped celery, 1 small finely chopped onion,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups soft breadcrumbs, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 egg, extra breadcrumbs, 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon curry-powder (more if desired), 1 teaspoon chopped onion or chives.

Combine minced steak, sausage meat, coarsely grated carrot, celery, onion, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and sauces. Bind together with beaten egg. Grease a loaf-tin thickly and coat with extra breadcrumbs. Press half the meat mixture into tin. Chop eggs and mix with salt and pepper to taste, curry-powder, and onion or chives. Spread this over meat mixture, then cover with remaining meat. Cover with a piece of greased paper. Bake in moderately slow oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours.

For diet: Serve one slice cold with crisp salad greens.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Maguire, "Rosedale," Dangarsleigh, Armidale, N.S.W.

The following recipes each win a consolation prize of £1.

### SESAME STEAK

Two pounds round or topside steak,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salad oil,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2 tablespoons soy

sauce, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 clove garlic (crushed),  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 4 tablespoons sesame seeds.

Place meat in bowl or flat dish. Mix oil, vinegar, sugar, soy sauce, onion, garlic, sesame seeds, salt, and pepper. Pour over steak, cover and let stand a few hours or overnight in refrigerator. When ready to cook, drain off surplus sauce. Place steak under hot grill and cook until tender, turning occasionally and basting regularly with sauce.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Semp, c/o Grove News, 237 Waterworks Road, Ashgrove, Qld.

### CARROT SOUP

Two rashers bacon (chopped), 1 large onion, 1lb. carrots, 2 pints stock (or 2 beef bouillon cubes and 2 pints water), salt, pepper, sugar, pinch mixed herbs, 2 teaspoons cornflour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint hot milk.

Fry bacon in saucepan until browned lightly, add grated carrots, sliced onion, and cook for 5 minutes over low heat. Add stock, salt, pepper, and about 1 teaspoon sugar and mixed herbs. Simmer gently for 1 hour, then strain and sieve the soup. Blend cornflour with a little of the milk, add to soup with remainder of milk. Heat soup until thickened, stirring constantly.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. O. Walker, 129 Farmborough Rd., Unanderra, N.S.W.

## NATIONAL BAKING QUEST PRIZE RECIPE

This week's progress prize in the National Baking Quest is awarded to Mrs. G. Freitag, 20 Balfour Street, Launceston, Tas.

Her prizewinning recipe is below.

### APRICOT TORTE

One small can apricots, 6oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. margarine, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 3 tablespoons of syrup from apricots.

Cream Filling: One cup milk,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons custard powder, 4oz. margarine, 6oz. icing-sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon almond essence.

Drain apricots well, reserve syrup. Sift flour, rub in margarine, add beaten egg and golden syrup, mix to a soft dough with 3 tablespoons apricot syrup. Pat into greased 8in. round sandwich-tin. Bake in moderate oven 20-25 minutes.

Cool on cake-rack.

For filling, make a thick custard with milk and custard powder; cool. Cream margarine and icing-sugar, beat in the cooled custard and almond essence.

Split cake into two layers, sandwich together with cream filling. Spread a layer of cream across top of cake and arrange well-drained apricots in decorative fashion on top. Use remaining cream to pipe around apricots.

## How to like YOGHURT

- Yoghurt is possibly one of the most mentioned items in a low-calorie diet. Many people like yoghurt just as it comes from the carton, to eat alone or as a topping on fruits and plain desserts.

There are 200 calories in 8oz. yoghurt.

However, many people, trying it for the first time, do not like the tart flavor.

Here's what can be done to yoghurt to cut the acidity and make it one of the most popular items in your diet menu.

In most recipes that call for sour cream, yoghurt can be substituted. The dish that results may be slightly more tart than with sour cream; taste, and, if necessary, add just a little sweetening. Always make sure the yoghurt you buy is fresh; yoghurt becomes sharp in taste as it ages.

Yoghurt is available in flavored form — raspberry, strawberry, and passionfruit are some of the flavors — or you can blend yoghurt to suit your own taste.

For a luncheon snack, use it as a delicious sauce over sliced peaches. Simply add honey to the yoghurt to suit your taste, add a pinch of grated nutmeg, and beat until smooth.

For a salad dressing, mix equal parts of yoghurt and French dressing to cut down the calories — or add herbs, such as dill or chives or celery seeds, or a pinch or two of curry-powder.

In Indian cookery, yoghurt is one of the essential accompaniments to curry. Here is a simple and delicious curry for you to try.

### INDIAN PRAWN CURRY

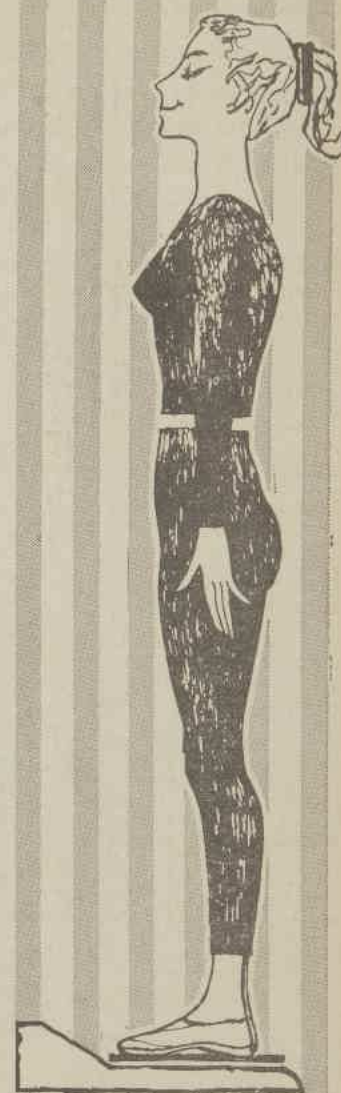
One pound prawns (shelled), 1 clove garlic, 1in. piece fresh ginger,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon curry-powder, 1 cup yoghurt, salt to taste.

Crush garlic and ginger. Put into bowl and add the cold water. Slice onion, brown it in the butter. Add shelled prawns and curry-powder; cook for a minute or two, then strain in the garlic-ginger water, add the yoghurt. Add salt to taste, simmer for 5 minutes or until prawns are heated through. Serves 4.

• 189 calories.

## LOW-CALORIE COOK BOOK

# How to Diet in Secret



- If you've intended going on a diet but have put it off — too expensive, too fiddly, or "everyone will know I'm on a diet" — this special pull-out booklet has the answer. It tells how to diet simply, sanely, and, if you wish, secretly.



# PLANNING THE DIET

● You usually go on a slimming diet for one of two reasons—either for health or for appearance. Perhaps last year's dresses are tight where they should be loose—or you need a shoehorn to squeeze into last summer's swimsuit.

**B**EFORE embarking on a drastic diet (say you have to lose three stone) consult your doctor. An undertaking such as this would mean a marked change in your eating habits and medical supervision would be necessary.

But if you're dieting for fashion's sake, if you feel a few pounds lost would make a world of difference to figure and appearance, this can be achieved quite simply by cutting down your calorie intake for a month or two. Learn to like low-calorie foods (and look at the wide variety of delicious low-calorie dishes we've suggested in this feature) and you will not only lose weight, your skin will become clearer, you will have a buoyant feeling of well-being.

Set yourself a modest goal to begin with—say, four pounds—and strive to achieve it; then set another goal of four pounds, and so on until you've achieved your ideal weight. Be satisfied to lose 1lb. a week regularly.

Remember, the weight has probably been added over a period of months or years. Slow loss permits the re-education of your eating habits, so that you are much less likely to revert to the old ways once your ideal weight has been reached.

Weigh yourself regularly on the same scales.

Occasionally it's a good idea to have a diet-free day—boredom with food is the dieter's greatest hazard. Moderate exercise is advisable; it helps to tone flesh and muscles.

## Competition

A companion dieter is a help; ring him or her when your morale is low. The competitive spirit enters. Above all, don't give up just because you've failed to lose weight during one week—be honest, keep up your diet—no in-between snacks.

Before starting your diet you must decide how many calories per day are required for reducing your weight and then maintaining it at a healthy level.

Your calorie requirements depend on your height, frame, and degree of activity, but almost anybody can lose weight on 1200 calories per day. Provided foods are well selected, this lower calorie intake imposes no great restraint on the consumption of food. It is the selection of the right kind of food that is important.

## What is a calorie?

● You've decided to go on a low-calorie diet—and from now on you're going to measure the calorie value of the food you eat. Have you ever wondered what constitutes a calorie, and how it affects your weight?

Simply, a calorie is a measurement of heat or energy which the body can obtain from a given amount of food. If you eat food which provides more calories than your body needs or can use, then the surplus is stored as fat.

A low-calorie diet forces the body to use up its excess of stored fat.

If a 1200-calorie intake a day does not have the desired effect, then it's wise to talk to your doctor. He will work out an effective diet plan for you.

Now, for the dieting.

Often, special diets call for special foods which are difficult to adapt to the family menu. This means that diet foods are an additional expense item in the housekeeping budget—and sometimes simply cannot be afforded. Then, too, they take extra time to prepare.

This booklet has been planned so that you will not need special meals of your own. All the family can enjoy the same meal. They probably won't even notice you're on a diet—unless you want them to. You can diet sensibly—and secretly—and you can diet someone in the family without his knowing it.

While you're enjoying special



low-calorie meals—with no extra time taken for preparation, no additional expense for special diet items—you're serving your family hearty, well-balanced, delicious meals, with all the nourishment and goodness they need. You simply increase portions for the family or guests, and add any of the extra menu items we suggest.

## CALORIES PER DIET SERVING ARE GIVEN BESIDE EACH RECIPE.

● Dishes for which recipes are given are marked with an asterisk throughout.

## A 1200-CALORIES-A-DAY DIET

### BREAKFAST

One orange (70 calories).  
1 egg (boiled or poached—medium-sized—70 calories).  
1 thin slice wholemeal toast (1oz. 60 calories); thin spread of butter (50 calories).  
1 cup skim milk (100 calories).  
1 cup of tea or coffee made with skim milk could be substituted.  
Total: 350 calories.

### Mid-Morning

1 cup vegetable or beef extract (no calories).

### LUNCH

1 bouillon cube dissolved in 1 cup hot water (2 calories). 3oz. ox tongue (177 calories). 2½oz. chicken or 3oz. cold roast veal could be substituted.

Mixed salad of 1 small tomato, lettuce, radishes, celery curls, etc. (approx. 50 calories).

1 piece fresh fruit—medium-sized orange, small apple or pear (70 calories).

1 cup black tea or coffee (no calories).

Total: 299 calories.

### Mid-Afternoon

1 cup vegetable or beef extract (no calories).

1 crispbread-type biscuit (25 calories).

Thin spread butter (35 calories).

### DINNER

\*Shrimped Scallops, 1 serving (250 calories).

\*Tomato Risotto, 1 serving (50 calories).

Broccoli, 1 cup (45 calories).

\*Orange Foam, 1 serving (120 calories).

1 cup black coffee (no calories).

Total: 465 calories.

Low-calorie Cookbook

# COOKING HINTS

● Each one of these hints from readers wins £1/1/- . Most of them are unsuitable for dieters.

**FOR** baked-apples-in-a-hurry, cut the apples in halves after taking out the cores, and sprinkle with sugar—they cook in half the time and look attractive. — Mrs. R. McElean, Pretty Gully, via Tabulam, N.S.W.

**For a luscious dessert, dust fresh figs with icing-sugar and a sprinkling of cinnamon, then moisten generously with sweet sherry. Marinate overnight and serve with whipped cream.** — Mrs. D. Ferguson, 13 Adelaide Terrace, St. Marys, S.A.

**When making vanilla custard slices, stir one packet of lemon-flavored jelly crystals into the custard mixture after it has been cooking for two minutes. Make sure all the crystals have been dissolved. This gives a much better cutting consistency to the custard filling.** — Mrs. A. W. Stening, 12 Vernal Avenue, Mitcham, Vic.

**Rissoles made from fresh meat tend to be rather hard. To make them more tender, add some grated raw potato to the mixture.** — Mrs. M. G. Hedley, c/o 25 Grantham St., Burwood, N.S.W.

**For a delicious topping for soup, roll stale bread into coarse crumbs. Put them in a cookie or pie-tin, sprinkle with hot sauce or some other highly seasoned flavoring, and toast for a minute in a hot oven.** — Mrs. F. Heitman, 88 Gaffney Lane, Railway Town, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

**To sweeten cooking fat, place it in a saucepan of cold water and boil for five minutes. Remove from heat and when set drain off water. This will remove meat juices, etc., which cause the fat to become sour.** — Mrs. M. King, "Harben Vale," The Oaks Rd., Camden, N.S.W.

**Use left-over egg-yolks to make delicious sandwich spreads. Put them in a cup and steam inside a saucepan until they are set, then mash with a little seasoning such as curry-powder, tomato sauce, or chopped chives.** — Mrs. M. Kavanagh, 5 Strangway St., Mount Gambier, S.A.

**Coat a greased pudding basin with brown sugar. The pudding will have a delicious brown crust when it is cooked.** — Miss M. Benn, 33 Beatrice St., Bardonia, Qld.

Low-calorie Cookbook

**For extra flavor when grilling sausages: Half grill, then slice each one lengthwise and place finely chopped onion on each half. Complete grilling until onion is cooked.** — Mrs. G. Thompson, 57 Parkes St., Port Kembla, N.S.W.

**Tomato soup often curdles when added to milk during the heating process. If this happens, you can restore it without altering the flavor, by stirring in a pinch of bicarbonate of soda.** — Mrs. T. Riches 11 Fenwick Ave. Milford, Auckland, N.Z.

**When making macaroni cheese or a similar dish, cover with a sprinkling of crushed cheese biscuits. As well as making a new crunchy topping, it will add flavor to the dish.** — Mrs. S. Rogers, 36 Armstrong St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

**For a tasty breakfast snack, mix one part honey to two parts grated cheese to a paste. Spread on hot buttered toast and put under grill for a few minutes until melted slightly.** — Mrs. K. Fothergill, 71a Park St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

**When making fruit pies such as apple and apricot, sprinkle pastry lining with 1 level tablespoon of semolina. This absorbs the liquid and leaves pastry really firm.** — Mrs. E. Harvey, 39 Buckley St., Essendon, Vic.

**Cutlets or crumbed rissoles which have to be kept hot for some time after cooking will keep their crisp outer coat if they are placed on a wire-rack over a tray in a slow oven. Never keep them hot over boiling water as the steam makes the outside moist and soggy.** — Mrs. H. Parris, 4 Gifford Grove, Cheltenham, S.22, Vic.

**When making gingerbread, use thick marmalade instead of preserved ginger and candied peel. Besides giving a richer flavor, it keeps the cake moist.** — Mrs. C. Frankish, 243 Trafalgar St., Annandale, N.S.W.

**When making soft icings or filling for sponges or cakes, add one teaspoon of golden syrup to chocolate icing, and one teaspoon of condensed milk to white icings. This will improve the flavor and prevent the icings from hardening.** — Mrs. E. M. Pearce, 35 Bishop St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

**Bind rissoles with tapioca instead of an egg. Soak tapioca in water for an hour before using.** — Miss P. Wallis, 37 Alexander St., Collaroy, N.S.W.

**Combining vegetables in cooking is a pleasant way of varying flavors. Try carrots and peas cooked in a little water, then thickened with cornflour. Tomatoes and onions are another good combination, but no water is necessary. The latter makes a tasty sauce for a grill, particularly for dieters who are not eating fried foods.** — Mrs. M. Camillen, Fairleigh Mill, Mackay, Qld.

**Place a few marshmallows in the bottom of the baked custard dish. They will rise to the top, melt, and make a delicious meringue.** — Mrs. M. Harman, 304 Wilson St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

## LOW-CALORIE DINNERS

### Main course

Continued from page 6

### BEEFBURGERS WITH VEGETABLE STUFFING

Half pound minced steak (lean), 2 tablespoons dry breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ½ cup tomato juice, salt, pepper, 1½ teaspoons skim milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, ½ cup mushrooms (finely chopped), ¼ cup celery (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon onion (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon grated carrot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch paprika, 1 tablespoon dry breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, rosemary, ¼ cup vegetable stock, 1 dessertspoon flour.

Combine steak, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, onion, tomato juice, salt, and pepper; mix well and form into 4 even-sized patties. Melt butter in frying-pan and saute mushrooms, celery, and onion. Sprinkle with paprika. Cook, covered, over low heat for 10 minutes. Add milk, parsley, carrot, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and rosemary. Mix thoroughly. Place the 4 hamburger patties in baking-dish and shape into cups to hold vegetable filling. Insert the stuffing, leave mound of stuffing above each meat cup. Do not wash stuffing pan. Pour vegetable broth into pan and bring to the boil. Mix the flour and a little water together and stir into mixture. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly, then pour into baking-tin. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes, basting with sauce. Serve hot. Serves 4.

● 164 calories.

**Non-dieters: Serve with an accompaniment of mashed potato, buttered peas, and carrot.**

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## LOW-CALORIE CAKES AND BISCUITS

**L**ET'S face it, you can quite well do without cakes and biscuits. But if you're having diet-conscious friends to afternoon tea or coffee, it may be nice to serve a small biscuit or a slice of sponge cake with minimum calories.

Don't forget to add these to your score when you total your calorie count for the day.

### LITTLE CINNAMON DROPS

Two and a half ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup self-raising flour,

2 teaspoons liquid sweetener, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 1 dessertspoon cold strong coffee, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream butter, add sifted flour, mix thoroughly. Combine coffee, vanilla, and liquid sweetener, add to flour mixture and mix well. Sprinkle cinnamon over mixture, stir lightly until it has a streaked appearance. Roll into small balls of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter, place on lightly greased baking-sheets. Flatten out with a fork dipped in cold water. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes, or until lightly browned.

Makes approximately 30 biscuits.  
• 31 calories each biscuit.

### NO-SUGAR SPONGE CAKE

Fifteen sweetening pellets, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vegetable oil,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 4 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar.

Crush pellets finely, sift with flour, salt, and baking-powder. Stir in oil, water, lemon juice and rind, vanilla, beaten egg-yolks; beat until smooth. Beat further 1 minute with electric mixer on high speed or with wooden spoon. Beat egg-whites



stiffly with cream of tartar, fold into flour mixture. Pour into ungreased loaf-tin, bake in slow oven 55 minutes; increase heat to moderate, bake further 10 minutes. Invert on to cake-rack, cool in tin. Cut into approximately 12 slices.

• 125 calories, each slice.

### CRISP BREAD

Two cups flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup yellow cornmeal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2/3rds cup warm water.

Sift flour with cornmeal and salt. Rub in butter or substitute until crumbly. Stir in water, mix well. Chill. Roll out paper-thin (roll out a small quantity at a time), cut to desired shape. Place on ungreased baking-sheet, brush lightly with water. Bake in moderately hot oven 7-8 minutes or until very lightly browned. Cool, then store in airtight container to keep crisp.

• 25 calories per biscuit.

## LOW-CALORIE LUNCHES

Continued from page 5

### NEAPOLITAN EGGS

Three eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 very small onion (finely chopped),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups chopped skinned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, small bayleaf, pinch paprika.

Melt butter in pan, add chopped onion, and saute few minutes. Add tomatoes, bayleaf, salt, paprika. Stir over heat until tomatoes have cooked slightly. Beat eggs slightly and pour into hot mixture. Stir with a fork until cooked, scrambled-egg-style. Serve at once. Serves 4.

• 98 calories.  
Non-dieters: Serve on a thick slice of buttered toast.

### MINIATURE ITALIAN PIZZAS

Two hamburger buns (split in halves), 4 slices fresh tomato,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. minced lean steak, 3 thin slices mozzarella or cheddar cheese, little chopped onion or shallot,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon chopped garlic, pinch basil and oregano, salt, pepper.

Lightly toast split buns, place a slice of tomato on each, sprinkle with salt. Combine minced beef, onion, garlic, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, spread this over tomato. Top with cheese and sprinkle with basil, oregano, and pepper. Bake in a hot oven for about 15 minutes. Serves 4.

• 110 calories.

Non-dieters: Serve two halves.

### CREOLE LIVER

One pound sliced liver, small amount of flour, 3 tablespoons fat, salt, pepper, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 2 cups cooked tomatoes, little oregano and thyme.

Dip liver slices in flour, brown in hot fat. Season well with salt and pepper and herbs. Add onion and tomatoes, cover, and simmer gently for 15 minutes or until liver is tender and sauce thickened. Serve. Serves 6.

• 192 calories.

Non-dieters: Accompany with vegetables in season, including mashed potatoes.

### RASPBERRY MILK

One box raspberries or strawberries,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups chilled reconstituted skim milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons sweetening liquid or 10 sweetening pellets.

Wash raspberries or strawberries and hull, force through a coarse sieve or food mill. Add skim milk, sweetening. Mix thoroughly. Pour into chilled glasses. Serves 3.

• 85 calories.

Non-dieters: Fold in slightly whipped cream and top each glass with a scoop of ice-cream.

### SHERRIED SCALLOPS

Quarter ounce butter or substitute, 2oz. unblanched almonds (chopped),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chicken stock (made with bouillon cubes), salt and pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. scallops, 1 sherry glass dry sherry.

Melt the butter in a frying-pan, add almonds and toss over a moderate fire until browned; set aside. Add chicken bouillon to pan together with salt and pepper. Stir in scallops, cover, and simmer until they lose their transparency (about 4 minutes). Return the almonds to the pan and add sherry. Simmer a further two minutes and then serve immediately. Serves 4.

• 230 calories.

### TOMATO RISOTTO

Two small tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 6oz. long-grain rice, 2 shallots (chopped), pinch dried basil or little chopped fresh basil, salt and pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups chicken bouil-

lon (made with soup cubes).

Combine tomatoes, rice, shallots, and seasoning in a casserole. Heat the bouillon to boiling point, pour over, cover, and bake in a moderate oven approx. 35 minutes or until rice is cooked. Stir occasionally. Serves 4.

• 50 calories.

### ORANGE FOAM

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup orange juice, 1 medium-sized orange (peeled and chopped), 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1oz. chocolate.

Soften the gelatine in the orange juice and dissolve over hot water. Add orange pieces and rind. Beat the egg-whites until stiff, add sugar (a tablespoon at a time) and then fold in gelatine mixture. Spoon into individual serving dishes. Chill until set. Decorate with a little grated chocolate. Serves 4.

• 120 calories.

### BAKED EGGS WITH TOMATOES

One large tomato (peeled), salt and pepper, 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons reconstituted skim milk, chopped chives.

Cut the tomatoes into four thick slices and place on the bottom of four ramekin dishes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and break an egg over each. Cover each egg with 1 tablespoon skim milk and cook in a moderate oven until eggs are set. Sprinkle with chives. Serves 4.

• 85 calories.

Non-dieters: Top each egg with melted butter or cream. Serve with hot buttered toast.

### BAKED HADDOCK

One pound smoked haddock, water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint reconstituted skim milk, 1 onion (sliced), few peppercorns, chopped parsley.

Cut fish into serving-size pieces, cover with cold water and bring to the boil. Drain, place in a casserole with milk, onion, and peppercorns. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes, basting frequently. Spoon a little milk over each serving and sprinkle with parsley. Serves 4.

• 110 calories.

Non-dieters: Top each serving with melted butter, serve with buttered toast or small hot roll.

### LUXURY POACHED EGGS

One egg per serving, 2 chicken bouillon cubes, 2 cups water, cayenne, toast.

Combine bouillon cubes and water in a frying-pan and bring to the boil. Reduce heat, carefully break in eggs and simmer until cooked. Drain well, sprinkle with cayenne and serve on unbuttered toast.

• 50 calories.

Non-dieters: Serve 2 eggs.

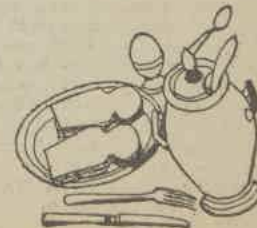
### DIETER'S SCRAMBLED EGGS

Two eggs per serving, 1 tablespoon reconstituted skim milk per serving, salt and pepper, plenty of chopped parsley.

Beat the eggs, adding salt and pepper to taste. Heat the milk in a saucepan, pour in eggs, and cook as for scrambled eggs until mixture is creamy. Add chopped parsley.

• 175 calories.

Non-dieters: Serve eggs on buttered toast; top with crisp bacon rashers.



## LOW-CALORIE BREAKFASTS

**D**ON'T skimp on breakfast—and don't be foolish by ignoring breakfast altogether. It's an important meal which should be nourishing enough to give you energy all day.

An ideal low-calorie breakfast consists of fruit or fruit juice (preferably citrus), a main dish containing some type of protein, and a thin slice of toast, lightly buttered; a beverage such as skim milk, black tea, or coffee may be added. Here are the calorie values of some well-balanced breakfast suggestions.

Half a grapefruit contains 50 calories; a medium-sized orange, 70.

A 4oz. glass of orange juice has 75 calories. Although orange juice contains an adequate supply of vitamins, the fresh fruit itself is lower in calories and more satisfying.

Hot or chilled tomato juice, 8oz. glass contains 50 calories.

Eggs are the most common protein breakfast food; they should be poached or boiled. A medium-sized poached egg has 75, a boiled egg 70 calories. (You add 30 calories when you fry an egg.)

A thin slice of toast (1oz.) also has 70 calories, and a medium spread of butter (approx. 4oz.) has 50 calories.

Therefore, a breakfast consisting of half a grapefruit, a poached or boiled egg, and one slice of toast with butter contains 240 to 245 calories.

This could be varied by substituting for the egg 4oz. of smoked haddock (100 calories) or two medium-sized grilled tomatoes (60 calories) and half a lean rasher of bacon (33

calories), and a small orange for the grapefruit.

Alternatively, the toast could be replaced by an extra egg or by 3 half rashers of lean bacon (100 calories, approx.).

Starch-reduced rolls make a pleasant change from bread; these contain 107 calories per ounce—four rolls weigh 1oz. They are available in packets of 24.

Sugared jams such as marmalade, strawberry, etc., should be avoided; a dessertspoon of jam contains 35 calories. If you must have jam, try one of the sugarless varieties now on the market. (See also recipes, page 13. Sugarless jams.)

If you can't do without milk and sugar in tea and coffee, use skim milk and sugar substitutes.

The citrus fruit recommended could be replaced by an apple, pear, or similar fruit, but remember these do not contain such adequate supplies of vitamin C, which should be included in each day's diet.

If you prefer to eat oranges at lunchtime and apples at breakfast, no harm is done. You might also like to try one of the sugarless canned fruits now available.

These additional breakfast dishes will help vary the menu.

### BACON-TOMATOES

Four medium-sized tomatoes, oregano, 2 rashers lean bacon.

Halve tomatoes, sprinkle with oregano and place  $\frac{1}{2}$  rasher bacon around each, fastening with a toothpick. Cook under grill until soft and browned. Serves 4.

• 150 calories.  
Non-dieters: Top tomatoes with soft buttered breadcrumbs and serve on rounds of toast or fried bread.



## A GUIDE TO FOODS — to eat and avoid

• All dieters must resign themselves to resisting rich desserts, chocolate, and other calorie-laden foods. However, even among meats, fish, vegetables, and fruits there are traps.

Here is a guide:  
**Meats and Poultry:**

**Eat:**  
The lean inside cuts of roast beef, lamb, mutton, or veal; ox tongue, kidneys, calf or lamb's liver, brains, veal cutlets or escalopes (not fried in breadcrumbs), lean steaks or lamb cutlets (all fat should be removed), roast, grilled, or steamed chicken.

**Avoid:**  
Pork, especially pork chops; fat steaks, chops sautéed in butter, ham; stews and casseroles containing large amounts of butter, flour, or cream; pastry of any kind — meat pies, sausage-rolls, etc.; bacon (especially streaky cuts), steak-and-kidney pudding, sausages (especially crumbed and fried).

**Fish:**  
All fish should be grilled, boiled, or poached.

**Eat:**  
Sole, flounder, bream, flat-head, trout, perch, smoked haddock, prawns, lobster, scallops.

**Avoid:**  
Fried seafood of any kind, sardines and other fish in oil, caviare, mullet — all oily fish.

**Vegetables:**  
With few calories these are the dieter's best friends, supplying vitamins and bulk. (If you're hungry in between meals, nibble fresh young carrots or celery sticks.)

**Eat:**  
Asparagus, french beans, broccoli, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, celery, cucumber, eggplant, lettuce, mushrooms, radishes, spinach, squash, tomatoes, onions — serve boiled (without sauces) or sliced in salads, stews, etc.

**Avoid:**  
Potatoes — other than one potato, boiled, steamed, or baked in its skin; broad beans, corn, fried or creamed onions, parsnips, peas.

**Fruits:**  
Most fruits contain relatively few calories.

**Avoid:**  
Avocado, pears, bananas, grapes, figs.

## LOW-CALORIE LUNCHES

**L**UNCHES should be light, but satisfying. Some people may need only a piece of fruit, but for those whose appetite demands something more substantial the following low-calorie dishes have been carefully devised.

### CHILLED TOMATO CUP

Two cups water, 2 bouillon cubes, 3 cups tomato juice, 1 chopped green pepper, juice 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 sweetening pellet or sweetening liquid to taste,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, sprinkling monosodium glutamate (optional), pinch ground cloves, few grains pepper, 1 small clove garlic (peeled).

Combine all ingredients and simmer about 10 minutes or until the green pepper is tender; strain and add garlic. Cool, chill in refrigerator about 3 hours. Remove garlic before serving. Serves 5.

• 36 calories.  
*Non-dieters: Top with cubes of bread fried in butter and finely grated cheese.*

### TOMATO COOLER

One can vegetable juice, 1 can tomato juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vinegar, pinch salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon celery seeds, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch monosodium glutamate.

Combine all the ingredients in a jug and mix well; chill until serving time. Pour into glasses and serve. Serves 6.

• 34 calories.

*Non-dieters: Top with a spoonful of cream which has been whipped slightly and seasoned with salt, pepper, few drops worcestershire sauce.*

### COLESLAW WITH BACON DRESSING

One small head cabbage (shredded), 4 rashers bacon, 1 small onion (finely chopped),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup low-calorie mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon celery seed, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 green pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  red pepper.

Cut bacon rashers into small pieces and cook in a heated pan with onion until softened. Stir in mayonnaise, vinegar, sugar, celery seed, and salt. Mix cabbage and chopped peppers together in a bowl and pour on the hot dressing. Blend lightly. May be served hot at once, or chilled and served cold. Serves 6.

• 64 calories.

*Non-dieters: Add cooked peas and crumbled blue-vein cheese to salad.*

### APPLE SLAW

Three-quarters pound cabbage (about 3 cups shredded), 2 red apples,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup undiluted evaporated milk, juice 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon celery seed, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch pepper.

Wash and finely shred the cabbage and put into a large bowl. Wash and quarter, core and thinly slice the apples, toss with cabbage. Into another bowl add evaporated milk to lemon juice, onion, celery seed, salt, sugar, and pepper; mix well. Pour over cabbage mixture and toss to coat cabbage and apple well. Chill in refrigerator. Serves 5.

• 60 calories.

*Non-dieters: Fold  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup slightly whipped cream into dressing before mixing into salad greens.*

### ORIENTALE OYSTERS

Six rashers lean bacon, 4 tomatoes, 2 bottles oysters, 12 stuffed olives, salt, pepper, paprika, parsley.

Cut bacon into 2in. pieces. Slice tomatoes into about 6 wedges each. Drain oysters. On twelve skewers thread bacon, oysters, tomato, and stuffed olives. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Place skewers in a shallow baking-tin or in griller tray and grill about 3in. from heat until tomatoes are heated through and bacon is crisp (about 3 minutes). Serve hot on warm plates, sprinkle with paprika and garnish with parsley. Serves 4.

• 175 calories.

*Non-dieters: Add mushrooms, fish pieces, pineapple, etc., to skewers, coat with melted butter before grilling.*

### BARBECUE BURGERS

Sauce: Half cup tomato sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon cider vinegar, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon sweetening liquid or 2 sweetening pellets.

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan and allow to heat slowly. Set aside until required.

**Burgers:** One pound lean ground beef, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Combine meat with seasonings and mix well; shape into four large patties. Grease a frying-pan and brown patties on both sides. Allow 6 to 8 minutes' cooking time for patties. Place patties in a baking-dish and pour over the prepared sauce. Bake in a moderate oven for about 20 to 25 minutes or until tender, basting occasionally with sauce. Serve patties with sauce.

• 217 calories.

*Non-dieters: Serve patties between buttered toasted buns.*

seeming rude) to refuse dishes which have been prepared with enthusiasm and loving care by your hostess.

There's nothing you can do if the dinner consists of cream soup, roast pork, sweet potatoes, and creme brulee, except try to eat small servings without being too obvious.

Remember, though, that when "dieting out" (and this applies to restaurants as well as homes) common sense should be exercised. Eat sparingly the day before — then you can allow yourself a little indulgence. A sensible diet should cater for, not ruin, your social life.

## SUGARLESS JAMS

**G**OOD-TASTING jams can be made without the use of sugar; in the three recipes given below sugar substitutes are used.

### PLUM JAM

One pound plums, 18 to 20 sweetening pellets,  $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine, 3 tablespoons boiling water.

Soak the gelatine in boiling water. Stew the plums gently with about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water until reduced to about

2-3rds of their original bulk. Crush sweetening pellets and add to the plums with about 1 teaspoon water. Stir in the soaked gelatine. Place in clean, dry preserving jars and seal. Sterilise for 30 minutes.

### BLACKBERRY CONSERVE

One pound blackberries, 18 to 20 sweetening pellets,  $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine, 3 tablespoons boiling water.

Soak gelatine in boiling water. Stew the blackberries gently until reduced to half their original bulk. Crush the sweetening pellets and add to the blackberries with about 1 teaspoon water. Stir in the gelatine. Place in clean, dry preserving jars, seal tightly, and sterilise 30 minutes.

### SUGARLESS MARMALADE

Two Seville oranges,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, juice 1 sweet orange, 12 to 14 sweetening pellets,  $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine (to every pint of pulp),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints water.

Peel the rind from the oranges and lemon with a sharp knife, being careful no white pith is removed with the peel. Peel the white pith from the fruit and discard. Cut the fruit into small pieces. Put pulp and finely shredded rind into preserving pan, add water and orange juice. Boil gently 20 to 30 minutes or until rind is tender. Remove from heat and dissolve the gelatine in the marmalade, then add the crushed sweetening pellets. Bottle in clean, dry preserving jars and seal. Sterilise 30 minutes.

• Sugarless jams should be made and used as soon as possible. If they are to be kept for some time, sterilising is necessary.

Here is the simple method for STERILISING SUGARLESS JAMS:

Use a large saucepan, boiler, or copper deep enough for preserving jars to stand upright to the necks in water. A wooden or wire stand is useful to prevent bottles touching bottom of utensil—a piece of blanket or rug folded 2 or 3 times may also be used, or a piece of bagging.

Prepare jars as directed, place bottles in water bath, fill bath with cold water to base of necks of bottles. Cover with lid. Bring water slowly to boiling point, then simmer for 30 minutes. Processing or sterilising time is counted from when water boils.

### Jam-making hint

• If filling cold jars with boiling jam, first warm jars slightly, then place on table on a dampened towel. This will prevent jars from cracking.

1/1/- to Miss G. Newell, 4a Liverpool Street, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

## Rich in flavor— NOT rich in calories.

• A common fallacy regarding diets is that slimming food is dreary and uninteresting.

This is not so. With intelligent use of spices, herbs, low-calorie foods and flavoring agents the dieter's food need never be dull. The following suggestions will help add that "extra something" to meals:

### SAVORY DISHES

**Herbs:** Use fresh herbs for seasoning. These give a delicious flavor without additional calories. Add bay leaves to almost any savory dish, and try chives with egg dishes, rosemary with fish and meat dishes, or thyme with seafoods, chicken, or eggs. Finely chopped parsley is packed with vitamins and will enhance the flavor and appearance of almost any savory food.

Don't forget garlic; it's a delicious addition to roast lamb or mutton and many other meat and poultry dishes.

**Lemon Juice:** Another wonderful standby for flavor. Squeeze a few drops over grilled or poached fish instead of the usual melted butter or tartare sauce and use in salads and meat dishes. Grated lemon rind is especially good with veal casserole. Marinate steaks in lemon juice before grilling; this adds flavor and tenderises the meat.

**Thickening Agents:** These add hundreds of calories to many stews and casseroles. Omit flour or cornflour, etc., from recipes and thicken the sauce or gravy by reduction (fast boiling on top of the stove; remove meat and vegetable pieces first). This method gives a much more concentrated flavor.

**Condiments and Sauces:** Make full use of the low-calorie condiments and sauces now on the market: pickles, chutneys, tomato sauce, etc. These could be used for extra flavor in casseroles, as well as to add interest to cold meats and salads.

**Salt:** Use sparingly, or use one of the excellent salt-substitute products now available at most large food stores.

### SWEET DISHES

**Evaporated Milk:** This is an excellent substitute for whipped cream to top a plain fruit dessert. One fluid ounce of evaporated milk contains only 48 calories, as compared with 100 calories for the same measure of cream.

**Skim Milk:** Available in powder or milk crystal form. Use in place of whole milk. Excellent for baked custards and other milk puddings. Cinnamon and nutmeg are also good additions here. Sprinkle on top of baked custards.

**Sugar Substitutes:** These are available in liquid and tablet form. Use in place of sugar in tea or coffee at all times. When using in cooking, experiment until you find the amount which best suits your taste; add drop by drop. These sweeteners vary; read the directions which come with the package.

With some sweeteners, when using as a substitute for sugar in a cooked dessert, it is necessary to add the sweetening after cooking.



## IF YOU'RE DIETING OUT

### ● In a restaurant:

WHEN dining in restaurants it's depressing for everyone if you sit miserably, eating practically nothing.

However, it's difficult sometimes when confronted with a large and elaborate menu to decide what can be safely included in your diet.

The following list of "safe foods" may be of some help. As most menus list various courses separately, we've done this, too. Try to memorise some or all of the foods listed and you'll be able to eat well, with a clear conscience.

#### 1. HORS-D'OEUVRE.

**Choose from:** Oysters (on the shell), prawns or lobster (without mayonnaise or rich cocktail sauces), fruit cocktails, melon wedges or grapefruit halves, fresh asparagus (no hollandaise sauce), tomato juice.

**Avoid:** Pate de foie, stuffed eggs, avocado pears, platters of mixed hors-d'oeuvre (these usually consist of calorie-filled delicacies such as salami and liverwurst sausage, sardines, and tunny fish in oil, black olives), shellfish and seafood cocktails in a rich mayonnaise sauce, smoked fish.

#### 2. SOUPS.

**Choose from:** Clear soups — chicken or beef consommé, vegetable bouillon, etc.

**Avoid:** Cream soups, seafood

bisques, French onion soup, minestrone.

#### 3. FISH.

**Choose from:** Any grilled fish — sole and flounder are two of the best. Poached fish fillets are good, but be careful, they're usually accompanied by a rich cream sauce. Prawns, scallops, and lobsters are also good, but only if served without the addition of rich sauces (lobster thermidor has about three times as many calories as the plainly cooked variety).

**Avoid:** Fish cooked "à la Meunière" in other words "in butter," also fillets fried in batter or bread-crumbs.

#### 4. MEAT AND POULTRY.

**Choose from:** Any grilled or roasted meats.

**Avoid:** Dishes cooked "en casserole" — these usually contain hundreds of calories in the form of butter, cream, and thickening agents. Also pork and ham in all forms, beef stroganoff, fried escalopes or cutlets, béarnaise sauce (frequently served with grilled meats).

#### 5. VEGETABLES.

**Choose from:** Plain boiled green varieties — broccoli, brussels sprouts, spinach, beans. If you must eat potatoes, have one only, boiled or baked in its skin. Accompanying salads should be served without oil — ask for a wedge of lemon to be squeezed over before serving. You'll find restaurants very helpful in this regard.

**Avoid:** Creamed vegetables, glazed carrots or parsnips, cauliflower in cheese sauce, sweet potatoes and any varieties of ordinary potatoes other than baked, steamed, or boiled.

#### 6. DESSERTS.

**Choose from:** Plain ice creams (a small helping), fruit salads, fresh pineapple or melon.

#### 7. CHEESES.

All cheeses, with the exception of cottage cheese, are high in calories.

#### 8. BEVERAGES.

Everyone knows alcoholic and sweet soft drinks are fattening, but some have more calories than others.

**Choose from:** Dry ginger ale, dry red or white table wines, dry sherry, dry vermouth, champagne, gin or whisky with water or soda water (one small glass only).

**Avoid:** Sweet wines of all types, gin with cordials, tonic water, etc., mixed cocktails (a brandy crusta has 250 calories), liqueurs of all types, sweet soft drinks.

Alcohol is doubly dangerous because it stimulates the appetite —



keep all drink to an absolute minimum — you don't want to be hungry!

Remember, too, coffee or tea should be taken without cream, milk, or sugar — use sugar substitutes if you must have sweetening. A wedge of lemon is sometimes served with black tea or coffee and this adds flavor without extra calories.

Some helpful hints:

**Don't** start nibbling bread rolls or melba toast immediately you sit down at a restaurant table. This is ruinous for the dieter.

**Don't** eat rich gravies or butter sauces and oily salad dressings. Whipped cream with desserts or fruit salads is strictly taboo.

**Don't** order elaborate desserts — these often contain twice as many calories as the MEAT COURSE PRECEDING THEM.

**Don't** order spaghetti and other pasta dishes. With a rich sauce containing lots of olive oil, these are exceedingly high in calories.

**Don't** eat the delicious sweetmeats and petit fours frequently served with coffee.

**Do** remember that plain foods are always best for you — the knowledge that you're having a simple gourmet meal may encourage you.

**Do** nibble celery curls, radishes, NOT the cheese straws, olives in bacon, etc., frequently offered before dinner. They can be a dieter's downfall.

**Do** remove fatty parts of steaks and chops before eating.

**Do** ask for a raw salad and a green vegetable instead of the usual green vegetable and potato — a large salad is much more filling and less fattening than a small potato.

**Do** be discreet about your diet — nothing is more boring to a non-dieter than to have to hear about your figure problems.

### ● Dining in a friend's home:

This is a more difficult problem. It's hard to refuse an invitation to dinner and just as hard (without

#### GRAPEFRUIT LUNCHEON SALAD.

Two large grapefruit,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups water, 2 envelopes lemon jelly crystals (low calorie), 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 or 2 tablespoons reconstituted skim milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely sliced celery,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely chopped shallots, lettuce.

Peel grapefruit and cut into sections; reserve any juice and make up to the two cups with the water. Heat half this mixture and add crystals, stir until dissolved, add remaining juice and water mixture; cool. Reserve a third of the grapefruit sections for top layer. Arrange remainder in lightly oiled or wetted loaf-tin. Carefully pour half the mixture over grapefruit; chill. Meanwhile, beat skimmed milk into cottage cheese and add celery and shallots; spread over the set jelly layer. Arrange reserved grapefruit sections on top in attractive pattern and spoon over reserved lemon gelatine mixture. Chill well until firm. Cut into squares and serve on lettuce leaf. Serves 6.

● 70 calories.

**Non-dieters:** Top with a spoonful of mayonnaise or sour cream and serve with buttered wholemeal bread.

#### TOMATO LUNCHEON CUPS.

Four medium-sized tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. minced steak,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup soft breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons butter or substitute, 1 small onion (finely chopped), pinch basil,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch salt and pepper, paprika.

Cut off tops of tomatoes and scoop out pulp. Lightly season insides with salt and pepper. Melt butter in small pan, add onion and sauté 5 minutes. Add meat and continue cooking for 10 minutes, stir frequently to keep meat crumbled. Remove meat from heat, add breadcrumbs and all remaining ingredients; mix well. Fill into tomatoes and place in a moderately hot oven and bake for 20 to 25 minutes. Serves 4.

● 125 calories.

**Non-dieters:** Top with cheese and buttered crumbs before baking.

#### BRUSSELS SPROUTS COMBO.

One and a half pounds cooked brussels sprouts, 1 cup cooked tomatoes, 1 green pepper (chopped), 1 bayleaf, 1 tablespoon caraway seeds,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika, salt to taste.

Slice sprouts in half lengthwise. Heat tomatoes and add all other ingredients except sprouts. Simmer 5 minutes. Remove bayleaf, add sprouts, and heat thoroughly about 10 minutes. Serve. Serves 6.

● 54 calories.

**Non-dieters:** Finely chopped ham, luncheon meat, etc., could be added to this mixture with the sprouts.

#### PARADISE TUNA SALAD.

One cup canned pineapple chunks (washed free of syrup) or use fresh pineapple, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup canned tuna (flaked), juice 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons low calorie mayonnaise or dressing, 6 lettuce leaves, strips green pepper.

Combine well-drained pineapple, celery, and tuna. Add lemon juice and mayonnaise; mix well and chill. Serve in lettuce leaves, and garnish with green pepper. Serves 6.

● 100 calories.

**Non-dieters:** Fold in extra seafood such as prawns, crab, lobster, and use a rich cream mayonnaise.

#### YOGHURT BORSCHT.

Two and a half cups shredded cooked beetroot,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot water and 4 beef bouillon cubes, 6 tablespoons lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup yoghurt.

Combine beetroot and any liquid from beetroot and water in which bouillon cubes have been crushed in saucepan. Bring to the boil, simmer 10 minutes, add lemon juice and seasonings. Serve hot or chilled, topped with a large spoonful of yoghurt. Serves 6.

● 67 calories.

**Non-dieters:** Top soup with sour cream.



#### CHICKEN SOUP OMELET.

One can chicken soup (with noodles or rice), 5 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Beat eggs slightly, just enough to blend whites and yolks. Add contents from can of soup; mix well. Heat a large, heavy frying-pan and add butter. When butter melts, pour in the egg-soup mixture. Cook over low heat until set and browned underneath and then place under a hot griller and cook until top is set. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and cut into sections for serving. Serves 4.

● 177 calories.

**Non-dieters:** Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese to omelet and serve wedges with little grilled bacon rolls.

#### DOWN-UNDER EGGS.

Three sardines, 4 eggs, 2 egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 teaspoons chopped chives or shallots, 2 teaspoons parsley, salt, pepper.

Mix egg-yolks with breadcrumbs, melted butter, mashed sardines, chives, parsley, salt, and pepper. Spread mixture in base of ovenproof dish. Bake in a slow oven until set. Carefully break whole eggs into a saucer one at a time and lower on to top of hot mixture. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Continue baking in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes or until eggs are set. Serve at once. Serves 4.

● 150 calories.

**Non-dieters:** Add 2 rashers chopped bacon to base mixture.

#### CUCUMBER SALAD BOATS.

One small cucumber,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cooked flaked fish, prawns or any other seafood desired, little lemon juice, 1 tablespoon low calorie mayonnaise or dressing, 1 lettuce leaf.

Cut a thin slice off the side of cucumber and hollow out centre. Combine seafood with lemon juice and mayonnaise and fill into cucumber hollow. Arrange lettuce leaf to look like a sail on the cucumber boat, using a cocktail stick for support. Serves 1.

● 60 calories.

**Non-dieters:** Use a rich cream mayonnaise to mix the seafood filling, and accompany with a small lettuce cup of potato salad and other salad greens.

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### HOW TO DIET AND ENTERTAIN

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sliced mushrooms, add salt. Cover, simmer slowly for about 8 minutes or until there is a quantity of mushroom liquid in pan. Drain beans, add to pan; cook, stirring occasionally, until beans are tender. Serve with the pan juices.

● 47 calories.

#### ORANGE SOUFFLE.

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup orange sections, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 egg-whites, 2 teaspoons liquid sweetener, extra orange sections.

Soften the gelatine in orange juice, dissolve over hot water. Add the orange sections, rind, and sweetener. Whip egg-whites stiffly, fold into gelatine mixture. Spoon into stemmed glasses or serving dishes, chill until set. Garnish with orange sections.

● 35 calories.



## LOW-CALORIE DINNERS — Main courses

**I**F you want your diet to be secret, then dinner — when all the family is gathered together — is often the most difficult meal at which secrecy can be maintained.

But look at the cunning way we've suggested you add to the plates of your family, at the same time keeping yours free from weight-producing foods.

### ROUND-MEAL VEGETABLE SOUP

One pound lean steak (round, blade, chuck, etc.), 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 large soup bone, 1 finely chopped onion, 3 pints water, 1 carrot, 1 cup sliced celery, 1 cup sliced beans, 1 cup diced turnip, 2 teaspoons salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon each celery salt and pepper, 1lb peeled tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cut meat into 1in. pieces and fry in the heated fat in a large saucepan. Add soup bone, onion, and water, cover and simmer gently  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours or until meat is almost tender. Add sliced carrot, celery, beans, turnip, salt, celery salt, and pepper. Simmer 30 minutes covered. Remove from heat, set aside to cool, skim off fat, remove soup bone. Add chopped tomatoes and simmer further 10 minutes. Mix in parsley and serve very hot. Serves 6.

• 120 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Mix in 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups cooked rice and a little butter.

### BEEF GOULASH

One pound round steak (cut in 1in. cubes), 1 dessertspoon fat, fresh-cracked black pepper to taste, salt to taste, 1 onion (sliced thinly), 2 bayleaves, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, 2 cups water, 1 crushed sweetening pellet or a drop of sweetening liquid, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon paprika,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar.

Brown beef lightly in hot fat, using a heavy pan. Season with salt and pepper. Add onion, bayleaves, caraway seeds, and cover with 2 cups water. Cover and simmer  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Remove bayleaves and stir in combined flour, paprika, water, vinegar, and crushed sweetening pellet, using only enough flour to give the desired thickness. Stir and cook about 10 minutes to thicken. Makes four servings.

• 236 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Serve with vegetables in season and buttered wholemeal bread.

### CHICKEN DIVAN

One and a half pounds raw chicken meat (diced),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 wineglass dry white wine, pinch dried tarragon, salt and pepper, 1lb. broccoli,  $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cornflour, extra tablespoon water, 2oz. white bread made into crumbs.

Bring water and wine to the boil with salt and dried tarragon. Add chicken meat and simmer until cooked. Remove meat to a casserole, add broccoli to stock and cook till just tender. Blend cornflour with extra water, add to stock and stir till thickened. Season to taste. Pour into casserole, top with crumbs, and heat in a moderate oven until the top browns. Serves 4.

• 275 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Add fluffy boiled rice.

### BAVARIAN SOUP

Quarter pound mild flavored salami or other luncheon meat (cut in one piece, skin removed), 3 cups water, 1 medium-sized potato,  $\frac{1}{2}$  green pepper, 3 stalks celery (with leaves), 1 large carrot,  $\frac{1}{2}$  small head cabbage,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups ripe skinned tomatoes, 1 sprig parsley, salt, pepper.

Cut salami or luncheon meat into 1in. cubes. Boil 3 cups water and add the meat and all the vegetables (which have been peeled, if needed, and chopped finely). Simmer 20 minutes. Season with salt and pepper and cook gently a further 10 minutes or until vegetables are very tender. Serve hot. Serves 4.

• 103 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Add cooked rice or small pieces cooked spaghetti to soup and serve with wedges of toasted bread topped with paprika and cheese.

### You can cook with wine

• Don't be afraid to use wine in cookery. Alcohol boils at a lower temperature than water; so the alcohol content — which holds the calories — soon evaporates in cooking, leaving behind only the wonderful flavor and aroma.

### SAVORY EGGPLANT HALVES

Three eggplants, 1 small chopped green pepper, 1 chopped red pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped peeled mushrooms, 1 teaspoon chopped chives, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, paprika, 6 thick slices tomato.

Cut the eggplants in halves lengthwise. Scoop out the green part with plastic or stainless spoon so that only shells remain. Chop

the flesh finely and combine with peppers, mushrooms, chives, and parsley. Season with salt, pepper, and paprika to taste and return mixture to shells and place in baking-dish. Top each eggplant half with a tomato slice and bake in a moderate oven about 1 hour. Serves 6.

• 62 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Top with mashed potato and brown lightly in oven.

### SAVORY PIQUANT TRIPE

One pound fresh tripe, 1 sliced onion, 1 thinly sliced carrot, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 bay leaf, 1 sprig parsley, 1 sprig fresh thyme or pinch dried, 1 whole clove, pinch marjoram,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, water.

Cut tripe into strips, cover with water, bring to the boil and then pour off water. Cover again with water, add about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt and cover and simmer 1 hour; drain. Prepare sauce by cooking the onion in butter until golden. Add flour, chopped herbs, seasonings, and carrot. Stir in 1 cup water and simmer 25 minutes. Add vinegar; strain and pour over the tripe. Continue cooking slowly until tripe is tender. Serve hot. Serves 6.

• 113 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Serve on a bed of cooked noodles or spaghetti, with crusty buttered bread.

### SWEET SOUR MEAT CAKES

Three small green peppers, 1lb. minced lean steak, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 1 dessertspoon shortening, 1 cup chicken stock, 1 cup cooked unsweetened apricots, 1 sweetening pellet, 1 teaspoon soy sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vinegar.

Cut green peppers into eighths; season steak and form into small balls the size of a golf ball; heat shortening in frying-pan over medium heat and brown meat balls on all sides. Remove from pan. Place 1-3rd cup chicken stock, apricots, and green peppers in frying-pan, cover, and simmer 10 minutes. Blend soy sauce and vinegar with remaining stock, add sweetening pellet, salt, pepper. Add to apricot mixture. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until thick. Return meat balls to sauce and heat. Serves 6.

• 185 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Serve on a bed of hot fluffy rice or noodles.

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Low-calorie Cookbook

## HOW TO DIET — AND ENTERTAIN

**W**HEN you have guests to dinner it's hard to disguise the fact that you're on a diet if you offer them a wonderful rich meal while you have to sit back suffering with a salad.

The whole secret is in meal planning. Serve your guests a meal which you can share. Choose foods high in food value and flavor—but low in calories. They won't notice the minimum use of rich ingredients.

Here is a typical menu, with quantities to serve 6. Each serving has a calorie count of around 600. If you're on a 1200-calories-per-day diet you will need to watch the other meals of the day to make sure you don't exceed your calorie quota.

Slice a long thin loaf of French bread for your guests; spread each slice with butter. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese and brown under the grill before serving. Offer them nuts to nibble.

You can also scrape some small young carrots, cut them into slender lengths, and drop them into iced water. By the time you're ready to serve dinner they'll be cold and crisp—and your guests might prefer these. After all, you're probably not the only one who is on a diet!

Make a sauce from the pan drippings after roasting the veal — add a little wine and stir in some cream at the last moment; serve the sauce separately. But remember — that's not for you.

### MENU

(600-calorie dinner)

\*Clear Soup with Chives  
Carrot Sticks, French Bread  
Roast Leg of Veal  
\*Green Beans with Mushrooms  
Green Salad with Cucumber and Tomato  
\*Orange Souffle

### CLEAR SOUP WITH CHIVES

Serve bowls of steaming-hot, well-seasoned beef or chicken broth which has been well skimmed to remove all fat. Sprinkle finely chopped chives over each serving. Accompaniment — radishes crisped in ice-water or small cheese biscuits. (You eat radishes.)

• 20 calories.

### GREEN BEANS WITH MUSHROOMS

One tablespoon butter, 1lb. sliced mushrooms,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1lb. beans, boiling water.

Slice beans thinly, cover with boiling water, let stand 10 minutes. Melt butter in shallow pan, stir in

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Low-calorie Cookbook



GOURMET DINNER of interesting dishes, low in calories — rich in flavor — Cucumber Boats, Japanese Sukiyaki, Springtime Fruit Salad.

## A Special Gourmet Dinner

### MENU

\*Cucumber Boats  
Hot Rolls  
\*Low-calorie Sukiyaki Noodles  
\*Springtime Fruit Salad

**W**HOD' guess the low number of calories in this delicious gourmet dinner for six? You could start with large, succulent oysters on the shell, for hors-d'oeuvre; or try the unusual Cucumber Boats we've suggested here. Offer little dinner rolls, hot from the oven, to your guests.

### CUCUMBER BOATS

Six small cucumbers, 1lb. cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons finely chopped red pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped chives, salt and pepper, parsley sprigs.

Cut a thin slice off the side of each cucumber and hollow out centres. Combine cottage cheese with red pepper, chives, and seasonings, fill mixture into cucumber shells. Garnish with a parsley sprig.

• 52 calories.

### LOW-CALORIE SUKIYAKI

One tablespoon soy sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup each bouillon and dry sherry, 1 sweetening pellet (crushed, optional), 1 cup mushrooms (sliced), 2 cups bean sprouts, 1 cup celery (chopped), 2 cups spinach leaves, 1 cup shallots (chopped), 1 medium-

sized tin bamboo shoots (drained), 1 to 1½lb. rump or round steak, pounded with a steak mallet and sliced wafer thin, pepper, little salt if required.

Heat the soy sauce, sherry, bouillon, and sweetening pellet in a large frying-pan or electric frypan. Add mushrooms, cover, and cook 2 minutes; then push aside and add bean sprouts, celery, spinach, and shallots. Cook until spinach is wilted, turning vegetables so that they cook evenly. Add bamboo shoots and heat through. Then spread meat over vegetables—cook until done to your taste. A few minutes should suffice. Check seasoning and serve immediately.

• 232 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Serve a big bowl of hot buttered noodles, topped with parsley.

### SPRINGTIME FRUIT SALAD

Five large oranges, 1 box strawberries, sugar substitute if desired. Peel oranges, being careful to remove all pith; hull strawberries. Slice oranges into rounds, place in a glass dish and top with the strawberries. Add sugar substitute to taste, but with sweet oranges it shouldn't be necessary.

Note: Use navel oranges if possible.

• 68 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Serve with slender biscuit wafers and, separately, a big bowl of whipped cream, with a little rum beaten in, if you wish.

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Continued from page 9

Press into loaf-tin. Bake in a moderately slow oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Remove from oven and pour off all fat, then unmould on to platter and allow to cool. Serve, cut in slices, with salad accompaniments. Serves 8.

• 180 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Glaze meat loaf with a mixture of equal quantities of butter and brown sugar; return to oven until the topping is lightly glazed. Leave your serving unglazed.

#### ALPINE GRAPE SHERBET

One tablespoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water, 2 cups water, 2 cups unsweetened grape juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon sweetening liquid, pinch salt, 2 egg-whites.

Soften gelatine in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water. Mix together 2 cups water, grape juice, lemon juice, and rind and sweetening, add salt and gelatine which has been dissolved over hot water. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze until mushy, stirring 2 or 3 times. Remove from refrigerator and fill into a large chilled bowl, beat until smooth, and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Return to refrigerator trays and freeze until firm. Spoon into glasses. Serves 8.

• 52 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Fill sherbet into tall parfait glasses with alternate spoonfuls of whipped cream, macaroons (soaked in sweet sherry), and jelly. Top with cream and a cherry.

#### MENU

Bouillon Broth  
(with hard-boiled egg garnish)  
\*Fillet of Sole with Mushrooms  
\*Baked Apples  
Coffee or Tea

#### FILLET OF SOLE WITH MUSHROOMS

Half pound mushrooms, 1oz. butter or substitute, 2lb. fish fillets (sole, flounder, bream, etc.),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dry white wine, 3 tablespoons water, juice 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper.

Heat butter in a frying-pan and saute the sliced mushrooms lightly. Place fish fillets in casserole-dish. Combine all remaining ingredients and pour over fish. Cover and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes or until fish is tender. Serves 6.

• 173 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Strain liquid from fish and use as stock to make a sauce to pour over the fish, fold in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream for added richness.

#### BAKED APPLES

Six medium-size apples, few dates or raisins, grated rind  $\frac{1}{4}$  lemon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nut-

meg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon liquid sweetener,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, few drops red coloring.

Wash and remove cores from apples with an apple-corer or a small knife. Leave a little apple on base of core to hold filling. Insert dates or raisins. Slit or prick skin with fork to allow apple to expand without breaking during cooking. Mix lemon rind with cinnamon and nutmeg and sprinkle in each apple cavity. Place in casserole-dish. Mix sweetener and water with coloring and pour around base of apples. Cover casserole and bake apples in a moderate oven for about 40 to 50 minutes or until tender, basting every 10 minutes with syrup. Serve warm or cold. Serves 6.

• 120 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Pour off syrup from casserole and spread a thick meringue over apples. Replace in oven and brown lightly. Sprinkle with chopped almonds. Three egg-whites and 6 tablespoons sugar will make up sufficient meringue to cover the apples.

#### MENU

\*Sunrise Salad  
\*Osso Bucco  
Spinach Purée  
Fruit in Season  
Coffee or Tea

#### SUNRISE SALAD

Three tablespoons raisins, 2 raw carrots, 2 apples (peeled and cored), 1 cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, pinch salt, pinch sugar, few grains pepper, 3 tablespoons evaporated milk, lettuce leaves.

Chop raisins, carrot, and apple very finely or put through a mincer. Add celery, lemon juice, salt, sugar, and pepper. Mix well. Stir in evaporated milk and serve at once on lettuce. Serves 4.

• 105 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Use double amount of raisins and fold in whipped cream in place of evaporated milk.

#### OSSO BUCCO

Two veal shanks, 4 tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup celery, 1 onion, salt and pepper, 1 wine glass dry white wine, bouquet garni, lemon juice.

Ask the butcher to chop the shanks into pieces about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long. Peel tomatoes. Chop coarsely. Chop celery and onions. Arrange vegetables in casserole, top with veal pieces. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour over the wine; add bouquet garni, cover and simmer until veal is tender (about 2 hours). Remove veal to a serving-dish, rub sauce through a sieve; check seasoning and add a good squeeze of lemon juice. Pour over veal. Serves 4.

• 255 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Serve with boiled new potatoes or buttered noodles.

## SERVE WITH SALAD

### -dressings

• Salads are an important part of a low-calorie diet. With fresh young salad greens, tomatoes, cucumbers, asparagus you can create an appetising salad.

However, the dressings which usually accompany the salad are often calorie-laden.

Here are three delicious low-calorie salad dressings.

#### LOW-CALORIE SALAD DRESSINGS

1. Two eggs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup reconstituted non-fat dry powdered milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon paprika,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon dry mustard, 2 or 3 drops chilli sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cider vinegar.

Beat eggs slightly in top half of a double boiler, add milk, paprika, dry mustard, and sauce. Place over simmering water and gradually add cider vinegar. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens, about 10 minutes. Remove from heat. Cool, store in tightly covered container in refrigerator.

• 300 calories; 19 calories per 1 tablespoon serving.

2. Three-quarters cup water, 2 teaspoons cornflour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato sauce, 2 tablespoons salad oil, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, pinch pepper and paprika,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon dry mustard,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon sweetening liquid or 2 sweetening pellets.

Blend cornflour with water in a small saucepan. Stir over low heat until thickened, simmer 5 minutes or until mixture is thick and clear. Remove from heat and set aside to cool. Add all remaining ingredients and beat with a rotary beater until smooth and well blended. Store in refrigerator.

• 350 calories; 18 calories per 1 tablespoon serving.

3. One tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon celery seed,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon onion salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon dry mustard,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 cup water,  $1\frac{1}{3}$  cup wine vinegar.

Blend cornflour, sugar, paprika, celery seed, salts and mustard with the water and vinegar. Bring to the boil, stirring constantly. When clear and thickened remove from heat and cool. Store in refrigerator in a covered container.

• 52 calories; 3 calories per 1 tablespoon serving.

## LOW-CALORIE DESSERTS

#### SLIM PINEAPPLE DESSERT

Half cup pineapple pieces (fresh or canned, but wash off any syrup), 4 tablespoons cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons orange juice.

Blend all ingredients together and spoon into four serving-dishes. Chill and serve. Serves 4.

• 40 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Add 1 or 2 tablespoons honey and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lightly whipped cream to dessert. Top with cream and curled orange peel.

#### BANANA WHIP

One ripe banana (sliced), 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-white, pinch salt, 4 sweetening pellets or use sweetening liquid,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla essence, dash nutmeg and cinnamon.

Mash banana with lemon juice, add remaining ingredients except cinnamon and nutmeg. Sweeten and then beat until light and fluffy. Divide into 2 sherbet glasses and sprinkle with spices. Serves 2.

• 58 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Top with whipped cream and sliced bananas (dipped in lemon juice to preserve color).

#### PEACH SHERBET

One cup unsweetened peaches (cut into pieces), 1 cup water, 5 or 6 sweetening pellets, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $1\frac{1}{3}$  cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 egg-whites (stiffly beaten).

Combine peaches, water, lemon rind, orange and lemon juices, sweeten with pellets. Freeze until firm. Transfer to a chilled basin and beat until mushy, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Return to freezing tray and freeze again until firm. Serves 6.

• 20 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Top each serving with a small bunch sugared grapes.

#### APRICOT CHIFFON

Six ounces unsweetened dried apricots, 1 cup water, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons liquid sweetener,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons gelatine, 1 dessertspoon extra water, 2 egg-whites.

Simmer fruit in 1 cup water until tender. Rub through a sieve together with the cooking liquid or puree mixture in an electric blender. Soften gelatine in extra water, dissolve over hot water. Beat egg-whites till stiff, then beat in gelatine, lemon juice, and sweetening solution. Pour into a serving-dish and chill until set. Serves 6.

• 83 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Top with whipped cream.

#### SPICED FRUIT

One can unsweetened peaches, 1 can unsweetened fruit cocktail, 9 sweetening pellets or use sweetening liquid, 6 whole cloves, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon stick (broken into small pieces), pinch nutmeg.

Drain peaches and fruit cocktail, reserving liquid. Arrange some peaches in each dessert dish, top with fruit cocktail. Mix liquids in a saucepan, add spices, and simmer 15 minutes. Drain. Cool, sweeten to taste, and pour over the fruits and chill. Serves 4.

• 54 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Spoon over scoops of vanilla ice-cream.

#### VANILLA CREAM CUPS

Two cups reconstituted skim milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon liquid sweetening (or use 6 pellets), 6 egg-yolks.

Place milk in a saucepan and scald, add vanilla and sweetening. Beat egg-yolks until thick and lemon-colored, stir in milk. Fill into 5 small custard-cups and place in a shallow pan in which 1 inch of water has been placed. Bake in a slow oven about 30 to 35 minutes. Chill until serving time. Serves 5.

• 110 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Top with whipped cream and grated chocolate.

#### VANILLA ICE-CREAM

One and a half cups non-fat powdered milk (reconstituted), 6 sweetening pellets or use the liquid sweetening, 2 eggs (separated), 1 teaspoon gelatine, 2 teaspoons vanilla, pinch salt.

Scald  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, make it very sweet with crushed sweetening pellets. Pour over beaten egg-yolks. Sprinkle gelatine over remaining milk. Combine hot-milk mixture, stir until dissolved. Cool, add vanilla and salt. Pour into freezing tray and freeze firm. Remove from tray to chilled bowl, break up with wooden spoon. Beat with electric mixer or rotary beater until free from lumps. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Return to tray and freeze until firm. Serves 6.

• 49 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Make up a banana split with the ice-cream; slice a banana for each serving into lengths. Top with scoop of ice-cream, raspberry or strawberry flavoring, chopped nuts, and a wafer.

#### WHIPPED TOPPING

Half cup cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dry non-fat powdered milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon liquid sweetener,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Place water in basin, add non-

## Sugar substitutes

• There are a number of reliable sugar substitutes available, in both liquid and pellet form. It is not possible to give a quantity guide for general use when substituting sweeteners for sugar in recipes, as they vary in concentration; see sugar comparison guides which come with each packet.

Sugar substitutes do not make you lose weight; but, as they contain no calories, they do not increase weight.

Because sweeteners are so concentrated, and so much sweeter than sugar itself, it is wise to experiment with their use — add gradually until you have the desired sweetness.

fat dry milk; with rotary beater or electric mixer beat until thick. Add liquid sweetener, vanilla, and lemon juice, and continue beating until mixture stands in soft peaks. Allow 1 tablespoon per serving.

• 13 calories per tablespoon.

#### FRUIT SALAD PLEASER

One orange (peeled and diced), 1 apple (diced),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup fresh berries (such as strawberries, loganberries, raspberries), 6 or 8 sweetening pellets, 1 teaspoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup yoghurt.

Combine fruits with dissolved sweetening pellets, sprinkle with lemon juice. Pile fruit into glasses and top with yoghurt. Serves 2.

• 117 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Add a little sweet sherry to the fruit salad and top with cream or ice-cream in place of yoghurt.

#### CHOCOLATE ICE

Four sweetening pellets or use sweetening liquid, 1 tablespoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 3 dessertspoons cocoa,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dry non-fat powdered milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water.

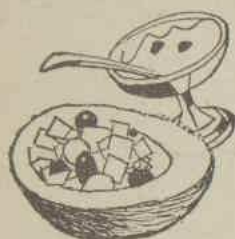
Dissolve sweetening pellets in lemon juice and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water, place in small saucepan; add gelatine and cocoa and allow to stand 5 minutes. Stir over low heat until mixture is smooth and gelatine is dissolved. Allow to cool, stir in vanilla. Sprinkle dry powdered milk over the  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water and beat until slightly thickened. Add cooled cocoa mixture, mix slightly. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm. Spoon into glasses to serve. Serves 4.

• 75 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Fill into tall glasses with alternate spoonfuls of whipped cream and sliced bananas. Top with cream and grated chocolate curls.



## LOW-CALORIE DINNER MENUS



tasting foods from which you can choose.

### MENU

- \*Roasted Oysters De Luxe
- \*Florentine Beef Rolls
- \*Icy Lemon Cream
- Coffee or Tea

### ROASTED OYSTERS DE LUXE

Six large oysters, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce.

Wash oyster shells thoroughly. Place oysters in baking-dish and bake in a very hot oven until shells open. Remove top shell from oysters, be sure to use gloves. Season with salt, pepper, and worcestershire sauce. Serve at once. Serves 1.

• 80 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Season oysters as directed and then top with grated cheese. Replace in oven for a few seconds to melt cheese lightly, and brown lightly. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

### FLORENTINE BEEF ROLLS

One pound round steak cut  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped cooked spinach,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped onion, 1 cup tomatoes (skinned, seeds removed, chopped), 1 bayleaf, 1 sweetening pellet, salt and pepper.

Trim meat and cut into 4 equal-sized pieces. Flatten with a rolling-pin. Chop spinach finely. Mix with nutmeg and half onion and divide between meat pieces. Roll meat around spinach, fasten with cocktail sticks. Combine tomatoes, bayleaf, sweetening pellet, remaining onion, salt, and pepper, and heat until boiling. Add meat rolls, cover and bake in a moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours or until meat is tender. Serves 4.

• 220 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Add creamy mashed potatoes and young green beans.

### ICY LEMON CREAM

One small can evaporated milk, 2 eggs (separated), 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons sweetening liquid, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Store evaporated milk in refrigerator overnight to make very cold. Pour into a chilled bowl and stand in refrigerator while preparing rest of recipe. Beat egg-yolks slightly and stir in lemon juice and sweetening. Cook over simmering water until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Cool. Add lemon rind. Beat egg-whites until stiff and fold into lemon mixture. Beat chilled evaporated milk until very stiff, fold into lemon mixture. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze at coldest setting until firm. Serve spooned into glasses. Serves 6.

• 66 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Top with whipped cream and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup crushed toffee, or serve with tinned fruits.

### MENU

- \*Fish Chowder
- Bread Cubes
- \*Lambett Kabobs
- \*Apricot Cloud Pie
- Coffee or Tea

### FISH CHOWDER

Two teaspoons butter, 1 finely chopped onion, 1lb. lean white fish,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 bouillon cubes,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups reconstituted skim milk, salt, pepper.

Heat butter in saucepan, add onion, and cook about 1 minute without browning. Cut fish into  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. cubes and add to onion. Add water, parsley, and bouillon cubes. Bring to the boil, cover, simmer over low heat until fish is tender, about 5

minutes. Add skim milk and season to taste with salt and pepper. Heat thoroughly and serve. Serves 4.

• 105 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Fold in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cream when cooking is completed.

### LAMBETT KABOBS

One and a half pounds boned leg of lamb,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup tarragon vinegar, 1-3rd cup salad oil, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper, 1 bayleaf, small clove garlic, 6 small onions, 1 green pepper, 12 mushrooms, 3 slices bacon.

Cut meat into  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. cubes and cover with marinade mixture which is made by combining the vinegar, oil, salt, pepper, bayleaf, and crushed garlic. Cover and place in refrigerator for at least 24 hours, turning several times. Peel and cut onions in halves, cut green pepper into 12 pieces, wash mushrooms and remove stems. Thread on to each skewer alternate pieces of meat, vegetables, and bacon, brush with marinade. Place under a hot grill and grill, turning constantly for about 15 minutes, basting with marinade. Serves 6.

• 300 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Serve on a bed of hot fluffy rice, cooked with saffron if available and mixed with browned almonds, raisins, and chives.

### APRICOT CLOUD PIE

Crust: One dessertspoon butter,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups flaked coconut.

Spread butter over sides and base of an 8 in. pie-plate and press coconut all over. Bake in a slow oven about 10 minutes or until edges are lightly browned.

Filling: One tablespoon gelatine, 1-3rd cup sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups apricot pulp (unsweetened), 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, few drops almond essence, 2 egg-whites.

Heat apricot pulp and mix in gelatine and sugar; stir until dissolved. Allow to cool, add lemon juice and almond essence and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pile into pie-crust and chill. Serves 6.

• 200 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Top with whipped cream, colored sugar, and almonds.

### MENU

- Tomato Time Cup
- \*Vegetable Stuffed Bream
- \*Coffee Capa Snow
- Coffee or Tea

### VEGETABLE STUFFED BREAM

One pound bream fillets, 1 carrot,  $\frac{1}{4}$  green pepper, 1 onion, 1 stalk celery, 1 large tomato, 2 sprigs parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch tarragon, dry mustard, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute for greasing dish, juice 1 lemon.

Chop all vegetables very finely. Place half the fish fillets in base of a buttered ovenproof dish. Pile vegetables over this, season well. Cover with remaining fish. Pour

Low-calorie Cookbook



DINNER MENU, low in calories, but full of flavor and hearty eating — Tomato Time Cup, Vegetable Stuffed Bream, Coffee Capa Snow.

over lemon juice. Cover and bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes.

• 134 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Serve with creamy mashed potatoes.

### COFFEE CAPA SNOW

Quarter cup water,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons gelatine,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups strong coffee,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup reconstituted skim milk, 2 eggs (separated), 2 teaspoons sweetening liquid,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup icy-cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup non-fat dry milk powder, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine in top half of a double boiler the coffee, reconstituted skim milk, slightly beaten egg-yolks; stir over simmering water until slightly thickened and mixture coats a silver spoon. Remove from heat, cool slightly, add gelatine, and stir until dissolved, add sweetening. Cool until mixture begins to thicken. Meanwhile, place icy water and lemon juice in a small bowl, sprinkle over the instant non-fat milk. Beat until mixture forms soft piles, sprinkle over the sugar and beat quickly. Chill. When gelatine mixture has begun to

thicken, beat egg-whites until stiff and add vanilla. Fold into gelatine mixture with the instant dry-milk cream mixture. Chill in lightly wetted mould until firm. Serves 6.

• 60 calories.

*Non-dieters:* Decorate with whipped cream and walnuts.

### MENU

- \*Tropical Meat Loaf
- Tossed Salad, Pineapple Slices
- \*Alpine Grape Sherbet
- Coffee or Tea

### TROPICAL MEAT LOAF

Four pineapple slices (fresh or canned), 1lb. lean minced steak, 1lb. veal (minced), 1 cup soft breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup reconstituted skim milk, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon each paprika, marjoram, thyme, and pepper, salad garnishes.

Arrange halved pineapple slices in base of lightly greased loaf-tin. Combine beef and veal together in a basin and mix in the skim milk, onion, egg, breadcrumbs, and seasonings; mix all well together.

Continued overleaf

HERE are dinner menus which all the family can enjoy. Quantity servings and calorie counts for each serving are marked in each instance, and we've suggested family foods to add to the basic menu.

You can see that, even on low-calorie counts, there is an almost unlimited variety of satisfying, good-



FISH CHOWDER, Lambett Kabobs, Apricot Cloud Pie — a dinner to delight all appetites, particularly those of the men of your family.

Low-calorie Cookbook



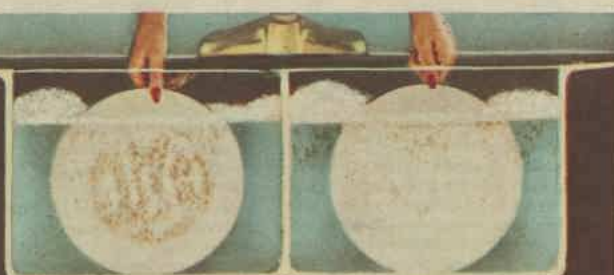
for  
lovelier  
hands

...and  
sparkling  
dishes



You couldn't wish for a better liquid than Super Lux Liquid

## Lux Liquid answers both your wishes!



OTHER LIQUID

LUX LIQUID

Side-by-side test shows how quickly Lux Liquid goes to work. Notice how its rich suds cut through grease in no time at all — get your dishes sparkling clean. And world-famous Lux mildness leaves your hands soft, smooth — Lux-lovely.



Yes, Lux Liquid answers both your wishes — Lux-lovely hands and sparkling clean dishes. Super Lux Liquid! There's more power to it — Lux mild-through it.



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ENGLAND'S LEADING DECAY-FIGHTING TOOTHPASTE

# Gibbs fluoride

## Proved! Gibbs protects teeth from acid attack



**21 DAYS:** Supervised tests proved Gibbs Fluoride with stannous fluoride strengthens tooth enamel in 21 days



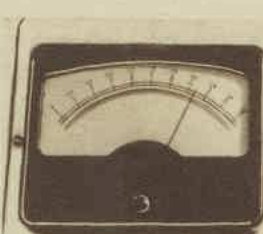
Stephen Peacock, aged 10, has his teeth measured for resistance to acid attack (a major factor in decay). He is one of a group of school children in Britain who took part in this 21-day Gibbs Fluoride test.



**First Reading.** A special electronic measuring unit was used. This is the reading from Stephen's first test. Like the other children's teeth, his enamel registered only average resistance to acid attack.



**Brushed regularly for 21 days.** Stephen then brushed regularly with the Gibbs Fluoride formula for 21 days. All the children did, once morning and night, just the way they'd used an ordinary toothpaste.



**Tooth enamel strengthened against acid attack.** Here's Stephen's second reading. All children registered significant improvement, proof that Gibbs Fluoride protects teeth from acid attack in 21 days.



START YOUR FAMILY NOW ON THIS POWERFUL PROGRAMME OF DECAY-PREVENTION

1. If possible, brush your teeth with Gibbs Fluoride after every meal.
2. Make sure youngsters brush thoroughly so that Gibbs Fluoride's enamel-strengthening formula reaches all tooth surfaces.
3. Have a dentist check your teeth every 6 months.

A major factor in tooth decay is acid which attacks tooth enamel. Gibbs Fluoride Toothpaste strengthens your teeth so they resist this attack. In just 21 days of regular brushing with Gibbs Fluoride your tooth enamel will be measurably stronger. And with your tooth enamel strengthened, you'll be avoiding decay.

Gibbs Fluoride contains stannous fluoride. The most effective decay-preventer ever put in

NOT YET AVAILABLE IN QUEENSLAND

a toothpaste. With Gibbs Fluoride's special formula you're sure of getting the full power of stannous fluoride to resist acid attack and strengthen teeth against decay.

It took 4 years to develop Gibbs Fluoride in England, but you will benefit in just 21 days! That's all—just 21 days: your tooth enamel will be strengthened and you'll be taking an important step towards freedom from decay.

**Gibbs**  
STANNOUS  
**fluoride**  
TOOTHPASTE



# Our £2250 Happy Baby contest

● Early entries from every State of Australia have poured in for our £2250 "Happy Mother and Baby" contest, which closes with the last mail on August 26.

SOME mothers have been so enthusiastic about posting their entries, however, that they've forgotten to enclose their names and addresses.

The contest, conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., is open to all mothers in Australia with babies up to the age of 18 months.

New Australian mothers are all eligible to enter. It does not matter whether mother or baby was born here or overseas.

Any mother can win £1000 just by numbering the questions correctly in the coupon below from 1 to 12 and completing one sentence.

The contest aims at finding a mother and child with a healthy well-adjusted relationship.

The mother and baby who are judged first in all Australia will receive £1000, comprising £500 cash payable to the mother and £500 to be paid into a Trust account to be opened with a savings bank with the

mother and bank manager as Trustees, and to mature when the child reaches the age of 14.

In addition they will receive the prize which goes to all State winners—£100 to each successful mother-and-baby team (£250 cash and £50 in a savings account in the mother's name), plus a three-day luxury trip to Sydney, with all expenses paid, for the final judging.

The ten finalists in each State (A.C.T. will be treated as part of N.S.W.) will receive prizes of six months' supplies of Heinz Baby Food, and ALL entrants in the contest who are not already members of the Heinz Baby Club will receive a gift pack and all the club benefits.

Basically, in entering this contest, a mother must decide what she thinks are the most important factors in providing her child with a happy home.

Discussing the part a father plays in this home picture, a leading child-care expert said:

"The traditional role of a father was formerly regarded purely as that of a provider and disciplinarian, while the training of the child was woman's work."

"The father of today, however, must contribute to his children's upbringing, and the greatest contribution is making their mother happy."

"Studies of problem children have shown that in a large proportion of cases they come from homes marked by parental discord."

"Even when a husband questions his wife's judgment in handling a problem at home, he should back her up in front of the children and discuss the matter later."

"The father of today is not only required to help his wife in the home and with the children but he should also try to be a funmaker."

"Every home needs a funmaker who always has a joke ready when things get tense and who will plan surprise entertainment for the family."

"A busy mother frequently becomes too weighted down with the day-in, day-out care of the home and children to retain her sense of humor or to be able to think beyond the immediate needs of the family."

"Because the father is not at home as much as the mother, more attention is focused on him when he is there than the ever-present mother."

"Getting to meals on time, being polite, courteous, and tidy, sharing home responsibilities, and being cheerful and a good sport are just a few patterns of behaviour a father can set his children."

"A father who is a real hero in his children's eyes has achieved the pinnacle of success of fatherhood."

## How to enter

Our new "Happy Mother and Baby" contest has been designed to make it easy for every mother with a baby under 18 months on August 26, 1963, to enter.

She simply has to number in order of importance (according to her personal views) the 12 statements printed on the entry form and complete the sentence: "My child and I are happy because..." (in not more than 10 additional words).

There is no entrance fee. Entry forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly or those distributed in grocers' shops throughout Australia can be used.

## PLEASE DO NOT SEND ANY PHOTOGRAPHS.

It does not matter if either the entrant or her baby was not born in Australia.

Entries must be sent to "Happy Mother and Baby," Box 57, P.O., Dandenong, Victoria, by the last mail delivered on August 26.

Judges will select the finalists in each State on the basis of the placing of the 12 factors and on the completion of the unfinished sentence.

State finalists will then be judged in person in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, and Hobart by panels of two leading child-care specialists and a prominent member of the mothercraft nursing profession.

The winning mother and baby in each State will be flown to Sydney on September 24 for a free three-day holiday, during which the national winning pair will be chosen.

National judges will be two well-known Sydney doctors, both senior child-care specialists, and a triple-certificated nursing sister considerably experienced in infant welfare.

All State winners will be present at a National Baby Day to be held in Sydney on September 26, and the national winners will be announced later in The Australian Women's Weekly.

## Housewife of the Week Award



From grimy to shiny in 158 seconds

Mrs. Burton of Richmond uses speedy "158" on her laundry lino and does the job in about 2½ minutes. We like to say 158 seconds. It'll help you to remember "158"—the cleaner with fast-drying floor polish in it.

Wipe on "158" and the dirt comes off. At the same time, the polish goes on. Seconds later, you've got a shine. Lady, when you have to hurry, get speedy "158".



THE MAGAZINE OF  
BRIGHTER  
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Everybody's

## HEINZ-AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY £2250 "HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY" CONTEST

- WHAT TO DO.** On the official entry form indicate, in your opinion, in order of importance, the 12 characteristics of a Happy Mother and Baby relationship (use numbers 1 to 12 in order of importance). Next, complete in not more than 10 words the sentence "My child and I are happy because..." Only one entry per person is allowed and the entry must be on the official form.
- CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on delivery of the last mail 26th August, 1963. Entries received after that date will not be considered and no responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged, or lost in transit.
- WHO CAN ENTER.** This contest is open to all Mothers in Australia of a child under the age of 18 months on 26th August, 1963. Employees and their families of H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., its advertising agents, and Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. are ineligible.
- JUDGING AND PRIZES.** All entries will be considered. The State finalists will be determined by a panel of judges, judging being based firstly on the placing of the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/child relationship in the order selected by a panel of expert Child Care Specialists. If there are more than 10 correct State entries, State finalists will be judged on their completion of the unfinished sentence. Decision of the judges is final and no correspondence relating to this contest will be entered into.
- NOTIFYING WINNERS.** All winners will be notified by mail.

### YOUR FREE ENTRY FORM

Read the rules carefully — then number the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/baby relationship in the order which you consider most important.

(You must place a number in each square.)

Then, in no more than 10 words, complete the sentence below.

- |                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Father in regular job with no serious money worries.                          | <input type="checkbox"/> Child wanted and loved by both parents.                                                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mother who is reasonably calm, consistent and loving in caring for her child. | <input type="checkbox"/> Adequate unshared accommodation.                                                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Child who is healthy, enterprising, but manageable and responsive.            | <input type="checkbox"/> Father interested in helping with child and care of home.                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Good family health.                                                           | <input type="checkbox"/> Parents with a sense of responsibility to their fellow men.                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Secure and happy marriage.                                                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Access to regular expert advice on health and child care.                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Grandparents or other relatives who help without interfering.                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Mother who has good average knowledge of nutrition, hygiene, child development and behaviour. |

"My child and I are happy because" (Completed in not more than 10 additional words)

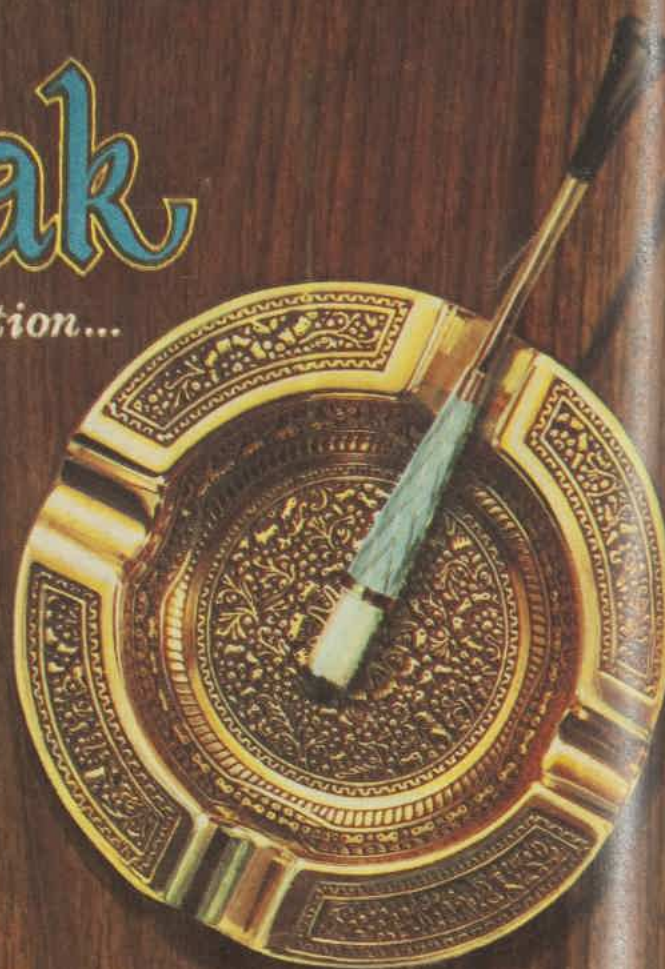
NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
STATE .....

BABY'S NAME ..... BABY'S DATE OF BIRTH .....

Mail your Entry to  
"HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY," BOX 57, P.O., DANDENONG, VICTORIA.

CONTEST CLOSING WITH LAST MAIL, AUGUST 26, 1963





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● In our issue of July 10 we published a story from a reader who married a man she didn't love, and though she admits she has a wonderful family, a good reliable husband, and a nice home—in fact most things most women dream of—she still yearns for that “touch of magic” she believes true love must bring. Dozens of readers have replied, and below are some of their views.

## Lonely moments

“It doesn't make me happy to admit it, but I too married a man I didn't love, and believe me, however much security you have and however much you may love your children, this all adds up to a pretty lonely life at times.

“There were many times during our long engagement when I wanted to change my mind, but after one broken engagement I was afraid to do so. Also, I felt that Ray really needed me.

“A year or so after our marriage I had a baby, and that was so wonderful I was completely happy. However, time went on, and suddenly one day I realised with a feeling of despair that I did not love my husband.

“I have gone on over the years pretending, and trying not to envy every woman who is married to the man she loves, trying also to believe that one day I'll know true happiness.

“When I look at my children and think of life without them, it's hard to say I wouldn't marry Ray again if I could choose.

“However, I spend a lot of time praying that my own children will fall in love with worthy people, and that nothing will stop them marrying those they love.”

— “The Pretender,” N.S.W.

## It's pathetic

“It is pathetic to read of a woman of 39 who still cries for the moon. And it's even more pathetic for her ‘good husband.’

“If she thought seriously for five minutes, she'd recall many acquaintances who'd commenced married life with stars in their eyes, but who've been let down by their husbands and now feel much more cheated.

“Probably if she'd married the handsome pilot she believed was her ‘true love,’ she'd now be wishing for a steadier type not so attractive to other women.

“All my sympathy goes to steadfast Jim, the good provider. It's he who's the ‘cheated one,’ not his selfish, unrealistic wife.”

— “Appreciative,” N.S.W.

## Still single

“I THINK a woman who has made such a happy marriage with a man she never loved is to be congratulated, though deep down I believe she must have some very strong feeling for him.

“If she hadn't, I don't believe she could have lived in such harmony and borne him three children.

“My story isn't like hers, for I didn't marry the man I loved. Though I idolised him, I was young and not prepared to face marriage with all its problems. And he wasn't prepared to wait.

“As a result, I have led a single life, for, though I've met some charming men since, the shadow of my first love came between them.

“I know I could never marry a ‘second best,’ or contemplate marriage with a man I didn't love. I believe marriage is based on love, respect, and trust, and I feel if you have not the first, you do not have the other two.”

— “Unmarried,” S.A.

## No stars now

“YOUR reader is secretly pining for something that is unimportant in the face of everything else she has—a fond, steady husband, security, and children to love and care for.

“Unfortunately, I wasn't as lucky as she was. I passed

up one or two quiet boys for the personality man I married.

“At the time I had those stars in my eyes, and really thought I loved him. Perhaps I still do, under all the worry and disappointment, but this is no consolation.

“My husband is a happy-go-lucky chap, kind when he

thinks of it, and wonderful fun for our children.

“He is also unreliable, unable to manage our money affairs, and quite happy to pass off responsibility.

“We are heavily in debt, and I'm not much in the mood for laughter when I'm the only one to worry about how we'll pay our bills.

“Please understand I'm not asking for sympathy, but I'm trying to point out how fortunate is your reader.

“If only I'd had the wisdom at 23 that I have at 33, I'd have chosen a marriage just like hers.

“Then I wouldn't feel so alone, and I wouldn't be breaking my heart at having to refuse my little girls the things all little girls want and mostly get—such as a visit to the zoo or, perhaps, an overcoat that hadn't first belonged to two or three others.

“I hope I can teach my children to be level-headed about marriage when they grow up. I'll try to convince them that a walking-on-air feeling isn't necessarily the signal for a happy life.”

— “Anonymous,” S.A.

## Can YOU help?

A QUEENSLAND reader, who wishes to remain anonymous, has written asking for assistance in sticking to a diet.

She wrote: “I am very interested in dieting, but I seem to lack both the willpower and incentive. Yet I am strong-minded in everything else.

“Food seems to have become my only comfort and companion, as I am 45, married to a man who lost interest years ago, and a stranger in a new State where I have no relations or friends. In addition, I am untrained for a job and I can't play sport.

“The result is that now I just stay at home and eat. Thank heaven I don't touch intoxicants!

“Can any reader tell me how to overcome my weakness and so give me fresh hope?”

The Editor will pay for any suggestions published which will help solve this reader's problem. Address all contributions to “Home and Family,” The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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# SPRING ELEGANCE IN STRAW

● Straw is back in the news again. This spring it appears with a new high-fashion look in the form of elegant cocktail suits and smartly styled handbags. Here we present new designs in knitting and crochet.



*SIMPLE in style, this attractive bag has cane handles and is lined. Directions for knitting are on page 52.*

*SHAGGY effect is feature in this pretty straw design which has handles in matching color. See directions for knitting on page 52.*



*CASUAL bag for beach is roomy and has self-straw button decoration. Directions for making are on page 52.*



*COCKTAIL SUIT in pink, the new color for spring. Copied from a Spanish design, it has a cleverly shaped jacket, slightly flared skirt, and is fully lined. Crochet directions begin overleaf.*



# PINK COCKTAIL SUIT IN STRAW

**Materials:** 8 (10, 12) spools Jolly Italian Raffia — 4 (5, 6) spools for jacket, 4 (5, 6) spools for skirt; 3yds. taffeta for lining; 7in. zip-fastener; 5 covered buttons; 1yd. 1in.-wide petersham ribbon for waistband; one No. 10 crochet hook.

**Note:** This suit is worked on the wrong side.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; h.tr., half treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; dec., decrease; inc., increase; cont., continue.

Use 2 strands of raffia throughout the whole suit.

For larger size, add 10 h.tr. to each size.

**Tension:** 10 h.tr. and 7 rows to 2in.

**Pattern Stitches:** H.tr.: Yarn over needle, insert hook, over the needle, draw through, over needle, and draw yarn through all loops on hook. D.c.: Insert hook, catch yarn, draw through st., yarn over hook and draw through 2 loops on hook.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length of jacket, 24in. (all sizes); sleeves, 17in. (all sizes); hips, 35 (37, 39) in.; length of skirt, 25½in., waist, 22 (24, 26) in.

## JACKET

**Right Front:** Start with 55 ch. (65, 75), work back into 3rd st. with h.tr. — 53 h.tr. (63, 73).

Cont. making 38 rows, always making 2 ch. at the end of each row for turn.

After 39 rows, break off and start at the other end, 2 ch., 4 h.tr., leave yarn and start to make the bust-shaping rows with another 2 yarns till end.

**Next Row:** 2 ch. and turn, cont. by making h.tr. till the 4 left ones.

**Next Row:** 1 ch. and turn, make 1 d.c. into the second st. and 6 h.tr., leave yarn and start with another 2 yarns, h.tr. till the end.

**Next Row:** 2 ch. and turn, make 34 h.tr., leaving 7 h.tr. of the former row. Drop yarn, take on yarn where left and make h.tr. over the 7 h.tr. with it. Cont. with h.tr. till end of row.

**Next Row:** 2 ch. and turn, make 26 h.tr. till 7 h.tr. rem. of the

former row, make one sl-st. and break off.

**Next Row:** Turn, start at the 7th h.tr. and make h.tr. over former 7 h.tr., cont. with h.tr. till the end of row, 34 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch. and turn, cont. by making 19 h.tr. till 7 h.tr. rem.

**Next Row:** Make one sl-st., turn, 1 ch., 1 d.c. into the second st., make 18 h.tr. till end, break off.

**Next Row:** Start at the lower (right) end, where the 4 h.tr. were left, and cont. by making h.tr. over the bust-shaping rows till end of row.

**Next Row:** 2 ch. and turn, cont. to h.tr. till end.

Make 6 more rows.

**Next Row:** 1 ch. and turn, 4 d.c., then h.tr. till end of row, 51 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch. and turn, cont. by making 53 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch. and turn, 1 d.c.

into the second st., 2 more d.c., then 51 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch. and turn, 48 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch. and turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 2 more d.c., then 46 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch. and turn, then 45 h.tr., 1 d.c.

**Next Row:** 1 sl-st., turn, 1 ch., 1 d.c. into the second st., 2 more d.c., 43 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch. and turn, 41 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st., turn.

**Next Row:** 1 d.c. into the second st., 40 h.tr., turn.

Make 8 rows.

**Next Row:** 1 ch. and turn, 8 d.c., then 32 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, 30 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c., 31 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, 31 h.tr., 1 d.c.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c., 31 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, 31 h.tr., 1 d.c.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., then 29 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, 29 h.tr., 1 d.c.



**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 28 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, 2 h.tr. (inc.), then 26 h.tr., 1 d.c.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 27 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, 2 h.tr. (inc.), 25 h.tr., 1 d.c.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 26 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 6 d.c., 20 h.tr., 1 d.c.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, 21 h.tr., 1 d.c.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., then 20 d.c.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 14 d.c., 1 sl-st., break off.

## LEFT FRONT

Work as right front, reversing all directions.

## JACKET

(Back)

Start with 104 ch. (114, 124), work back into 3rd st., 102 h.tr. (112, 122).

**Next Row:** Make 2 ch. for turn, work in h.tr., always making 2 ch. at the end of each row for turn. Work 47 more rows, altogether 48 rows.

**Shape for Armhole—Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 6 d.c. (8-10), 90 h.tr. (100, 110), 6 d.c. (8-10).

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 6 d.c., 88 h.tr. (98, 108), 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

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## PINK COCKTAIL SUIT . . . continued

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 86 h.tr. (96, 106), 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 84 h.tr. (for larger size add 10 h.tr. to each size).

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 82 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 80 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 78 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 76 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 74 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, 74 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., rep. and make 9 more rows.

### SHAPE FOR SHOULDERS

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, 2 h.tr. into the first st. cont. by making 73 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, make 2 h.tr. into the first st., 75 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, make 2 h.tr. into the first st., 76 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 2 ch., turn, make 2 h.tr. into the first st., 77 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, make 1 d.c. into the second st., 75 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 74 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 5 more d.c., 63 h.tr., 5 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 6 more d.c., 54 h.tr., 6 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 6 d.c., 47 h.tr., 6 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 6 d.c., 40 h.tr., 6 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 6 d.c., 32 h.tr., 6 d.c., 1 sl-st.

**Triangle:** 1 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 5 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st., turn, 1 d.c. into the second st., 3 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st., break off.

Rep. triangle, starting at the 32nd h.tr. of former row.

**Strap for Jacket Border:** Start by making 278 ch., work back into the 3rd st. with h.tr., cont. with h.tr. till end of row and make 2 more rows, always making 2 ch. at the end of each row for turn.

### SLEEVES

Start with 62 ch. (72, 82), work back into the 3rd st. with h.tr., cont. with h.tr. till end.

**Second Row:** 2 ch., turn, work as first row, making always 2 ch. at the end of each row for turn.

**Third Row:** Start to inc. with 1 st. in every second row, once at the start and once at the finish (mark inc. with safety-pins). Cont. till you have 40 rows and 79 h.tr.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., 10 d.c. (12-14), cont. by making 59 h.tr., then 10 d.c. (12-14), break off, turn.

**Next Row:** Start at the 11th st. by making h.tr. into the next st., cont. to make 57 h.tr. altogether, finish with sl-st. and turn.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., 1 d.c. into the second st., then make 55 h.tr. finish with sl-st., turn.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., 1 d.c. into the second st., then make 53 h.tr., finish with sl-st. and turn.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., 1 d.c. into the second st., make 51 h.tr., finish with sl-st., turn.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., 1 d.c. into the second st., make 47 h.tr., finish with sl-st., turn.

**Next Row:** 1 ch., 1 d.c. into the second st., make 45 h.tr., finish with sl-st., turn.

Cont. in the same way as above till 19 h.tr. and finish with sl-st.

### BUTTONS

Start with 3 ch., join with sl-st., make 6 d.c.

**Next Row:** Inc. each d.c. (12 d.c.).

**Next Row:** 1 d.c., 1 inc., cont. till 18 d.c. (inc. every second), finish with sl-st.

**Next Row:** Make h.tr., stitching deep, missing one row: 3 h.tr. into each st. (21 h.tr.), finish with sl-st., cont. with decreases, put button

mould into it and make dec. till covered.

### SKIRT

**Note:** To dec. for skirt, insert hook, then work into the next st. over needle and draw through 3 loops.

Start with 222 ch. (232, 242), work back into 3rd st., 220 h.tr., always making 2 ch. at the end of each row for turning.

Cont. by making 54 more rows, altogether 55 rows.

**Next Row:** Start with 39 h.tr., 1 dec., cont. by making 99 h.tr., 1 dec., cont. by making 39 h.tr., 1 dec., cont. with h.tr. till the end of row, 2 ch., turn.

Make 9 more rows, remembering to dec. always over the dec. in previous row.

**Next Row:** Dec. 4 times more until there are 25 h.tr. between each dec. (total 7 dec.).

**Next Row:** 3 dec. (dec. over previous dec. rows where the 3 dec. were made).

**Next Row:** 7 dec. (3 of them over previous dec., 4 dec. dispersed).

**Next Row:** 3 dec. (work all decreases over previous decreases).

**Next Row:** 7 dec.

**Next Row:** 3 dec.

**Next Row:** 7 dec.

**Next Row:** 3 dec.

**Next Row:** 7 dec.

Rep. last row 3 times.

**Next Row:** Make 4 decreases.

Make 3 more rows. Finish with sl-st. and break off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press all crochet pieces flat under a damp cloth. Lay pieces on taffeta and use as pattern to cut lining.

Follow shape of crochet pieces but allow 1 in. at bottom of jacket fronts and 2 in. on sides at top of skirt front for darts. Allow 1/2 in. for all seams. Sew straw seams flat on the two sides of jacket. Sew up shoulder seams and sew in sleeves. Stitch border strap around the front edge of coat, leaving five holes for the buttons.

Sew side seams of skirt flat, leaving 7 in. opening for zip-fastener. Sew 1/2 in. darts in lining for jacket fronts to correspond with bust shaping in crocheted pieces. Trim bottoms and sides evenly. Sew 1/2 in. darts in skirt front and trim top skirt front evenly. Sew lining pieces together and attach into place in jacket and skirt.

Sew zip-fastener in skirt. Finish skirt off by making an inside waistband with petersham ribbon, hooks, and eyes.



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## SIMPLE DESIGN HANDBAG

**Materials:** 10 skeins (24yd. pieces) Tura-Bast brilliant Swiss raffia; 1 pr. No. 4 knitting needles; 4yd. material for lining; 1 pr. 8in. oval cane handles.

**Tension:** Approx 9 sts. to 2in.

Cast on 56 sts.

**1st Row:** K 4, p 4, rep. to end of row.

**2nd, 3rd, and 4th Rows:** As 1st Row.

**5th Row:** P 4, k 4, rep. to end of row.

**6th, 7th, and 8th Rows:** As 5th Row.

Rep. these 8 rows 16 times (136 rows). Work will measure approx. 22in.

Cast off 12 sts., k 1, p 1 (16 times, 32 sts.).

Cast off 12 sts. Join raffia to work on needle, \* p 1, k 1. Rep. to end of row, turn, k 1, p 1, rep. to end of row, rep. from \* 3 times (8 rows in all), cast off.

Pick up 32 centre sts. at cast-on edge (leaving 12 each end).

Work 8 rows to match other end, cast off. These 8 rows are sewn over the handles.

### TO MAKE UP

Fold the four corners (to inside of bag) at right angles (about 3in.) and stitch down.

Fold piece in half and sew sides together from bottom of bag, continue halfway along folded corner pieces. Sew to handles. Make lining to match and line bag.

## A HANDBAG IN SHAGGY STITCH

**Materials:** 18 skeins (24yd. pieces) Tura-Bast brilliant Swiss raffia; 1 pr. No. 6 knitting needles; 4yd. material for lining; 1 pr. oval, plastic-tube-covered handles.

**Tension:** 9 sts. to 2in.

Cast on 56 sts., knit 6 rows. Work loops with two strands. Join in second strand by tying a single knot round strand already in use, as close to needle as possible.

**1st Row:** \* K 1 with strand in use. Insert right-hand needle into next st., wind new strand under index finger of left hand, over the two needles, then under index finger to hold it down, take the strand you are knitting with and knit this st. Rep. from \* along row.

**2nd Row:** Using both strands together, k along row.

**3rd and 4th Rows:** Using original strand, k.

Rep. rows 1 to 4 inclusive, 16 times. Next 10 rows knit. Cast off.

Make a second piece the same.

### TO MAKE UP

Join along bottom. Overlap cast-on st. (to keep it flat) and sew. Join sides, leaving free the 10 k rows.

Fold four top corners to inside of bag at right angles and stitch down. Sew bag to handles, line bag.

## CASUAL STYLE FOR BEACH

**Materials:** 10 skeins (24yd. pieces) Tura-Bast brilliant Swiss raffia; 1 pr. No. 4 knitting needles; 4yd. material for lining; 1 pr. 9in. by 6in. cane metal-bar handles.

Cast on 55 sts. Knit in garter-stitch (every row k) until work measures 22in. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Fold in half, sew side seams to within 3in. of top. Fold top over metal handle-bar and sew, easing to fit bar as you go. Work other side in like manner. Line bag and trim with 3 raffia buttons. A fastening tie can be added by threading 3 strands of raffia (about 25in. each) through bag at centre top where sewn down (on outside of bag and on opposite side to buttons). This gives 6 strands. Plait these to within 1 1/2in. of end and knot. Twist round buttons to fasten.

## Knitted handbag for town wear

● Knitted in Italian straw, this charming handbag is trimmed with a pearly frame and handles.

**Materials:** Two spools Jolly Italian raffia; 1 pr. slotted bag-handles with bars; 1 pr. No. 8 knitting needles; 1 No. 8 crochet hook.

**Note:** Use 3 strands raffia throughout. To obtain best results, wind 3 strands firmly into 1 ball.

### TO MAKE

Cast on 80 sts., then work in rib as follows:

**1st, 3rd, and 5th Rows:** Knit.

**2nd and 4th Rows:** Purl.

Rep. these 5 rows until there

are 35 ribs of 5 rows plain and 5 rows purl alternately. Finish with 5 rows plain. Cast off.

### SIDE PIECES

(Make 2)

Cast on 16 sts. and, keeping continuity of patt., cast off 1 st. each side every 8th row until there are 4 sts. left and work measures 6 1/2in. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

At each end of main piece of bag, make a treble row of crochet

to provide slots to hold the bar of bag frame and handles. Stretch bag across ironing-board, pin down and press under a damp cloth. Pin the two side pieces to sides of bag and stitch in place. Thread bars of bag frame through crocheted slots at top of bag.

**NEAT and dainty, this rib-stitch bag is perfect to wear with smart suits.**



Mrs. Walker uses Persil in her washing machine

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New Formula Persil is the only washing powder made specially to wash whiter by washing machine as well as by boiling. In fact, it actually works like boiling because of the bubbling action of its unique



## Collectors' Corner

● Information about a rare piece of furniture and other readers' antiques is given by Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.

Could you tell me the ages of my two pieces, please? One is a deep cream color with dull gold handles and bands. The floral design is embossed in gold and dull pink. On the white base, under the glaze, is written 1056/1 P 423 Z. It is 9in. high. The other piece has Japanese family scenes in many colors embossed on a deep blue background. It is 12in. high and has no markings. — Mrs. F. Bowerman, Mackay, Qld.

Your first piece, a vase, is English and was made about 1885. The second is a

Japanese perfume bottle made about 1885-95. It is Kaga ware. Both are shown at left.

How old is my plate, please? It is dark green with a picture of a woman in a large turquoise hat in the centre. 682 7 is printed on the back. — Mrs. F., Brisbane.

Your plate is Paris porcelain and was made about 1890.



### ● Rare oak settee.

I have an oak settee which is 28in. in length, 17in. deep, and 43in. high. It is put together with wooden pegs but has been mended in places with modern screws. The seat hinges are like lions' claws. — Miss I. Roddick, Gisborne, N.Z.

This very fine and rare carved oak settee (above) is a mid-17th-century example. The panelled back depicts lozenge or "diamond" carving. This style of settee represents a stage preceding the settee, a derivative of the chair. Walnut settees first made their appearance in England during the reign of Charles II (1660-1685).



### ● Pretty ornament.

My ornament stands 13½in. high, is a pale grey receding into white at the top, and is decorated with pale pink roses and flesh-colored cupids, each of which holds a detachable arrow. — Mrs. L. Mackay, Mentone, Vic.

Your piece (above) is German porcelain. It is a "Dresden" type. Numerous minor German factories reproduced pieces in the Dresden or Meissen manner. Your piece was not made before 1870. The marks appearing on pieces of this period were usually imitations of Dresden crossed swords or batons and usually appear in blue.

## EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



BRIDESMAID and flower motifs are from Embroidery Transfer No. 222. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. 2/-.

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### ● Vase and perfume bottle.



whiter wash?

Mrs. Thompson uses Persil in her copper

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 14, 1963



Persil washes whiter and it shows (good for coloureds, too)



Give her something and she won't scratch."

"I'll give her something, all right," I said through my clenched teeth. And I did. I Marlon mumbled. I kicked at imaginary stones a la James Stewart. I read my lines off the ceiling in the manner of Montgomery Clift. I bobbed. I weaved. Mandy played around my eccentricities with such tolerance that I ended up looking as if I'd flipped my wig. I wobbled off the set a broken man.

Mandy came over to me, her face showing concern. It was Old Biff again, anxiously licking my hand to see if I was alive and kicking.

"The first day is always hard," she said, peering at me. "I'm not very good the first day. I hope you'll excuse me."

I scrounged down in my chair

Continued from page 25

and stared at her. "You mean you get better?"

"Well, I try," she said.

I moaned aloud.

"Is something wrong, Mr. Haines?"

"She gets better," I addressed myself to heaven. "Better!" I went into my dressing-room and fell on the cot, face down. I saw visions of my carefully nurtured career beginning a greased ride downhill. I saw myself no longer a leading man. I'd start playing cowardly lieutenants. They would cast me in cameo roles in musicals. I'd be washed up.

I had to get to that kid. I examined the possibilities. Poisoned candy bars. Exposure to measles.

## RELUCTANT FATHER

A gift of faulty roller skates. There was a knock at the door. It was Mandy.

"I just wanted to say good-night," she said politely. "See you tomorrow."

I managed a thin-lipped grimace I hoped might pass for a smile.

"How do you go home?" I inquired wolfishly.

"The studio sends me in a car."

"Every night?"

"Uh-huh."

"Close the door. You're letting in a draught."

"I'm sorry." She looked even littler when she was abject. She closed the door quietly after herself. Old Biff looked like that when I put him out for the night.

"I'm running rushes. Wanna see how bad you were?" Widlock stood in the doorway, looking at me as if he'd found me under a rock.

"Yeah," I countered belligerently. "I'll look."

I wish I hadn't. There isn't that much ham in a packing house. I could hear Widlock breathing heavily next to me in the projection room. When the lights came up he was on his feet, pacing. Then he turned on me.

"You're working me into a turkey," he rasped, "and turkey is not my favorite dish. Now you've been a pretty good actor in your day. Not as good as you think, but pretty good. You're gonna start being a pretty good actor for me."

Now I've got no time to bundle you off to a head-shrinker to see what's wrong with your id. So old Doctor Widlock will hand out the pill and you'll swallow it. You're going to make friends with Mandy. You're going to eat lunch with her every day. You're going to get to know her and love her. And that's an order!"

"You've been making too many cavalry pictures, Harry. We're not in the Army, I don't have to salute you, and I eat alone! As for Miss Goody Two Shoes . . . just tell her not to crowd me. I gotta dimple or two myself, you know."

"Not where they show, son. And before you get too rough just remember her last picture grossed six, five. Without you."

Things got no better. The kid trooped like an old pro. I began to use idiot cards to prevent my blowing my lines. She found the heart of her part. I played mine like the stepfather out of David Copperfield. She even made a timid overture to me to try and break me down. At coffee break she shyly offered me a slice of cake.

"My mother makes it," she said, "it's real good."

"Let 'em eat cake, huh?" I growled.

She looked puzzled. "Don't you like cake?" she asked.

"Don't you try to slip me any cholesterol," I said. "I'm on to you."

She frowned. Then she took her courage in her hands and spoke out.

"Mr. Haines, I don't think you like me very much. Have I been fresh or anything?"

Is morning fresh? Are dewdrops fresh?

\*\*\*\*\*

## FROM THE BIBLE

● "I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me and heard my cry."

—Psalm 40:1.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Look," I said, "let's try to keep this thing impersonal. Okay? Let's just say I don't see myself as your father."

She digested this gravely. "I don't have any father," she said. "Mine died three years ago."

I suddenly felt like change from a nickel. "I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't know."

"I didn't say that to make you feel sorry for me or anything. If you don't like me . . . you don't. And that's all there is to it. I'll try not to bother you any more than I have to."

Her round eyes contemplated me solemnly. Old Biff when he didn't get patted on the head. I started to say something but she was gone.

That night I took my sister's kids out to dinner and to play miniature golf. I bought them ice-cream. I let them bash around my expensive hi-fi equipment. I smiled as they poured milkshakes into my filtered pool. I read them stories and rode them piggybacks and when I took them home and received their sticky kisses of thanks I still felt like Scrooge in spades.

Who says I don't like kids? I asked myself on the way home. I intend to have five or six of my own some day. They just won't be actors, that's all. I elaborated on the theme driving down Sunset Boulevard.

It was then I hit on my defence. What kind of a woman lets her little girl be an actress, anyway? Robbing her of her childhood. Exploiting her for gain. Probably some hard-eyed hoover with frustrated ambitions of her own. Sure. That's what she was. Right outta "Gypsy."

It ought to be against the law. I resolved to take it up at the next Screen Actors' Guild meeting. Jason Haines, the defender of the young and innocent against predatory mothers.

The new tack seemed to get me off the ground in the part. The next day on the set I hit my stride.

HP490

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 14, 1963

## Severe pain demands Codis

For most pains, soluble aspirin alone is your wisest choice. But exceptionally severe pain demands an exceptionally strong pain reliever. Codis is such a product. It contains a strong formulation of soluble aspirin and other pain relievers — including an approved measure of codeine. It is not recommended for daily use except under

the supervision of your doctor, but may be taken for those severe pains which occur periodically. Remember, any pain which persists requires proper medical attention, and the sensible course is to ask the advice of your physician, who may well prescribe Codis.

Codis is available *only* from your Chemist.





## RELUCTANT FATHER

Andy Hardy's daddy wasn't even in my class. I was warm. I was tender. I was even a little bit schmaltzy, but I got away with it. The scene-shifters had tears in their eyes.

I had 'em all fooled except Mandy. With the true actor's insight she knew I was as phony as a three-dollar bill. She eyed me cagily and found me wanting. So?

At noon I hurried to the cafeteria and tried to spot her table. She wasn't anywhere in sight, but the prettiest brunette I ever laid eyes on was. There, I thought, is the mother of my future children. I sauntered up to the table and rested my hands negligently on the edge of it.

"Hello, I'm Jason Haines," I said, with what I hoped was becoming modesty. "I'm looking for Miss Mandy Miller. Thought we'd lunch together."

The pretty brunette's gaze would have hardened ice cubes. "I know who you are," she said, "and what you are. Lunch or any other meal with my child is out of the question."

My mouth slacked in amazement. "You're . . ."

She cut me off. "I'm the mother. The fiercely protective kind."

I saw my plans for a large family with this gorgeous brunette dissolve before my eyes. I made an appeal that might have been good enough for the Supreme Court.

"I'm the crumb you've heard about, all right. Any chance of making it up? Complete restitution?"

"She came home at night and cried because of you," said the mother. "What do you think?"

"I think I'm dead."

**S**HE looked over my head. "You're right," she said. As far as she was concerned I was no longer in the room. That old Schnozzle Durante bit about "Did you ever have the feeling you wanted to go and still have the feeling you wanted to stay?" described me down to my socks. I was rooted to the spot. I think I even blushed.

"Listen," I said desperately. "I've got a whole bunch of nieces and nephews. They're crazy about me. They were crazy about me before I hit it big. Like when I was poor. Can I be all bad?"

"Yes," she said unequivocally and went on eating her salad.

I grabbed a chair and sat down close to her. People at the next table were looking, but I couldn't have cared less.

"Lemme take you out to dinner," I pleaded. "You and Mandy. Then afterward you can rail my mother long distance. Ask her if I ever forget her birthday or anything. She'll give me a character reference. I know she will."

"Momism," she said tartly, "will get you nowhere. Now will you please go away?"

I retreated. Old Biff style, with my tail between my legs.

That afternoon my scenes with Mandy were right out of Chekhov. Widlock inquired curiously if I had indigestion, but Mandy sensed something deeper. When we broke for relighting she came over to me, her face grave and maternal.

"Excuse me for being personal, Mr. Haines, but you seem awfully upset. Did something bad happen to you today?"

I clasped her hands in mine. "I met your mother, honey."

She withdrew her hands stiffly. "My mother happens to be just about the nicest and sweetest person who ever lived."

"You know it," I echoed fervently. "That's just it. She knocked me into a cocked hat."

She sat down beside me. "You mean you like her?"

"I like her."

"Gee," she said forlornly. "I wish I hadn't told her that you were a big mean old ham."

I shut my eyes in despair. "That was the old me, sweetie. I'm not that man any more."

"She's been pretty lonesome since my father died. I've been hoping somebody nice would come along."

"Honey," I said earnestly, "maybe

you won't believe this, but I've got a lotta nice in me."

"I don't know," she said doubtfully.

"Mandy," I said earnestly, "you know what happened to me? I got too big for my boots. The old balloon head. The works. I came up the hard way. Walk-ons, spear-carrier, summer stock. It takes character to be a success. I guess I just didn't hang on to mine. Maybe I could find it again with a little help."

"I used to be a brat myself," she said thoughtfully, "until my mother said that my talent was just a gift, and if I didn't appreciate it by behaving myself she'd move me back east lock, stock, and barrel."

"There you go," I said exuberantly. "All I need is guidance."

"She doesn't really like actors."

"I won't act like an actor."

Mandy studied me reflectively. "You remember the young doctor you played in 'The Waverly Affair'?"

"You mean kind, gentle, wise young Dr. Avery?"

She bobbed her head. "You remember how you took care of the unwed mother and her little boy?"

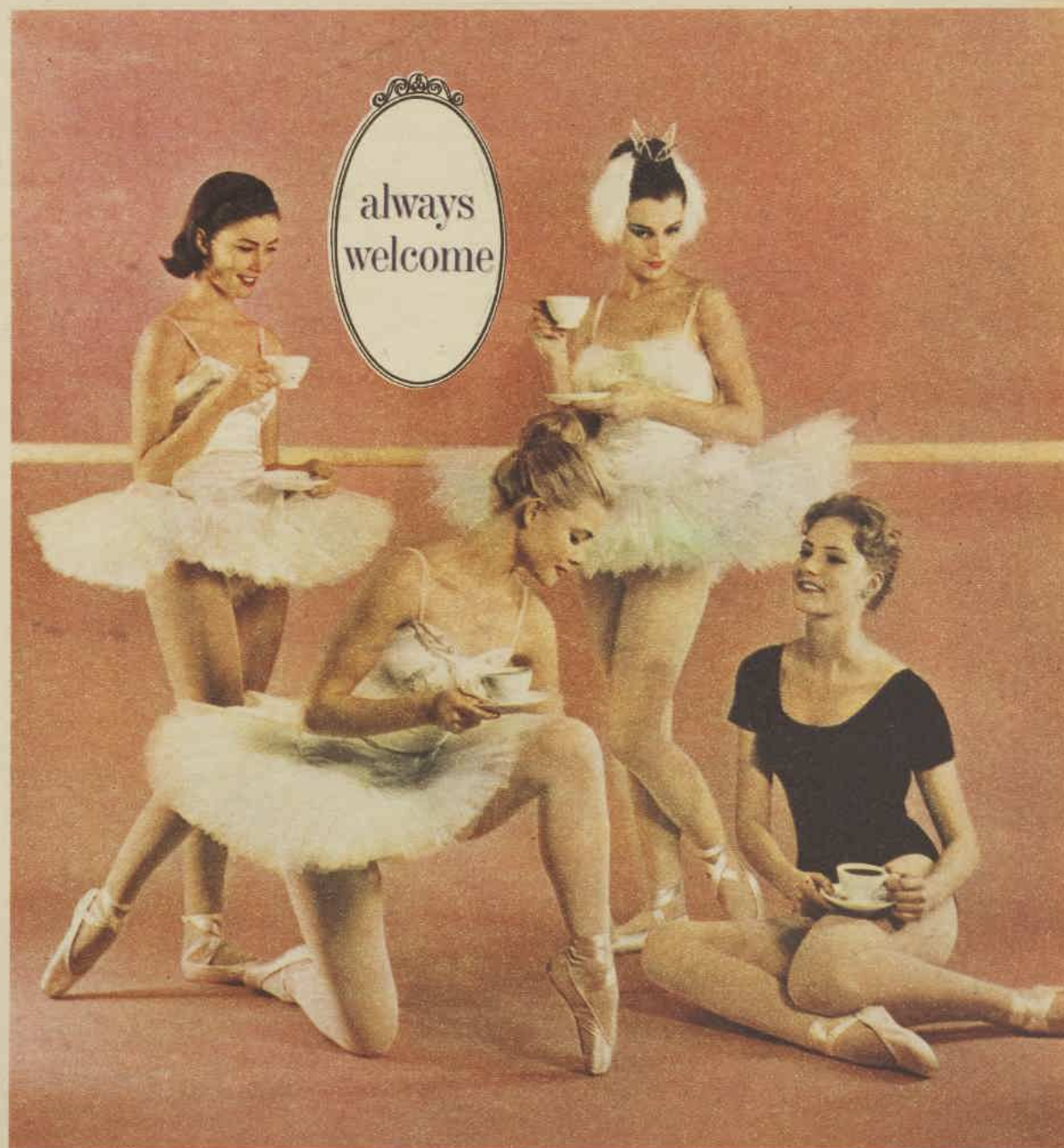
"Sure."

"Well, my mother was crazy about that picture. She thought Dr. Avery was the most wonderful person in the world outside of my father."

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"He hates to come in in the morning and find himself loaded down with work!"



## ...the flavor of Bushells Tea

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We looked at each other. It had been a period picture.

"You'd have to update it," she said.

I shook my head. "Nope, honey. Can't do it. No phony roles. No phony acts. Just plain old Jason or nothing."

A wide grin split her funny little face. "You are nice," she said. "I'll fix it. I need a ride home tonight, will you take me?"

I gave her a hug. "All the way." Mrs. Miller stayed on the set for about an hour and Mandy and I gave it everything we had. There have not been such scenes of tendresse since Little Nell and her grandfather. But Mrs. Miller turned out to be a very hard sell. She walked out on the scene where I was telling Mandy I was giving up the woman I loved to devote my life to her, and she was dry-

Continued from page 55

## RELUCTANT FATHER

eyed as she walked off the set.

That night I took Mandy home. My knees felt like melted butter. I held out my shaking hands.

"Look at me," I said. "Stage fright. I'll never get the part."

Mandy coached me as if she were Helen Hayes. "Make her laugh. My father used to say he could get anything out of her with a laugh."

"I know one of Sid Caesar's gag men. Maybe I'll make a phone call first, huh?"

Mandy dragged me out of the car. When we got to the porch she surveyed me critically. "You better comb your hair. She likes everything real neat."

My dangling forelock is famous.

I combed it down like a schoolboy on his first date. Mrs. Miller opened the door and looked at the pair of us, astonished.

"The studio car broke down," said Mandy, "and Mr. Haines said he'd bring me home. He's got a Ferrari," she added with adolescent cupidity.

"Childish indulgence on my part," I offered placatingly. "Don't really need all that horsepower."

She let me in, but only as far as the entry hall.

"Thank you for bringing Mandy home," she said coolly.

"We worked late. He hasn't had his dinner, Mom." She gave it the pathetic shading of a kid with a stray puppy.

Mrs. Miller looked at me as if a bone on the front porch was all that I had coming.

"Have we got enough roast, Mom?"

"I think we can manage if Mr. Haines wishes to stay."

"I mostly batch," I said. "A home-cooked meal would sure be fine, Ma'am." That was a line out of "Red Cloud" in which I had played a shy sheriff.

"Table's set in the kitchen, Sheriff," she answered dryly. We both laughed. Then she turned to her daughter with that wonderful candor that made me want to marry her on the spot.

"I thought you didn't like this ham?" she said.

Mandy's expressive face gave no hint of conspiracy. "I think I've changed my mind."

Her mother was a tougher nut to crack. "I'm not sure I have," she said, but I detected the beginnings of a thaw in her tone.

I gave the dinner all I had. I carved the roast, I tied a towel around my middle and washed the dishes. I even replaced a faulty light bulb in the kitchen. I was the biggest family man since Joseph Kennedy, sen. And it wasn't just an exercise out of Stanislavsky, either. It felt good in that warm snug kitchen with that beautiful woman and her beautiful kid.

I began to think about Dean Martin and the eleven kids he had to come home to. And Poppa Crosby and the six MacDonald Careys and the Bill Holden bunch. Then I looked at Mandy, rubbing the plates clean where I had missed on 'em, and my throat tightened up. "Hey," I said exuberantly, "ain't we got fun?"

I saw a slow feminine smile pass between Mandy and her mother.

"Yes, Mr. Haines," said Mrs. Miller, looking younger and prettier every minute, "we're got fun."

"Call him Jason," said Mandy, "and her name's Frances." It was a perfect throw-away line. "I'll take you on at Scrabble," she added, thus forestalling my being turned out into the night.

"Just one game," her mother said. "You have an early morning call."

WE built a fire and

put the board in front of it. Frances sat sewing in a chair close by. A good still shot of the three of us would have made a great Christmas card. Mandy beat me hollow. By nine o'clock I had established enough of a beachhead to be offered a cup of cocoa. Mandy's round clever little eyes took in the picture of domesticity and yawned.

"You two have the cocoa," she said, "I'm awfully sleepy." Then she came over to me and, with a gesture Garbo might have admired, she put her arms around me.

"You know what?" she said.

"What, honey?"

"I think you should be billed above me on the picture. My agent says no, but I think you should."

It was the ultimate accolade.

"Nothing doing," I said. "Ladies first."

"No. You first."

"I wouldn't hear of it, punkin. You get top billing."

"Well," she remarked casually, "there wouldn't be any argument if it was all in the family." And with that she made a sweeping exit.

Frances concealed a smile and bent over her sewing. "You don't believe that old Hollywood cliché about the child bringing the grown-ups together, do you?"

I came close to her. "It's one of the seven basic plots," I said.

"Why fight it?"

She looked up at me. "Because," she said simply, "my daughter's eleven and I'm thirty-two. We want different things from a man."

"What do you want, Frances?"

"What I want doesn't come out of Central Casting. You see, the part was beautifully filled up to three years ago."

"Let me audition for the role. If I'm not right you can always replace me. It can even be a bit part. I'll make something out of it. You'll see." I reached for her hand.

We got married just after the picture went into release. Walter Winchell said Mandy was "incandescent." He said I was adequate. Ed Sullivan proposed Mandy for the Academy Award. He said I was adequate. Dorothy Kilgallen said Mandy showed unmistakable signs of genius. She said I showed signs of adequacy. That big new magazine said Mandy made magic out of childhood. They added that I made mincemeat out of fatherhood.

But I got the notice that counted. Mrs. Jason Haines said Mandy was adequate. She said I was sensational as the father and even better as the husband. Let other actors get the notices. Me . . . I'll take the happy ending any time.

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respected her opinion, even when she admitted flatly she couldn't understand what he was getting at.

"Well . . ." she paused in thought. "It's certainly matured, I'd say. And your sense of color has improved."

"Yes, it has, hasn't it?" he grinned. "Remember my green period? I suppose all young painters go through that sort of thing."

She found him slightly bland. It was disturbing, because he had never been like that in the past.

"Look here," he said abruptly. "Why don't we shoot off and have a coffee or something? That is, unless you're in your lunch hour."

"No, I'm not in my lunch hour," she smiled, and they moved toward the exit to a little coffee shop.

"And what have you been doing with yourself?" he asked, after they had ordered. "Gosh, it's ages since I've heard from you! But I guess that was my fault. I never was much of a letter-writer."

He grinned, but Cathy hardened her heart against such obvious wiles. He was up to his old tricks, she thought, trying to get her involved again, just to flatter his vanity.

"Oh, don't let's talk about me," she protested. "I'm dying to hear all about you."

He gave a modest cough. "Oh, it's going quite well, thanks. I suppose you read the reviews. I must say it's nice to come back after all those years and find you haven't forgotten . . ."

SHE gave him a swift glance. Was he trying to pretend he was still interested in her? If so, he was being a little hypocritical. Oh, yes, she could admit he might have regretted his earlier indifference, but after all, one doesn't want five years to repair a mistake of that kind.

"You didn't marry that little English girl?" she asked, pretending to be absorbed in her coffee.

"Which one was that?" He frowned, then laughed as memory stirred. "Oh, you mean Jean. No, she would have driven me mad. She was far too neat and tidy."

Jean had been a fellow-student, of whom Cathy had been painfully jealous. But apparently it had all been wasted. How much wasted love and anger had she expended on him, after all!

"What about you?" he inquired, glancing at her left hand.

Cathy waved her ring at him. "Yes, I'm engaged."

"Who is he?" David asked with a sudden severe expression. "Any-one I know?"

"No, no one you know. I met him on the ship coming home," said Cathy. Then she changed the subject, talking about mutual friends they had known in London, about which ones had married and which hadn't, and which had married and since separated.

"I don't think I'll ever marry," said David when they came to a pause. "At least, not for years. I don't think it suits an artist to be married."

"Oh? Why not?" Cathy smiled. She could afford to be tolerant of such theories now.

"Well, we're pretty impossible people to live with, to start with," said David. "And then we expect too much from a wife. No woman could live up to it." He was staring beyond her, as if into his past life.

"You were the only one who might have been able to," he added with a wry grimace.

"Well, thank you!" Cathy was surprised for his words. She felt herself blushing, and then grew angry. How like him to tell her that now when it no longer mattered! Why hadn't he told her before, when it did?

All at once a dull resentment of him surged up in her. She thought of the happy years they might have spent together. And she hated him for his lack of courage.

"It's a pity you didn't realise that earlier," she said with a dry voice.

"Yes, I know," he sighed. "I was a fool. But it's not much good worrying about it, is it?"

Again she suspected he was sounding her out, trying to find out if he could still win her back.

"No, it's not," she said shortly. She began to gather up her parcels.

"Well, I must go. I've got some more shopping to do yet."

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Continued from page 27

## WHEN IT MATTERED

"Oh?" He seemed disappointed. "Where are you working now? Can I ring you some time?"

"I don't think that would be a good idea," she said gently. "You see, I'm getting married on Saturday. I left my job last week to try to get everything organised."

He was staring at her as if she were a ghost. "Anyway, it was nice to see you again . . . really it was."

She had wanted to leave him on a wave of triumph, to make him suffer for all the suffering he had caused her. But now, when the moment came, it was a hollow victory. She wanted instead to reach out and touch his arm, to say softly: "I know it hurts. But it will pass . . . You'll meet some

other girl and fall in love with her, and the next time you won't be as stupid as you were with me."

They stood outside the coffee shop, blinking in the afternoon sun. "How would it be," he said, "if I came with you while you did your shopping?"

She looked at him in a puzzled disbelief. "But you used to loathe going shopping with me. Even when I just wanted to buy a few apples, you'd act as if I were trying to make you walk the plank!"

He laughed. "I must have been horrible," he said.

"You were at times," said Cathy. They had begun to walk down the street together, and she had to restrain herself from taking

his arm. "And you couldn't bear my talking about money. You used to say I was materialistic."

"Good heavens, did I?" He was looking at her with an affectionate smile. "I wonder you ever put up with me."

Cathy did not reply. They were dangerously close to something which must not be allowed to happen. And yet . . . supposing she did run away with him, just like that, a few days before the wedding . . .

For a moment, waiting for the policeman to beckon them across the road, Cathy hesitated. I waited so long for this, she told herself; I used to think I was prepared to wait for ever.

"Look, I don't think it's such a good idea coming along with me," she said.

"Oh, I see . . ." he nodded. "Yes, you're quite right. Anyway, I really must get back to the studio."

They parted on the street corner, shaking hands like the best of friends. It was only when she entered the store that Cathy realised what she had done.

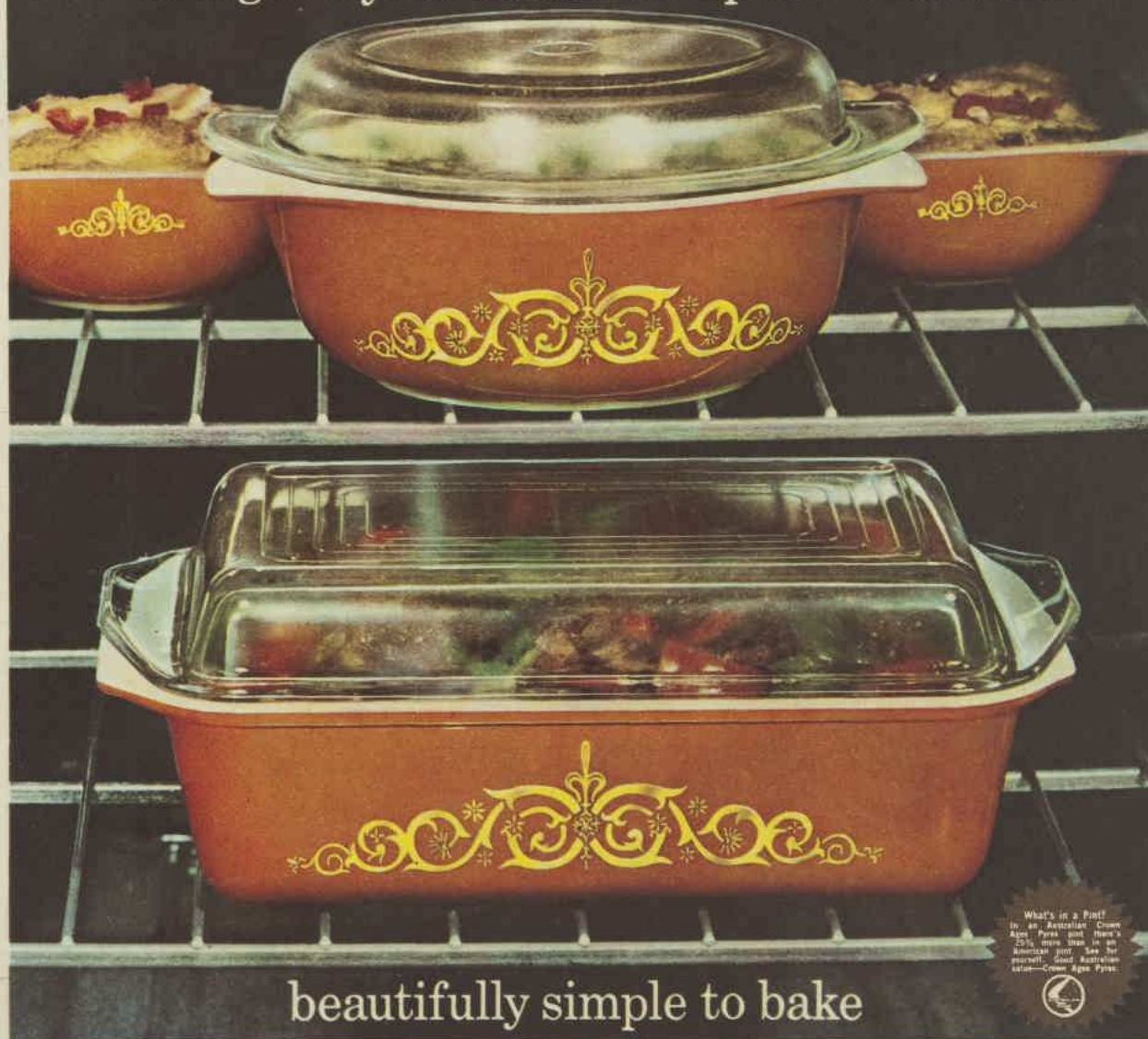
"Can I help you, miss?" asked the salesgirl.

"Yes . . . I mean no!" Cathy turned suddenly. "I'll be back later!" she flung over her shoulder.

She ran out into the street to look for David. But he had already been swallowed up in the surge of late-afternoon shoppers, and even if she had called, he would not have heard her.

(Copyright)

## Crown Agee Pyrex makes complete oven meals



beautifully simple to bake

Golden corn chowder Oxtail creole Peach pyramid dessert

Oven cooking suggests "something special." Yet, with Crown Agee Pyrex, you can cook a complete meal in the oven and serve it straight to the table—all in the same dishes. Look at the mouth-watering meal you see here. It's easy to do. Crown Agee Pyrex is all you need to cook it, serve it and store the leftovers—

real one-step preparation. Just think of it—hearty oven-baked meals cooked economically all at once, with no pots to watch, no pots to wash! And these elegant modern dishes welcome the hardest wear and still look fresh. A wonderful idea for yourself or someone else.

A PRODUCT OF ACT

## simply beautiful to serve





# AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● I've just tried out a recipe that's fine for cold winter nights when you've been out all the afternoon, arrive home panting about ten minutes ahead of your hungry family, and want to give them something attractive and substantial.

IF you do most of the cooking of this in the morning before you go out, you can finish it off in a few minutes while you're boiling some rice and setting the table and feeding the four-legged livestock.

I suppose that last-mentioned is NOT such a preoccupation in all households, but with us it's a first essential.

No matter how starving the people are in this household they still have to wait until the animals are fed, because hungry people only grumble and moan at the cook; hungry cats have a habit of yelling at the tops of their voices and nobody can enjoy a meal while that's going on.

For this dish you need:

2lb. veal steak (or stewing veal, which is cheaper and just as nice); 2 tablespoons butter or substitute; 2 large onions (sliced); 1 cup chopped celery; 1 cup chopped carrot; small tin of pineapple pieces; 1½ cups of stock (or water and 2 small soup cubes); 1 tablespoon cornflour; 1 tablespoon soy sauce; 1 tablespoon vinegar; 1 tablespoon sugar; 1 tablespoon water; salt and pepper.

Melt shortening, cook veal (cut in small pieces) for a few minutes. Add all vegetables, salt and pepper, stock and pineapple juice, and cook for one hour.

It can then be set aside until the evening, when you reheat it, add the pineapple pieces, blend the cornflour with water, add the sugar, soy, and vinegar to it, stir into the veal and cook for a minute or two until the floury taste has disappeared. This is good served with plain rice and with any green vegetable that you can afford!

## Too many chickens can spell hamburger mince . . .

THE price of vegetables this winter must have knocked most household budgets into a cocked hat. I'm so glad that I'm incapable of having a budget.

This is something Hugh and I have always argued about. He likes to rattle round in his pocket for small change to pay for small purchases, on the theory that once you break a note you're bound to spend it. I always argue that whether you pay 2/6 for a tin of something with silver or with a £5 note doesn't make a ha'p'orth of difference to your household spending at the end of the week.

I suppose the average non-budget-keeping housewife who has a family and has to be careful with the housekeeping has some sort of an instant built-in budgeting device in the back of her brain.

This must tell her that chicken on Sunday automatically means hamburger mince on Wednesday and that today's two school blazers picked up from the dry-cleaners means that her own topcoat had better wait until the week after next.

As an argument against rigid budget-keeping I always remember Dr. Johnson's reply to somebody who asked whether it was a good idea.

"Keeping accounts, sir, is of no use when a man is spending his own money and has nobody to whom he is to account," he said. "You won't eat less beef today because you have written down what it cost yesterday."

I like that—though I must admit it has the air of having been said by a rather well-heeled gent not much troubled by dependants and their dentists' and shoe-repair bills.

Most of us DO have to eat less beef today because of what it cost yesterday. All I argue is that I don't need to write it down. The shocking facts are only too clearly printed in my mind!

Samuel Pepys had different ideals altogether from Samuel Johnson's.

He wrote in his diary: "Coming home tonight I did go to examine my wife's accounts, and finding things that did seem doubtful I was angry, though she did make it pretty plain; but confessed that when she do miss a sum she do add something to other things to make it, and upon my being very angry she do protest she will here lay up something for herself to buy her a necklace with, which maddened me and do still trouble me, for I fear she will forget by degrees the way of living cheap and under sense of want."

She has my sympathy. Sam Pepys was the sort of tight-wad who wanted everyone in his household to eat less beef today because of what it cost yesterday so that there'd be enough left over for him to have a high old time in his favorite London taverns.

## An easy lesson in infuriating people

THE things I'm "maddened" by are personal questions asked by public corporations. Like "What is your age?" and "What is your occupation?" on the subscription blanks of magazines.

I refuse to answer those questions on the grounds that I'm not interested in adding to a set of statistics by which they hope to prove something to someone and make some money doing it.

Another thing that annoys me is the "Nature of illness" question asked by quite a number of the various medical insurance funds.

If you've been to a doctor, had an account from him, paid it, and have a receipt to prove it, why do they need that information?

Perhaps they think you go to see him because you like his blue eyes, or that he's a crook who makes money on the side by doing manicures and hairsets in his spare time.

Perhaps there's a good reason for the question. There may be illnesses for which your insurance doesn't cover you, but until they make that clear they're inviting the sort of you-mind-your-own-business answers that they get from most people.

A friend of mine once wrote "Painful" in the nature-of-illness column and they paid on it.

But I do have to admit that her writing is so atrocious that the clerk probably thought it was some technical word he'd never heard of.

I always have to fight the temptation to write "Leprosy" or "Bubonic Plague" just to brighten things up.

I wonder if they've ever thought that the number of "influenzas," "rheumatisms," and "indigestions" that they pay out on are due not so much to the prevalence of these diseases as to the fact that they're easy to remember, not embarrassing, and that most people know how to spell the words.

## BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

# USEFUL DESK FOR TEENAGER

● A bright addition to a teenager's bedroom, this easy-to-make desk with adjustable shelves above is practical and delightfully decorative.



TEENAGER'S desk is made from keyhole stripping and wood for £7.

TODAY'S teenagers are taking more and more interest in the decor of their rooms.

A teenager's bedroom is a private retreat, a study, a place to display hobbies and souvenirs, listen to the radio, or just dream in blissful peace.

What better way to cope with all these things (and keep the room tidy) than to build a simple wall desk like the one sketched?

It's so easy, even a young lad (or lass, with Dad's help) could make it for about £7.

The adjustable shelves are supported by metal keyhole stripping bought from specialist hardware stores or shopfitter suppliers in large cities.

If the desk is built on a timber wall, battens should be positioned to correspond with studs behind the wall. On a brick surface, battens can be fixed in any position,

the wall plugged with masonry anchors where required.

**Materials Required:** To support the desk, buy two 6ft. lengths of keyhole stripping, six 8in. brackets, two 10in. brackets, and 12ft. of 2in. x 1in. timber for battens.

Shelves will need 12ft. of 8in. x 1in. shelving timber desk top one piece of 18in. x 47in. x ¾in. plywood. You'll also need 7ft. of 2in. x ¼in. edge strip, 4ft. of 12-gauge brass chain, 2 cup-hooks, nails, screws, and glue.

**To Make:** Cut two 6ft. battens from 2in. x 1in. timber and screw to wall. Then screw metal keyhole stripping to battens.

Cut three shelves each 48in. long as shown in diagram at left. Cut plywood desk top to size.

Desk edge is covered with 2in. x ¼in. edge strip cut to suit desk size. Mitre the corners.

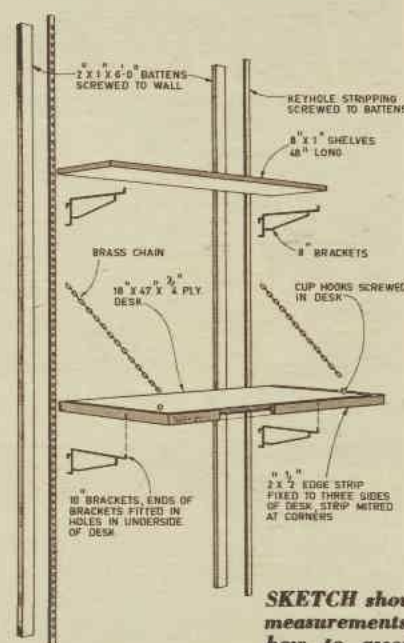
Nail and glue edge strip to desk, punch all nailheads and fill with putty ready for finishing.

Drill two holes in underside of desk top to take ends of brackets.

Fit two cup-hooks in desk top to take one end of brass chain; the other end of chain is held in existing slots in keyhole stripping.

Lastly, sandpaper all woodwork, apply primer, undercoat, and two coats of interior quality enamel. We suggest a brilliant coach-red!

**NEXT WEEK: Doing up a dining chair.**



SKETCH shows all measurements, and how to assemble.

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HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

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- Melbourne: Age Building, 233 Collins St. (63-0341, ext. 322).
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☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)  
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# WHEN A HOUSE BECOMES A HOME

...when values are sound and mothers are aware that good natural foods are the first law of health — *there* you will always find butter. Butter is made from milk, from nothing else but milk, the food on which we all depend. Nature alone put the vitamins, the energy-power, the delicate delicious flavour into the butter your family likes so much. How right they are to enjoy Nature's supreme food. How right *you* are to guard their health with butter.



**Butter makes it better and better for you too!**

AUSTRALIAN DAIRY  
PRODUCE BOARD



## A PLOT FOR EARLY VEGETABLES

**N**OVICE gardeners often ask whether it is possible to grow a few vegetables in small plots during the winter. The reply is: yes.

Vegetables such as lettuce, carrots, beetroot, and spring onions will mature in about three months' time during warmer weather when salad vegetables will be in demand.

Carrots need two and a half to three and a half months to mature. Top-weight is one of the most popular varieties, quick-growing and resistant to virus.

Radishes are quick workers and mature fully in a month to six weeks from seed-growing.

White turnips take two and a half to three months and swedes three and a half to four and a half months.

Kohlrabi takes two and a half to three months to reach full size. It should not be left to become too mature as it will become woody and inedible.

Onions and leeks are long-season crops and take up to seven months to mature, but young onions may be pulled when they reach pencil size for salads.

Cabbages, cauliflowers, and broccoli vary in maturity from four to six months, as also do parsnips, celery, and salsify (oyster plant).

Silver beet takes two to three months to reach harvesting size, depending

upon the soil fertility and your treatment. It can be helped along by fortnightly feeding with a liquid fertiliser.

In the coldest climates vegetables planted at this time of year would be limited to white turnips, onions, carrots, and beetroot.

Lettuces grow well during winter in all but the very coldest areas and may be sown in the open throughout the year.

Imperial 847 is a good type to plant—it matures any time except during the hottest months. (If planting lettuce to mature during high summer choose Greatlakes or Yatesdale.)

Peas are usually sown in cool districts from spring to autumn; in temperate areas from autumn to early summer; and in sub-tropical places (coastal areas north of Coff's Harbour) during autumn and winter.

**Rotational cropping**—making sure that members of one particular family of vegetables are not continually grown in the same plot—is helpful, especially in a small garden, but it's not as important as it used to be before the introduction of complete fertilisers.

These quickly replace what preceding crops have removed from the soil.

The ideal rotation would be leaf crop, root crop, legumes—for example, lettuce, carrots, beans, then tomatoes or potatoes before this cycle is repeated. It is better not to follow tomatoes with potatoes, as they are of the same family and susceptible to some of the same diseases.

Gardening Book — page 174



**ABOVE:** A 12ft. by 12ft. vegetable plot suitable for a small suburban garden. Lettuce, spinach, and carrots are planted out in this space.



**AT RIGHT:** Carrots shown here are ten weeks old. Don't wait until the entire crop is fully matured—pull baby carrots, as these are ideal for salads or for cooking whole.

Gardening Book — page 175

## for *HIGH SPEED* cough relief look to BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL

**ACTIVE TASTE MEANS ACTIVE COUGH CLEARING ACTION!**

Suddenly, breathing is easier! You've cared for him with Buckley's.

And right away, the clean and active cooling taste tells how it's working: easing and clearing away the cause of his cough. And while

Buckley's soothes him, the lively medication brings stimulating refreshment. As the coughing spasms stop, he feels more than relieved . . . he feels good. That's the active action of Buckley's!

**HOW BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL WORKS** to clear away the cold or 'flu cough. First, there's the cooling decongestant action: Buckley's attacks the congestion simply and directly, breaking up the tightness that causes the cough. As congestion goes, the cough stops . . . and

Buckley's next swift step is to help the system shake off the very cause of the congestion. And all the time, that crisp and active taste lingers on and on . . . freshening the throat and gently soothing the chest.

For bronchial coughs, Buckley's has no equal. Make Buckley's your family standby, against any kind of cough.

4/9 at all chemists and stores.

**the decongestant mixture  
with active taste...  
active action!**

Buckley's is all medication.  
No syrup. No sugar;  
ideal for diabetics.





"No, sweet, and I don't find most Freudian in their troubles. They're chiefly from simple things like that. And spending over the budget. And putting the children first. But why should we worry? Neither of us is married."

"Let's get out of here," said Arlene quickly. "I've got to get home. Some urgent work—a deadline."

She almost ran from the studio and through the echoing living-room into the neat front garden enclosed in its white picket fence. Her car alone stood at the kerb. He got in at her invitation.

"I come out here in the bus and take a walk in the woods. I do it most every Sunday," he added. "It helps me to think out my weekly column for the 'Banner'."

"I can understand that," she said.

Moving out to the streetcar lines, she was silent again, concentrating on the traffic. The silence between them changed, becoming relaxed and companionable. It seemed natural to invite him in to dinner. "You'll see why I long for a house," she said. "It's just a mousehole—at the rent of a lion's den. And what convenience makes up for that inconvenience?"

"And working for the landlord," he said. "Rent over years and years. All that money gone for memories—for the intangible."

Arlene parked in a small hole left in the crowded street. She perspired with the effort. Glen smiled, but

## MY MAN

Sometimes when he is in a mood,  
I wonder why we wed,  
And think of all those other guys  
I might have had instead:

Then  
When his mood is over,  
Although no words are said,  
He puts his arms about me  
And  
I are know why we wed!

— Romie Hill.

kindly. He did not offer to do it for her. Nor did she apologise to him for having to walk up two flights of stairs. She went before him, opened the door, and went in. He came up slowly, clinging to the rail and dragging his useless foot.

Before he reached her floor she moved her easel from the window and pulled the big armchair in its place, put a coffee table with ash-tray within reach.

He stood in the doorway for a moment looking in. It was the first time he had ever been in her room. She had some wonderful abstract pictures on the wall she had done herself in poster paints. They gave the room distinction with their heroic symphonies of sophisticated color. She waited for him to say something like other people said. He didn't.

He walked in and sat down in the big chair she indicated. He studied her paintings again with obvious wonder. He said, "Arlene, you deserve the house with the studio."

**N**OW she was hurt to bitterness.

"What a fairytale world if people got the things they deserve!"

"I think they do," Glen said thoughtfully. "But, of course, not the things they think they deserve."

She almost said, "But what of you, and others like you?" but closed her mouth with her hand upon it. Glen had not been lamed in war, but by polio. He had not the aura of the hero to help, nor was he entitled to a house with no down payment by the G.I. Bill.

She went to the kitchenette and opened the refrigerator. "Look," she said. "I always have steak on Sundays."

"Very nice," he said, without enthusiasm; "though its superiority over any other part of the bovine anatomy is highly contestable."

Arlene laughed with real merriment. "Maybe you think the superiority of one domicile over another is highly contestable?"

"No. I'm all for a real home."

Continued from page 28

## HOUSE FOR SALE

It's the very heart of a good life." He said it again as if thinking to himself — "a home is a good life." It's only half the good life, said Arlene, noisily adjusting the grill. But she said it to herself. She wanted no searching questions as to her opinion as to what was the other half of it.

After the coffee, Glen asked to see more of her work — the commercial things. She showed him a folio of her ideas for big works — when there was time and a studio. She showed him sketches for the murals for the cafe by the university.

"That's competitive, of course. They may not choose my designs."

"The patrons are mostly young

men, Arlene. I'd change this color. Take out these pastels here." He pointed to her wall. "Believe me, they'd like those strong things."

It was a taste of what the good life might be that he should take an interest in them. But he went at 10 o'clock without asking for another date. He refused her offer to drive him home. "There's a bus at the corner," he told her. "I'm used to it. My own choice I'm out without my car."

She heard his uneven footsteps going down her stairs, out of the hall door, out of her life. She stood inside her door, leaning on it, feeling as if she were dying — bleeding to death inside. Strange how she always got this feeling after one

of these encounters with Glen. "I hope I never see him again," she murmured. She turned on the radio to let the music light the room. She said louder, "I hope I never see him again."

But he was waiting for her to come home in the evening the following Tuesday. Sitting on the top step at the front door reading the paper. He got up to follow her up.

"I've bought a house," he said. "An investment. Thought I'd give you the first chance to rent it."

"Are you mad?" she asked him before she recovered her presence of mind.

"In a way, I suppose I am. It's the house you wanted. The one

with the studio room. Maybe you'll let me drop in sometime and make things — pretend I'm living that way."

"What way?" Her heart was pounding so hard she could hardly speak.

"The good way, Arlene. A home and a girl in it."

Her eyes filled with tears and she turned away. Not in time to hide what she had meant he should never see. He caught her hands. "It was so wonderful to be able to give you the life you wanted."

Could anyone more eloquently say, "I am in love —?"

"That's only the half of it, Glen, the other half —"

They moved instinctively into the trust of all homes — each other's arms.

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New unbreakable squeeze plastic bottle—handy beside the kitchen sink, in the bathroom, and pretty enough to stand proudly on your dressing table. Vinolia is in all chemists and stores now and costs 6/3.

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## A SECRET PLACE

She got abruptly to her feet and took his hand. She had just thought of something—it had flashed through her mind. She remembered back to a time, just after Benjy was born, when she had been lost in the Rambles. She said in a determined voice, "Come on. We've got to go."

"Go where, Sh—Lolly?" "We're going to play that game some more," she said. "We're going up past the Mall to a place I know. You go up there past the polar bears and wait for me at the top of the steps."

"All right," Benjy said. "But where is it we're going, Sh—Lolly?"

"I know a secret place," she said. "A long time ago when we lived on West Seventh Street I found a secret place, like a little house, Benjy, and we're going to find it again."

From the zoo it was a long way, and when you skated very far your legs began to ache. At the end of the Mall, where the automobile road crossed over, they took off their skates to descend a flight of steps, where Sheila took note of comfort stations facing each other across a landing.

Beyond was the lake where people were rowing boats, and on the far side of the lake was the place she sought. They came to the boathouse, where she could buy popcorn and cheese crackers and candy.

She told Benjy to wait outside while she stocked the duffel bag with provisions, breaking into another two-dollar bill and spending almost every cent of it. With her skates slung over her shoulder Sheila led the way up a steep incline and turned off on a path beyond the lake.

She had been lost here a long time ago. It was called the Ramble, although the kids all said Rambles, and the paths went every which way up and down among steep little hills and through miniature gorges, circling massive outcroppings of grey and mossy rock. She had wandered off on a narrow footpath and got lost and found the secret place.

But it had been a long time ago. When at last she found it, she was not at all sure it was the same place. It was smaller than she re-

membered. But it was a good enough secret place, and big enough for the two of them to stretch out side by side.

You could call it a cave, but really it was a ledge in an outcropping of rock that overhung a snug, dry place. Other slabs of rock closed it off at the sides, and in front of it was the rhododendron. There was even a crevice in under the ledge big enough

remote place. He followed Sheila in under the ledge of rock, both on their hands and knees. The opening was barely two feet high, because of the downward plunge of the ledge, but inside the ceiling sloped higher and at the back there was room for Sheila to kneel erect.

"There's just one thing to remember, Benjy. This is our secret house. If you hear

we have to do or ask any questions. It's our very own place, Benjy. Don't you like it? Aren't you having fun?" "Oh, sure," he said doubtfully. "But we're not going to do this always, are we?" "Nothing is for always," Sheila said.

"That's good," Benjy said. "Because I want my own bed and my little monk to sleep with."

"Hush!" Sheila whispered tensely. He hushed, with his mouth gaping and his eyes showing a frightened gleam in the gloom of the enclosure.

Sheila whispered, "I heard something." It was a rustling noise outside, the shaking of a branch, a questioning sniff, and then a little whine, close to the entrance. Sheila saw big brown eyes and a small, crouching body and said, "Benjy, look!"

"It's a puppy dog," Benjy said.

Sheila whistled softly, said, "Come here, pup. Come on in, puppy."

Benjy backed away on his knees as the little dog came out of the light and stood with one foreleg poised and bent, his head on one side. Benjy had wanted a puppy dog, but now he felt timid and stayed close to his sister as she whistled again and said, "Here, pup." The dog approached, put his cold nose in her hand. As Sheila patted him he snuggled against her and whined.

"Benjy, give him a pat," Sheila said. "He's a lovely little dog and he wants to be friends."

**B**ENJY put out his hand uncertainly and the little dog licked his fingers. "He's a little lost dog," Sheila said. "See, he has a collar and a licence. He got lost in the Rambles, poor little puppy, and he found our secret place."

"Is he ours now, Sh—Lolly?" "I don't know about finders, keepers," she said. "There's a name on the collar—he lives over on Park Avenue, and he belongs to a Mr. Robert Hadley. And his name is Fritz."

"Hello, Fritz," Benjy said, and stroked the little dog's head. At once Fritz crawled into Benjy's lap and the boy showed Sheila a happy grin. "Can we keep him, Sh—Lolly?" "I guess we have to take him back to Mr. Hadley," Sheila said.

"Now? Right away?" "I guess not right away," she said. "I guess Mr. Hadley won't mind if we borrow him for a while, so long as we take good care of him. Open the duffel bag and get out some of those cheese crackers, Benjy. I bet he's hungry."

"So am I hungry," Benjy said. "I'll have one, too."

"Mr. Hadley was very bad," Sheila said thoughtfully. "You're supposed to keep your dog on a leash, but Mr. Hadley took the leash off and little Fritz just ran away."

"How about us? Is it us who's bad? We ran away, too, like Fritz."

"Nobody's bad." "But what are mummy and daddy going to say?" "Daddy's gone away," Sheila said. "He's in Chicago. Mummy's gone away, too."

"Where?" "First it was Atlantic City. She went to Atlantic City and saw the ocean."

"Well, I saw the ocean, too," Benjy said. "Benjy, you know what we've got to do?" Sheila said. "We've got to get a leash so little Fritz won't run away from us."

"I don't think he'll run away from us."

To page 64

## HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key



Hazel can be seen on  
Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays;  
Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Tuesdays;  
Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays;  
Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;  
Lanncoston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;  
and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m., Thursdays.

to hold their skates and the duffel bag.

Benjy whispered, "Where are we, Sh—Lolly?" "This is it," she said. "Our secret place."

"Just in under there?" He looked disappointed.

"It's our little house, Benjy, just for you and me. We have everything we need close by—a place to wash and all that down by the boathouse and a place to buy things."

Benjy smiled tentatively, because he did love to play house, but this was a dark,

anybody coming you keep very, very quiet. Don't make any sound."

"O.K., I'll be quiet," he said. "But how long are we going to stay here, Sh—Lolly?"

"Just as long as we want," she said.

He looked around at the grey stone that shut them in. "I don't think I'd like it after it got real dark in here."

"It's better than the children's shelter, though," Sheila said. "We've got stuff to eat and a place to sleep and nobody to tell us what

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

## No. 845. — COTTON FROCK

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away from us," Benjy said. "I think he likes us."

"But if a policeman finds him he'll say"—Sheilah made a deep, important voice—"Where's that little dog's leash? That little dog is supposed to have a leash."

"I know what I'd say," Benjy said eagerly. "I'd say my nanny's got the leash. My name is Butch Fuller and this is my little dog Fritzie and my nanny has his leash."

Sheilah shook her head. "It says Hadley on the collar, though. You'd have to say your name was Butch Hadley."

"O.K., Butch Hadley," he said.

"And that makes me Lolly Hadley," Sheilah said. "Oh, yes, I've positively got to get our little Fritzie a leash. If you were all alone with Fritzie you wouldn't be scared, would you?"

Continued from page 63

"Oh, no, I wouldn't be scared," he said.

"Because I've got to go get a leash for Fritzie and then I'm going to telephone daddy."

"And ask him if we can keep the puppy dog?"

"Yes, I'll ask him," Sheilah said, "if he's home."

"Mummy would say no," Benjy said unhappily.

"Well—I guess so," Sheilah said.

"But call her just the same," Benjy said eagerly. "Maybe she's home by now."

Sheilah shook her head. "I don't think mummy is coming home for a long time, Benjy, so we can keep Fritzie, at least for a while. But

## A SECRET PLACE

first I have to get a leash. Now you hold Fritzie's collar good and tight so he won't run off and follow me."

"He won't run off," Benjy said. "He likes me. See how he's licking my hand."

"Well, give him another cracker."

Back by the lake, in the boat-house, Sheilah had noticed a telephone booth, and she went there, making note of every turn she took.

But once she was in the booth she found that she had used up all her change except a ten-cent piece. She lifted the receiver, dropped the dime in the slot, and dialled the operator.

When the voice answered, "May I help you?" Sheilah said, "I want

to make a collect call to Mr. Paul Starr in Grandkill, New York."

"All right, dear," the operator said. "Who is calling?"

Sheilah hesitated. "Do I have to say that?"

"If you want them to accept the call you do."

Sheilah thought a moment, said, "My name is Joanie Perkins." She was sure Joanie wouldn't mind if she used her name. And daddy knew Joanie; he would accept the call.

"Give me your number, Joanie," the operator said. "The one there on the dial—see it?"

"Yes," Sheilah said, and gave the number. She heard the distant ringing—one ring, two—then

the sound broke off in the middle of a ring and a woman's voice said, "Hello."

"I have a collect call for Mr. Paul Starr," the operator said. "He's not here right now."

Sheilah was pretty sure it was Aunt Cora's voice. "Who's calling?"

"Do you know when he'll be in or where he can be reached?" the operator asked.

"Well, he's at the State Police headquarters right now," Aunt Cora said. "But I'm authorised to accept all calls. Who's calling?"

The operator said, "Joanie, do you want to—"

Sheilah hung up.

It was late in the day when Detective Frank Luther called at Belardo's Restaurant. There was so little to go on in this case, he thought, as he questioned Tony Belardo. He hadn't been able to get a line on the tallish blond guy who had sometimes taken Vera out. He had run down the names listed in Vera's address book, but the men had all turned out to be strictly legitimate—her agent and various people for whom she had done artwork. The number of Belardo's Restaurant had been in the book, however.

"Now look," Tony Belardo was saying, "sure she came in here now and then, but I don't know much about her. How would I know if she had a steady boyfriend?"

Belardo was a plumpish, well-dressed man with very black eyebrows and candid brown eyes. Detective Luther had checked with the local precinct before he came over and had learned that Belardo had a record. Some time ago he had been picked up on a narcotics charge, but it had been a headwaiter who had been pushing the stuff in Belardo's and Tony's hands had been clean; otherwise he would never have kept his liquor licence.

**F**RANK asked, "But Mrs. Starr did come in here fairly often, didn't she?"

"Now and then, sure. This is a quiet place. We've got a nice, refined clientele. Call the local precinct. Ask them if they ever had any complaints about Belardo's."

"I can think of one complaint," Frank said.

"Oh?" Belardo hesitated an instant, shrugged. "Do you blame the barrel for one bad apple?"

"Anyhow, I'm not asking about Belardo's," Frank said. "I'm asking about a customer of yours who got herself murdered."

"Vera Starr liked to drop in for a glass of sherry and say hello to me or the wife or Bert, the barman. We try to keep Belardo's a friendly, respectable place where an unescorted lady won't be bothered."

It was always the same story, Frank thought; nobody knew a thing. Susan, the maid, had been no help. Sure Mrs. Starr had gone out a lot, but no man had ever come up to the apartment, a fact confirmed by Joe, the doorman.

There was this tallish blond guy who had waited for her in the lobby a couple of times, and more than once Joe had noticed a car double parked and had seen Mrs. Starr come down and hop into it and drive off, but he hadn't had a good look at the man or made a note of the licence number—why should he?

It appeared that Vera had wanted to keep her private life as secret as possible. Maybe it was because the divorce wasn't final yet, because of the custody of the two youngsters. Maybe she hadn't wanted her husband keeping tabs on her.

"Now look, Mr. Belardo," he said patiently. "Didn't she ever come in here with anybody?"

"Not with guys, no. Once she brought a lady in for lunch."

"Know who she was?"

"Except that she's the kind who drinks her lunch and dyes her hair the color of a palomino horse—no."

"And Mrs. Starr never came in here with any guy? For instance, a tallish blond guy?"

Belardo said "No," but his eyes shifted away.

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man in a sports shirt and tight-fitting pants was buying a packet of cigarettes. Frank heard him say in a soft Southern voice, "That was a bad thing that happened there around the corner."

Mr. Hyman only nodded as he rang up the sale. The man went on in the sort of voice a guy used when he wanted to pick up information, "I saw it in the late paper. Murdered, they say. It's awful hard on those poor little kids, ain't it?"

Frank had reached the telephone booth, but he turned back and asked, "Do you know those children?"

The man gave Frank a steady, unblinking look as he opened his cigarettes with thin, strong fingers. The movement of his hands called Frank's attention to a tattoo on his left wrist — a mermaid it appeared

Continued from page 65

to be. "What's it to you, mister?" "I'm a police detective," Frank said. "Do you know those kids?"

The man backed away a step and smiled. Even when he smiled his mouth had a mean look, Frank thought. "I happened to see it in the paper, that's all. Two little kids, and their mother killed—that kind of hits you, don't it?"

"Yeah," Frank said.

Mr. Hyman said, "Mr. Detective — please, I know those two little ones and I'm worried. Isn't there any news at all?"

Frank shook his head. "No, not yet."

"I see in the paper their daddy went out to Chicago," Mr. Hyman

said. "It says you fellows are looking for him."

The man with the mermaid tattoo had eased to the door and now was gone. Frank considered calling him back, checking him out, but there was no good reason for it. The guy hadn't done anything. To Mr. Hyman he said, "We located the father."

"Good," said Mr. Hyman. "Those are two of my best kids. They always behave themselves. Never make a racket or muss up the magazines. Nice, tidy kids they are."

Frank was gazing out at Sixth Avenue and suddenly it came to him — the thing that had crossed his mind before. Tidy kids, Mr. Hyman said. Spilling things, Susan

had said. Complaints about dust and spilled sugar. That, and Tony Belardo's record. He swung around, went quickly to the telephone booth and dialled the number of Vera Starr's apartment. When Arbelli answered he said, "Nick, this is Frank."

"Yeah. What did you find out?"

"I located that tallish blond guy," Frank said. "His name is Wilkes Conway. Better have the local precinct check where he lives over on Bleeker Street."

"O.K.," Nick said. "I'm still waiting to hear from Rockland County. The State boys up there have the father down at headquarters and they're dusting off his house and car. The prints ought

to be on the way downtown by now."

"Nick, I've been thinking," Frank said. "Something kind of sticks in my mind. I wonder if you noticed: on the rug over by the box where she kept what the little girl called her swipes — you know."

"Yes?"

"Well, this is a wild one, but let's check it out. There by the corner of the box somebody spilled something — sugar, maybe, or talcum. Just a little bit of it. Take a little taste. See if it's sweet."

"O.K., hold on," Nick Arbelli told him.

Frank waited in the dark booth, propping his shoulder wearily against the wall. When a man started playing long shots it meant he didn't have much to go on.

Nick came back on the wire. "You're right, Frank. It's bitter."

"Send it to the lab," Frank said. "And call Lieutenant Digby at Narcotics."

He walked briskly out of the stationery store and turned the corner. Across Sixth Avenue the man with the mermaid tattoo stood in a doorway and watched him until he turned in under the canopy at No. 62.

Did they know or didn't they? That was the big question. Claude Boggs sucked in smoke from the cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth. He had had to leave the stuff with Vera last trip. He had brought it in and found out that the police had picked up his connection, the heat was on.

V ERA hadn't known what was in the package, but she had always been a smart cookie. A guy couldn't leave a package with a dame and ask her to hold it for him and not expect her to take a peek inside.

That dick in the stationery store — would he ever learn to keep his yap shut? — that dick in the store hadn't let on, but there had been a certain look in his eye. Maybe they had found the package. Maybe they were playing cat and mouse. But if Vera had tumbled to what was in that package she was smart enough to make a contact somehow and sell the stuff; it was worth all of ten grand.

She was smart, he thought, but not smart enough. They'd left her dumped over the wall on Riverside Drive, a little dead pigeon who had double-crossed her own brother.

He spat out the cigarette and ground it under his heel. What if the stuff was still there and they hadn't found it? That was what kept him on the hook. There was no good reason why Uncle Claude couldn't call to ask about his little niece and nephew. He was their uncle, wasn't he? The thing was — give it a little time, a day, two days, until their business was finished and they cleared out. If the stuff was still there, he'd find it. A half kilo of heroin was worth an easy ten grand.

It was not an easy story for Lucille Brush to write, knowing the children as she did and feeling this deep and bewildering anxiety. The question Detective Luther had raised remained a menacing shadow in her thoughts — the possibility that the man who had murdered Vera had taken the children. If they knew him, they might have gone with him unquestioningly. She prayed it was not so.

It would soon be night. Children alone in public after dark would be conspicuous, she thought. The police would be on the lookout. In the eighty-one precincts of this great city, in all its five boroughs, the four-to-twelve shifts had marched out of the station houses alerted to the description of these two small runaways.

Then why was there no news? Why hadn't Sheila telephoned, if she was safe and free? Paul Starr was holding something back. Every instinct of a reporter told Lucille so. She was still troubled by the manner in which he had drawn her aside, just before the State police car had taken him away, and asked, "Will the story you write have you

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 14, 1963



name on it? If Sheila saw your name on it she'd read it. So maybe you could put a message in your story that her father wanted especially to see her because he had something he wanted to explain. . . . No, just say he wanted to tell her that everything was all right and to please call home, there's nothing to worry about."

"Explain what, Mr. Starr?" she had asked. "Do you know some reason why she ran away—something you haven't told me?"

Avoiding her eyes, he said, "I talked to her on the telephone Saturday afternoon. She wanted to bring Benjy up to see me and I'm afraid I frightened her. I told her we'd get into trouble with the judge if she came up here without permission."

"Oh," Lucille had said, though she was not at all convinced.

Now she sat staring at the last page of the story in her typewriter. She had tried to put a little of the personalities of Sheila and Benjy into it; she had tried to move the casual reader by the tragedy of these two children, as she was herself moved, but the case might be more tragic than she knew.

"Say, haven't you finished that story yet?" Bob Stout was standing at her desk, smiling. "If you haven't eaten yet, I thought we might have dinner."

"I'm watching this story, Bob."

"Let's have some coffee, at least," he said.

She glanced at the clock on the far wall and said, "I suppose I'd better hand the story in. All right, let's have a cup of coffee."

**S**HE was on her way to the city desk when she heard a sudden, urgent shout: "New lead coming on the Riverside story. They've picked up the husband."

Bob Stout called the question, "Why?"

"The State police up in Rockland County gave his car a going over and they found Mrs. Starr's fingerprints all over it," George said. "Starr admits he saw her Saturday night."

Lucille had expected it because of the oddness of Paul Starr's behaviour. She had known that he was holding something back. She had thought his manner strange, his eyes evasive. But a murderer? Her emotions would not accept it. Don't be naive, Lucille, she thought. Murders are committed by the nicest people."

"I don't think he did it," she said flatly.

"No?" Bob said. "Why not?"

"He's not that kind, that's all."

Bob grinned. "People always spoke well of Dr. Crippen, too."

"It's nothing to joke about," she said. "You're talking about a man with two little children, a man with decent instincts, I'd say; a man who would never use violence."

"He seems to have made an impression."

"I hate the newspaper business," she said suddenly. "It turns people into Madame Defarges. Their reason for living is to see the heads roll."

"Oh, come," he said. "That guy did make an impression."

It was humiliating to have tears in her eyes. "I'm going to pass up the coffee, Bob," she said. "But thank you." She walked quickly toward the elevators.

Night came swiftly to the Ramble. The trees spread dark wings overhead and there was hardly any twilight—in a moment it was dark in the cave, and through the low opening the children saw only a fading gleam on the black leaves of the rhododendron.

Benjy sat very close to Sheila, with the little dog in his lap. Fritz had a leash now, snapped securely on his collar, and Benjy had put his wrist through the loop of it.

The night came, and with it the hesitant sound of far-off thunder. It had been a bright, hot day, but a thundercloud had drifted downriver and cut short the twilight.

"Shee," Benjy said in a low voice, "tell me a story."

Continued from page 66

## A SECRET PLACE

"All right." She made her tone cheerful. "What kind of story?"

He thought a moment. "Out of the Bible, I guess."

"Daniel in the lions' den?"

He said quickly, "No, not that one."

"How about Moses in the bull-rushes," Sheila asked, because it was one of her favorites.

"No, not about babies," Benjy said.

"All right, about a bigger boy," she said. "About Samuel and how the Lord called to him in the night."

Again there was a sound of thunder, louder now, and Benjy said, "No," in a quick, scared voice.

"I know the one you want,"

Sheila said, with an understanding smile in the darkness.

"Yes?" he said eagerly. "Which one?"

"Why, Benjamin and the silver cup, of course."

Benjy sighed and snuggled close to her. "Yes, tell me that one, Shee."

The little dog whined and pressed his cold nose into Benjy's palm and the boy said reassuringly, "Now don't be scared, Fritzie."

That's only thunder. You don't have to be scared of thunder. Does he, Shee?"

"Not when he's got a nice, snug place like this, especially, Sheila said."

"Yes, it's all right here," Benjy said. "But I wish just one thing,

Shee, I wish I had my little old monk."

"But you've got Fritzie," Sheila said, and put her arm around him.

"And you've got me, Benjy."

She rolled up a sweater for his pillow, and by the time Joseph's men found the silver cup in Benjamin's sack the little boy was sound asleep. Sheila lay back and rested her head on her own rolled-up sweater, but her eyes remained open in the darkness. The fat little purse containing her two-dollar bills was in the pocket of the sweater for safe-keeping, and she felt it against her head.

She had already spent—let's see—one two-dollar bill at the zoo and another at the candy stand, and then she had broken into an-

other at the drugstore on Madison Avenue, where she had bought the leash for Fritzie, and still another at the grocery store where she had bought bread and milk and peanut butter—all she could cram into the duffel bag. That made four two-dollar bills in just one day, she thought, and it meant that there were only twenty-four left.

Everything was so expensive, and every time she spent a two-dollar bill it was like spending a year of her life. No, not a year, she amended, because she had got ten of them on her last birthday and ten into twelve was—well, each bill meant more than a month of her life and she had spent more than four months in just one day. Once you broke

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Continued from page 67

into your luck, she thought, it just dribbled away, all of it.

Off toward Columbus Avenue there was the sound of a fire siren. Closer by she heard a footfall on asphalt and then the sound of running feet, a shout in the night. Sheilah lay very still, listening. She could not sleep, could not keep her mind from working.

All through the day, since she had seen the newspaper on Mr. Hyman's stand, she had been on the run. She had met each situation as it came along, but now she had time to think. Vera was dead and daddy was in bad trouble and she was alone with Benjy and they had forty-eight dollars and they couldn't stay here in the park for ever. She just had to face up to it, as mum used to say, and figure out what to do next.

Benjy awakened with a startled, choking sound and began to sob in the darkness. Sheilah put her hand on his shoulder and whispered, "What's the matter? Did you have a nightmare?"

"Yes," he said. Again came the sound of a fire siren, and this time even the cave seemed to listen until it faded away, far off. The little dog Fritzie made a growling noise in his sleep and Benjy asked, very low, "Tomorrow do we go home, Shee?"

"You never know about tomorrow," she said.

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## A SECRET PLACE

"Won't mummy be home by then?"  
"No."  
He thought a moment. "But how do you know, Shee?"

He kept coming back to that question—where was mummy?—and Sheilah thought with a sense of resolution that Benjy had to face up, too. She couldn't hide it always.

happy and had lots of fun, so don't you worry about it, Benjy. Everything will be just fine."  
"You're just making it up," Benjy said, his voice rising shrilly. "You're just an old liar. You're an old stinker and you're telling me lies." He was crying uncontrollably, his face screwed up, the tears running down his cheeks, and he said in a phlegm-choked,

foot, and the heel caught her on the chin just below the mouth. She was sobbing, too, but the hurt and the taste of blood made her cry out angrily, "You kicked me. You kicked me in the mouth."  
It quietened him. He was still sobbing, but the first hysterical spasm had passed. Benjy hardly ever had a tantrum, the way other kids his age did and the way Sheilah had, too, when she was six. But he did call her bad names sometimes and other people, too, including mummy. When

squeezed it firmly and stretched out close beside him, with her sweater under her head.

The rumble of thunder had come through the barred windows while Paul sat in a small interrogation room and answered the questions of the two detectives, Luther and Arbelli.

Detective Luther was saying in a low, prodding tone, "When I was talking to you on the telephone didn't it occur to you that it might have been helpful to us to know that you saw Mrs. Starr on Saturday night?"

"I couldn't think of anything then but my children," Paul said. "That's all I can think of now. Where were they in all that rain and thunder? There ought to be some news."

"We'll find your kids, Mr. Starr," Frank Luther said. "But let's get back to you and Vera. You say you dropped her off near Grand Central?"

"Yes, about five o'clock." "But first you sat in that hotel lobby and had a little chat, you say. Would you call it a discussion or an argument you had?"

"A discussion and entirely friendly."

"But it was about the kids, wasn't it? You wanted something done about those kids?"

"I wanted to help my daughter make a better adjustment, yes."

"How were you going to do that—by taking the kids yourself? Had you threatened to get a lawyer and sue for custody?"

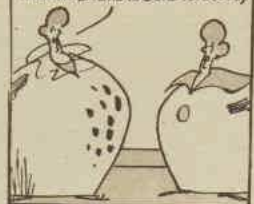
"No, there was nothing like that."

"But you were keeping tabs on her, weren't you?"

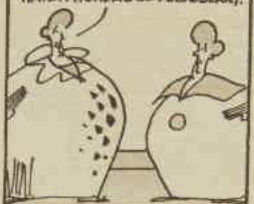
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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

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"Mummy's gone away on a long trip."

"Gone where?"

"Very far away. She'll be gone a long, long time."

"For a week?"

"For longer than a week, Benjy. Longer than you can ever count, because—"

"Don't tell me, Shee," his frightened voice cried. "Don't say it!"

She could see the faintest reflection of light on his eyes, saw his profile dark in silhouette, with the underlip stuck out, and she said firmly, "She told me to take care of you and see that you were

gaspng voice, "I hate you, Shee. I hate you."

"You asked me," Sheilah said. She put out her hand, but he jerked away from her and sprawled on the floor of the cave, with his head buried deep in his rolled-up sweater and his crying muffled by the wool.

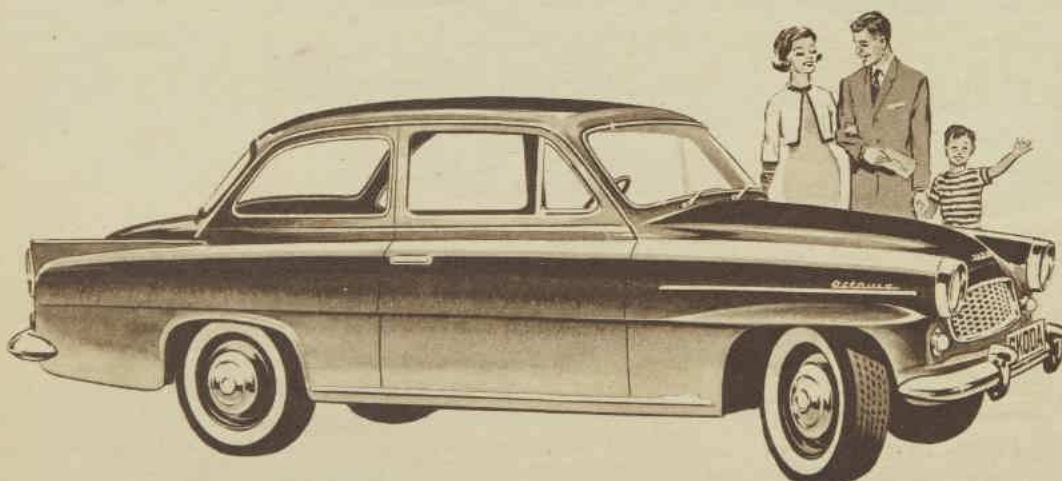
Gently she said, "We'll go live with daddy now, back home in Grandkill, and you'll go to school there next fall and be a first-grader and you'll have so many friends, old friends and new friends, and I just know daddy will get you a bike to ride."

He kicked at her with one

he was real mad he had sometimes said, "I hate you, mummy," just the way he had said, "I hate you, Shee," and Sheilah remembered that mummy had usually just laughed and said, "O.K., have your little hate."

She would let him have his little hate, too, she thought, and let him have his big cry. She sat beside him, not moving. The little dachshund was awake and nosed Benjy's ear in sympathy. Sheilah sat a long time without moving until the sobbing stopped altogether, until Benjy's hand touched her knee, groping for her hand. She took it and

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Continued from page 68

"Keeping tabs?" he said. "No. Why?"

"Well, if you could come up with something to prove she was an unfit mother you could take the kids, couldn't you?"

"She wasn't an unfit mother. I'd like to know what you are trying to prove. Mrs. Starr and I were married for eleven years. We had a friendly divorce. She was a woman of good character — impulsive, temperamental, yes, but a good and decent woman."

"That's just what puzzles us, Mr. Starr," Frank Luther said.

"Yes, what?"

"Why a good and decent woman would have a little pure heroin sprinkled on the rug in her apartment?"

"That's impossible," Paul said flatly.

"Nonetheless, it's true. Maybe there were things about your wife you didn't know."

"I don't believe it," Paul said.

"You say you dropped Vera off at Grand Central Saturday. Didn't she tell you where she was going? Didn't you ask her?"

"As a matter of fact, she volunteered that if I knew I'd be surprised," Paul said.

"What did she mean by that?"

"I don't know."

"She had a rendezvous somewhere? Was catching a train out, maybe?"

"She asked me to drop her

"I don't know."

"She asked me to drop her

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## A SECRET PLACE

in the neighborhood of Grand Central, not at Grand Central."

"What would have surprised you—who the guy was or where she was going?"

"I don't know."

"Well, how did she happen to volunteer it?"

Paul sighed. He was very tired. He had taken a great deal today and always there was the overwhelming uncertainty and fear—where were Sheila and Benji? He said wearily, "It grew out of a conversation we had. I told her I wanted to work out something for the kids and she thought I was suggesting that we take up where we left off."

"Get back together, you mean?"

"That's what she thought I meant," he said. "As a matter of fact, for the sake of the kids, I offered to give it another try. It wasn't very realistic, I admit."

**F**RANK asked softly, "Were you still carrying a torch for her, Mr. Starr?"

Paul hesitated, then said, "I still had some feeling for her, but not what you'd call a torch. Eleven years is a long time, Mr. Luther. A man just can't wipe it out."

"Well, Mr. Starr," Frank said, "as it stands now, you were the last person known to have seen Vera alive. You had a plane to catch Saturday night but you cancelled out. You didn't take a plane all next day. You didn't fly out until Monday morning. Some time between the time you met your wife Saturday and the time you boarded the plane she was killed, hidden

in the back of a car for quite a while — probably all through Sunday — and dumped into Riverside Park Sunday night. We found her fingerprints in your car and you account for it by saying you had a talk with her and gave her a lift."

"For only a few blocks," Paul said.

"Long enough to leave her fingerprints on the door handle, the door to the glove compartment, and the cigarette lighter," Frank said. "Now, Mr. Starr, we want to believe your story. You dropped her off about five, you say, and then nobody saw you until a cocktail party at some people called the Herrings about six o'clock Sunday night. Where were you all that time?"

"I was at home with a briefcase full of work," Paul said, "preparing for my appointment in Chicago Monday."

"Did you call anybody, or did anybody call you?"

"No; my friends all thought I was in Chicago."

"Were you alone in the house, Mr. Starr? Vera wasn't with you?"

Paul was startled. "Of course not."

"What was the lucky thing that happened?"

"Lucky?"

"In Vera's life?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Something that was just too, too, too lucky," Frank said. "Could it be the lady thought she was being reconciled with her husband?"

"I'm afraid I've lost the thread, Mr. Luther."

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## Fashion FROCKS

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 14, 1963



"Sheilah had a telephone call late Saturday night from her mother," Frank said. "Susan, the maid, heard her saying that something was just too, too lucky. Do you know what she meant?"

"I have no idea."

"That call wasn't made from your house, was it?"

Paul said sharply, "You can check all calls from my house."

"Believe me, we will," Arbelli said.

Detective Luther smiled. "We're not accusing you, Mr. Starr. We need your help. Your ex-wife was murdered and I should think you'd want to help us clear it up and find the man who did it."

"I do."

"I won't say you're not a prime suspect, but we're looking at all sides of the picture," Frank said. "The thing that confuses it—to your benefit, I might add—is that heroin we found sprinkled on the rug." His voice sharpened. "You know a fellow named Tony Belardo?"

"I've heard his name. He runs a restaurant, doesn't he?"

"But you don't know him?"

"No."

"O.K.," Frank Luther said. "We're going to let you go home for now. And for your information there's a State trooper out at your place in case your kids should call there."

"I left a friend there to take calls," Paul said.

"Well, the State boys wanted to kind of look your house over, anyhow," Nick Arbelli said. "We asked them to do that."

"And your car should be back in your garage by now," Frank Luther said.

**P**AUL got suddenly to his feet, feeling a quick and irrational anger. "I've come down here and answered all your questions," he said. "Now let me ask a few. What about my kids? What are you people doing? Can't the whole New York City police force find two runaway children?"

Detective Luther looked at the floor in silence for a moment, then he met Paul's eyes. "I'm going to be frank with you, Mr. Starr. When heroin comes into the picture it means you're dealing with guys who play rough. I don't know what Vera was up to, but she did have some of the stuff. She made a little trip and she turned up dead. You get the picture."

"No," Paul said. "She wasn't that kind at all."

"That's why we've been running down every guy she knew," Frank said. "Wilkes Conway, Tony Belardo—we questioned him. He had a narcotics charge once."

"But small-time," Arbelli said. "Pushing. That stuff on Vera's rug was pure, like it had just come in from France."

"France?" Paul said, with a musing frown.

"That's where they bring it from, mostly."

"Something on your mind, Mr. Starr?" Frank asked alertly.

Paul shook his head. "It was just a passing thought."

"Such as?"

"Well, you spoke of France, and I was thinking of a sailor off a ship. Vera had a brother who's been in trouble with the law, and I understand from the kids he was in town not long ago."

"What's his name?" Frank asked.

"Claude Boggs," Paul said.

Benji was talking about an uncle with a mermaid tattooed on his wrist, who was a sailor off a ship."

"Oh, that's the guy I saw today hanging around the neighborhood," Frank said. "A skinny guy with a mean-looking mouth? A sailor. That's it. He brought the stuff in. That has to be it. Mr. Starr, you've been a big help. This looks like our break."

"I hope so. But we were talking about the kids. You had something to tell me."

"Oh," Frank said, and hesitated a moment. "Well, Vera went on a little trip. She did call home Saturday night and talked to Sheilah. We don't know how much she told about where she was and who she was with, but it looks like maybe those kids were snatched."

"Snatched!" Paul cried.

Continued from page 70

"Kidnapped. I'm sorry. I hate to have to tell you this. But how else can you figure it?"

"But they ran away. Weren't they seen by Mr. Hyman and weren't they alone—just the two of them?"

"I'm hoping they just ran away," Frank said, "but it's been a long time now, Mr. Starr, and what I'm afraid of is somebody was watching the apartment."

"Their uncle? Claude Boggs?"

"Maybe," Frank said. "They knew him. But maybe someone else. Vera went on a trip, probably with the guy who set up the deal. He must have known Vera telephoned home and talked to Sheilah, and if Vera told the kid

where she was and maybe who she was with—"

His voice trailed off.

Paul had been sure that Sheilah and Benji were hiding, that it was only a question of time before they were found, but now it struck him with shocking impact that some vicious, faceless stranger had followed them and snatched them, had taken them heaven knew where.

Detective Luther's hand was on his shoulder and he heard the detective's voice saying, "Do me a favor, Mr. Starr. You can go now, but on the way out you're going to run into the newspaper boys. Don't let out anything about the heroin, huh?"

Paul nodded, and moved in a daze toward the door. As he went

down the worn stone steps into the night he was blinded by flashbulbs. He groped his way, shaking his head at questions, pushing through a barrier of reporters. Then he saw a friendly face; he saw troubled grey eyes and heard a quick voice say, "I have a cab here, Mr. Starr."

He reached for her hand and caught it, held it as if he would never let it go. Lucille Brush led him to the waiting taxicab.

Lucille had waited with the other reporters outside the police station. This was not her assignment, but she had come because she could not stay away. In the glare of the flashbulbs Paul Starr looked startled and shaken, but there was a quality of bewilderment and

integrity in his face that gave him the appeal of a lost and despairing man in a world of strangers. His voice was low and grateful as he said, "Miss Brush, you're a life-saver."

"I thought you might drop me off at my place and keep the cab," she said. "I knew you'd want to get away fast."

He gave the address to the driver, then settled back beside her, still holding her hand. "I came out of there like a man in a fog. Thank you, Miss Brush. I needed a friendly face."

"Is there any news of the children?"

He hesitated an instant, then said, "I can't tell you the reason, but the police have the idea the children may have been kidnapped."

To page 73



## White coffee needs the right coffee

Gorgeous smell of roasting coffee beans! That's the fresh coffee taste that comes through with milk or cream when you use Golden Roast. It's blended right, roasted right for white coffee: rich, best-of-the-coffee-beans Golden Roast.



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*A cup of Horlicks at night is so good . . . and so good for you!*

## Why little girls (and big girls too) need Horlicks for the right kind of beauty sleep

(Restless sleep displays its ravages! Read why health and beauty demand a full quota of sound, restful sleep . . . and how to get it)

"Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!" wrote the poet, and all women who look in a mirror in the morning know how vital is the need for sleep. But not all sleep is restful and restoring. Restless sleep results in taut nerves, irritation and listlessness — which shows. It affects family and friends and stretches patience to a slender thread.

*No woman, especially a Mother, can afford to ignore the tell-tale signs of restless sleep . . . the effects of "Night Starvation".*

### What is "Night Starvation?"

When you fall asleep, you are like a city preparing for night. Most of your bodily activity slows down and stops. But, like a city at night, certain of your bodily activities continue. They are the ones concerned with your life and well being . . . such as your breathing and blood circulation.

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This is "Night Starvation". It isn't strong enough to wake you. But it makes you restless. You twist and turn. The movement of your muscles makes it impossible for the vital organs of your body to re-build themselves properly. To enjoy really refreshing sleep you must guard against "Night Starvation".

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Horlicks is at work before you fall asleep. Swiftly and easily, it provides the calories you need to fight "Night Starvation". All night long, Horlicks helps you recuperate from the demands of the day and build up your reserves for tomorrow.

A cup of Horlicks taken each evening before retiring brings back the childhood habit of sound, refreshing sleep. You sleep soundly all night. You awake refreshed in the morning, willing to meet daily challenges.

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Dear Sir:

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INDUCES NATURAL, RESTFUL SLEEP

H241



"I know," she said. "Detective Luther told me on the telephone. He asked me not to tell you, not to worry you."

"I can't believe they've been kidnapped," he said. "It was broad daylight, a crowded street. No, they ran away to hide. But what frightens me is that somebody might be hunting them. Heaven knows who. By now he must know that Sheila didn't give the police any information. Maybe she doesn't even know anything, but he'll have to find out. He'll have to be sure."

He brought out his pipe, unlit, and put the stem between his teeth. His face was set and rigid in the semi-darkness of the cab. "Those homicide men had the idea Vera was with me before she died. I guess you know the story by now. I did see her Saturday afternoon and I didn't have the good sense to admit it straight off."

"You saw her where?" she asked. "And why?"

"I arranged a meeting to see if we could work out something to make the kids happier," he said. "Those detectives had the idea I offered a reconciliation and took her up to Grandkill and killed her."

She asked, "Did you?"

It was the first time she had heard him laugh. The sound had the quality of release and his voice was amused as he asked, "Young lady, do you put that question to all the murderers you meet?"

She flushed and said, "I meant did you offer a reconciliation?"

"Yes, I did, but it was just an impulsive, unrealistic offer — on the spur of the moment. Naturally, she laughed in my face."

She hesitated an instant before she asked, "You did make the offer, though?"

"Out of desperation, not emotion," he said. "The emotion was gone a long time ago, and the plain fact is that Vera didn't want to make a marriage in the first place. She didn't know how. Sheila and Benji kept us going for a while."

Continued from page 71

"You love them, don't you?"

"So did Vera," he said. "Don't mistake that."

"Mr. Starr—" she began.

"Call me Paul," he said.

"Please. I feel I know you pretty well, hearing about you from the kids. You've been wonderful to them. And, believe me, I need you for a friend, too. I need help."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"I'll try to help, of course. But tell me—you said you didn't think the children had been kidnapped. Then where are they? What happened?"

"They ran away," he said. "There was a reason, you see. I'm going to tell you all of it. I'll have to trust you, Lucille."

"You can forget I'm a newspaper reporter," she said quietly.

"You know the scarf—the laughing fox? I gave it to Sheila for her tenth birthday."

"Yes, you told me." "Last Sunday I had a day with the kids and I drove them out to Grandkill," he said. "Sheila took off her

scarf and left it in her old room there and she thinks it was still there. That's why she ran away. She knew she had left it in my house and then she read in the newspaper that it had been used to strangle Vera. So she ran away to protect me."

"I understand that," Lucille said. "But the scarf? I mean how—"

"I gave it to Vera on Sat-

as long as she does those kids are in danger. Somebody may be looking for them."

"Then we've got to do something."

"Yes, but what?" he said. "I've been cudgelling my brains, but it's a dead end. If the police can't find her, what can one man do, except wait for her to call? And she will call. The first step was to run away. That showed her love. The next step will be to call, and that will show her belief. I know she'll call."

"Is there someone at your house to take calls?"

"The State police have a man there. Cora Landis is there."

"You can check with Mrs. Landis from my apartment. But suppose Sheila doesn't call? The news is on the street now that the police picked you up. If she's protecting you, won't she? No, we have to do something. We have to find her."

"I like to hear that 'we,'" he said.

She said, "Don't you know I love those kids, too?"

She had committed herself, completely trustful, and something in her voice made him turn his head and look at her. He smiled and said gently, "I can't tell you how much that means to me. You're a pretty wonderful girl, Lucille."

Strangely disconcerted, she said hastily, "Being a newspaperwoman, I've learned a lot about this city. A child sees things we would never notice, and if I know Sheila she'd figure it out very carefully. She'd go where no one would take notice. I think the first place to look would be among other children, in some playground or park."

"At night?"

"She must have found a hiding place when night came." The cab turned the corner by Mr. Hyman's stationery store. "But not around this neighborhood. Somebody would recognise them. My idea is to get a map of the city and check every park and playground." The cab stopped at No. 62 and she said, "Come up to my apartment. You call Cora Landis and then we can make plans."

This was the building where Vera had lived, he thought. He had never been farther inside than the lobby, where he

had met the children for their excursions. As they went up to the ninth floor in the elevator he said, "We used to live near Central Park, but that was a long time ago. Of course, Sheila has been there often since, to the zoo and the Mall and the carousel, but I don't think they'd be hiding out among the trees in all that thunder and lightning."

She unlocked the door of 9-E, flicked on a light, and motioned to the telephone. He put through a call to his house in Grandkill and when a man's voice answered he asked, "Is Mrs. Landis still there?"

"I'll put her on."

Cora Landis' quick voice said, "Yes?"

"It's Paul. They released me," he said. "Any news of the children?"

"Not a thing," she said anxiously, "and I've been waiting for hours."

"I appreciate it," he said

gently. "You might as well go on home, old girl."

"Arthur's been in touch," she said. "He's just as worried as anybody. You know how fond he is of those kids, as he was of Vera, too. Where are you now, Paul?"

"I'm at Miss Brush's apartment," he said.

"Oh, that reporter?"

"That very lovely girl," he said.

Cora laughed softly, said, "I'd better get home to Arthur," and hung up.

As Paul turned from the telephone Lucille pointed to a small red object. "That little truck belongs to Benji. He was playing down here yesterday."

Paul looked at the toy truck. Then, quickly, he turned his head away.

Lucille sensed his despair, his fear for Sheila and Benji. "The children have to eat," she said hurriedly.

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"I know just the kind of man I'm going to marry... he's going to be tall and handsome with a good job, and just love hop-scotch."



"Slop plenty of water on the floor... So Mum thinks twice about making us wash-up again."





Continued from page 73

"They have to buy food."  
"Sheilah's got money."  
"You told me," she said. "Two-dollar bills."  
"Yes, her birthday money."  
"She'll have to spend them, don't you see?"  
He nodded. "Yes, it's an idea."  
"We can go around asking if a little girl spent a two-dollar bill," she said eagerly. "If we found just one two-dollar bill we'd know we were on the trail."  
"Yes," he said, "but this is a huge city."  
"You said Sheilah knew Central Park, for instance."  
"That's huge, too," he said.  
"But we wouldn't have to comb the whole park. We can find out

## A SECRET PLACE

where every concession is, and then start checking."

"But where could they hide in a park?" he asked. "And in a thunderstorm?"

"I don't know," she said. "But I'll bet Sheilah has found a place." She was excited, and her eyes shone. He met her gaze and there was a sense of closeness, of sharing. She felt as if she had known this man a long time and now, she knew, she trusted him.

She said, "I'm going to call a man I know in the park department. He can get the home numbers of the people who have park concessions and we can call them, one by one, if it takes all night. Somebody, somewhere, must have cashed a

two-dollar bill for Sheilah — and we'll find that somebody."

Paul should have found another girl before this. Cora thought as she drove away from his house. Lucille Brush looked as if she had a head on her shoulders, and she had eyes that sized you up in a probing sort of way.

She swung the wheel hard on a turn, barely making it. Her reflexes weren't what they used to be, and it wasn't that she had drunk much tonight. But she knew it wasn't alcohol that gave her this feeling; she was convinced of that. She knew what it was.

She nearly missed the turn into her own driveway, a steep and wind-

ing descent to the stone house which stood on a landscaped plateau high above the river.

Arthur would be worried, she thought as she nosed her car into the garage between his car and the sports car he so rarely took out of the garage — except this last weekend. There was a slight, expectant smile on her lips as she pushed the door open. Arthur was moving about upstairs; she heard the noise of something falling. She went quickly up and met him as he came down the steps from the attic. His face looked pink and flustered.

"Looking for something, darling," she asked.

He stood for a moment eyeing her, and she met his eyes steadily, still faintly smiling. Then he moved past her down the stairs, and she followed him to the living-room. There was a decanter on a tray, and as she moved toward it he said in a weary tone, "Haven't you had enough of that, Cora?"

She poured a glass full, lifted it to her lips and sipped it.

He stood scowling at her. Even in impatience Arthur was a handsome man, she thought. It was no wonder other women were forever chasing him. "I wonder what you're up to, Cora," he said.

"Don't begin that, darling," she said.

"Begin what?"

"That 'What will Cora do next?' routine. Cora knows what she's doing, no matter what somebody might happen to slip into her drinks."



"Oh, can't you get rid of those depressive fears?" he said. "Why would anybody put anything in your drinks?"

"I noticed that prescription in your medicine chest," she said. "I watched the bottle empty, day by day, and I called up the druggist to find out what it was."

"It was something my dentist prescribed when I had that root-canal job done, and had so much pain," he said.

"Every day there were fewer capsules — then there were none," she said almost dreamily.

His eyes narrowed a little. "Honey, you've been taking them yourself."

"Like the telephone," she went on. "It rings and I answer and there's nobody there. Then it rings again and it's the same story."

"Honey, I was here in the house," he said. "I never heard it."

"There's a code, I found out," she said. "The telephone repair men use it. You can dial some numbers, and it will make your own phone ring."

"Cora, if you let that alcohol alone —" he began.

"And you've been having long conferences with Dr. Bogardus," she broke in. "Hallucinations, I've been having. I lock myself in my room and talk to myself. You told him that."

"I've been worried," he said gently. "Whatever I do is for your own good. But there's no use talking about it now, in this mood."

"What were you looking for just now, dear?" she asked. "I wonder — could it possibly be a blue overnight bag with the initials V.S. on it?"

To be continued

(c) Edwin Lanham 1962. The serial "A Secret Place" is taken from the book "No Hiding Place," published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. 1965.



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# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

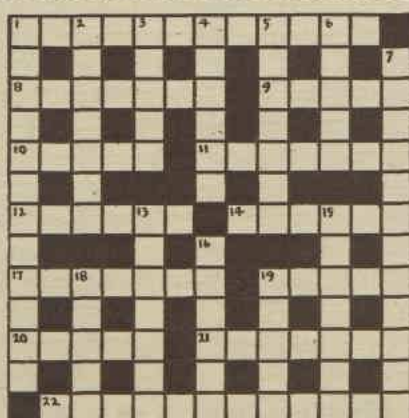
JOAN continues to tell Mandrake the story of her "ghost lover" — how he mysteriously visits her at the beach but won't tell her where he comes from or who he is. NOW READ ON . . .



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- It may sound so, but they are definitely not railway porters (12).
- This hawk's inside rest is broken (7).
- It is an Arctic quadruped, yet you can find it in Basel (5).
- The ninth day before the Ides (5).
- Pig's foot or a racing horse that moves at a special pace (7).
- Alarm bell placed in cots (6).
- Gives a flavor with the silk turning in it (6).
- Kitchen utensil which can lead to a rest (7).
- Gum resin of the Manila pitch-tree (5).
- Weapon consisting mostly of a fruit (5).
- Tapped sailor with a freshwater fish (7).
- Sewing women (12).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Reprimanding when carrying to work (6, 2, 4).
- Poison connected with old ornamental network (7).
- Standards starting with negation (5).
- Striking effects of tea surrounded by torn laces (6).
- Steer or cure (7).
- Karel Capek's man machine (5).
- The girl's cash (Lighting anagram, 12).
- Bury 'im in the meantime (7).
- They cover some high mountain tops (3-4).
- Part of the human body (6).
- Famous murder victim placed on the top of a white poplar (5).
- Weird (5).

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 14, 1963

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



### **COL JOYE and JUDY STONE**

• With their names familiar to every teenager in Australia, Col and Judy are right on top of the show-business tree. They have both had hit discs and a hit album together. They have both won TV and recording awards for their singing and personalities—the latest being the Sound Awards presented by a Melbourne radio station as best recording artists of the year. Despite all this togetherness, there is definitely no romance. Judy says, "Col is like a big brother to me."



# LETTERS

## Boys want girls to be natural

HEY, girls! Here's an honest fellow's opinion of your pretty little faces — go wash them! Don't you all know by now that a clean face is much more appealing than one (no matter how attractive) six feet deep in make-up?

And, please, take off those boots. They make you look ungraceful and they certainly don't do anything for your legs.

And, please, let down your hair. You'll never know how beautiful long, silky, unlacquered hair can be to a boy — especially if it's worn in a soft natural style.

If you want to be feminine and alluring, take my advice. Every girl has some sort of natural beauty, so let it be seen. — *Peter Wilcoxson, Woolahra, N.S.W.*

WHY do so many girls go round with everything on their faces but the kitchen sink? If they only realised how ridiculous they looked, I'm sure they wouldn't do it.

Let's have more girls who can go skating or surfing without worrying about their bouffant hairdos and their mascaraed eyes. They're the ones the boys like best. — *Stephen Smith, Lane Cove, N.S.W.*

## First ball

I THOUGHT that a ball was a fairy-tale occasion that I would remember for years. But my first ball was a sad disillusionment!

Months before the night, I organised the outfit I intended to wear. I spent about £20 on a dress and accessories, not to mention the cost of a new hairdo, stockings, make-up, and all those "little" essentials. My escort also spent a large amount on tickets and a tuxedo.

But it wasn't worth the trouble. Everyone felt so self-conscious in their full regalia that no one relaxed enough to enjoy themselves.

We all worked together, so no one had anything really new and interesting to say, and it reached the stage where all we talked about was our jobs.

Perhaps I've been reading too many Regency novels, but I certainly expected something a little more glamorous and exciting.

Many other functions that we gay, young teenagers are supposed to attend are just the same. They turn out to be pretentious and boring affairs, with no possible attraction for us.

Are we to be continually disillusioned, or should we ignore these formal functions and find our own entertainment? — *L. Hackendorf, Lindfield, N.S.W.*

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Discouraged

AS a fourth-year student, preparing to sit for the Leaving next year, I am often discouraged by the way teachers continually tell the class that we cannot possibly pass the Leaving the way we are working now.

Perhaps this is meant to encourage us to work harder, but I find it discouraging in the extreme. Do other teenagers find this attitude in teachers in other schools? — *"Four-Year Student," Queenscliff, N.S.W.*

## Serious outlook

I AM a 17-year-old American on a working trip around the world. So far I have visited the Continent, Britain, Ireland, New Zealand, and now I am in Australia.

I have read *Teenagers' Weekly* several times and have paid special attention to the letters of readers.

On my travels I have not yet found any teenagers with such a serious outlook on life as these Australians.

I thought we Americans were serious, but then in Ireland I

found some great young people. Now in Australia I have found the place where I would like to bring up my children. — *"Lucky Yank," Loxton, S.A.*

## Not sporting

HOW ashamed I was to read of the latest stunt by university students in Sydney. The anti-apartheid demonstration towards the South African Rugby players was unkind and certainly not diplomatic.

Instead of being hospitably received in Australia, they were subjected to ridicule and humiliation.

They are sportsmen, not politicians, and we must remember that many white South Africans are strongly opposed to apartheid.

They came here by invitation, and come to think of it, who are we to criticise South Africa, with our shabby treatment of aborigines? — *"Anti-Apartheid, Too," Manuka, A.C.T.*

## Views ignored

WE young people have very little chance to develop our minds or self-confidence.

In school, it seems that any student who gives an opinion or discusses a subject in any way contrary to the teacher's views is frowned upon, and quite often rebuked for "interrupting."

At home, or in any gathering of adults, our ideas are ignored completely.

Surely not all teenagers are irresponsible idiots who can't be listened to or treated as adults? — *"Furious," Naremburn, N.S.W.*

## BEATNIK



"I must say, man, it's not often I have the pleasure of your company for dinner."

## Noisy teens

RECENTLY a coffee-shop proprietor was fined because his shop was too noisy. Surely this is going a bit far. Where else can youngsters with loads of energy congregate and let off the steam that might otherwise be turned towards vandalism?

Wherever teenagers go they will want to make a noise, and surely it is better to have somewhere special — for instance, a coffee shop — than hanging round the streets and parks making a nuisance of themselves.

Instead of stopping the noise, the authorities should encourage more people to make places available for teenagers to enjoy themselves. — *T. Thomier, Hawthorn, Vic.*

## Sleep wanted

I AM a 15-year-old student and lately I've been finding it very difficult to get to sleep at night. As a result I am yawning and tired all day. If some reader has a proven method of inducing sleep I would like to hear it. — *Ian Gillespie, Wollongong, N.S.W.*

## Next week

• Unusual co-operation between a technical college and a department store has resulted in special classes in department and modelling for schoolgirls aged from 14 to 16. The course ends with a fashion parade—and next week we show the girls modelling new-season outfits.

## When is the best time to marry?

EARLY marriage is all very nice, but it is not the only alternative to being "on the shelf," so do the things you want to do and let marriage come at the right time for you.

These same ideas about being "left" were flung at me when I joined the Army at 18. When I emerged single four years later it was hinted that really I'd better settle down with someone suitable or abandon all hope.

I wanted to go to Europe, so I went on a working holiday, and after three very educational years, which gave me a deep understanding of people and life in other countries, I came home.

Almost immediately I met my husband-to-be and we were married a few months later.

When you are more mature you are much better equipped to choose the right man, much better able to cope with the minor disasters of family life, and you're not hankering after

• "Margie" (T.W., 17/7/63) intends to have a good time before getting married (not before 24), but her friend says she is going to marry at 19, have children, then have a good time, warning "Margie" that she'll be an old maid at 21.

what might have been. Also you develop any interests you may have.

After nine years of marriage, plus four children, I have resumed my art classes.

Complete freedom to grow up is worth more than a half freedom 15 years later. — *L. M. Dennis, Brighton, S.A.*

I AGREE entirely with "Margie." It is much better to go out and have fun while you are young before becoming tied down with the responsibilities of family life.

Leave marriage until you're in your twenties—you will be much more mature and ready to cope with life. — *"Old Maid, Too," Engadine, N.S.W.*

AS an old maid of 28 I can safely say that "Margie" is right. How often have married girl-friends told me they wished they had waited longer to get married.

Not that they are actively unhappy, but they have realised too late that they are only young once—they have a feeling that they have missed out on something.

My advice to your friend is that she take time to make herself into an interesting companion and open her mind to the thousand and one delights of being young. — *Shelagh Hyland, Guildford, N.S.W.*

IS your friend going to marry the boy she is going out

with when she is 19, because this is the time limit she has imposed upon herself? If so, she is going to be sadly disillusioned.

The desire for marriage comes slowly and with it one's ability to cope with it. You can't set a time limit on growing up. — *"Still Searching," Marrickville, N.S.W.*

IS "Margie's" friend out of her mind? As a mother of two small children I can tell her right now that she will hardly be able to get out of the house to do the shopping, let alone have time to rush about having what she calls "a good time."

The fact that she doesn't realise what having a family means gives me the impression that she is not even ready for marriage.

Children are not "things" to be born, then cast aside because they don't fit into Mum's social schedule. — *P. McManus, Brisbane.*



# Boys go scooting across the world

By CAROL HENTY

● Australia is only a motor-scooter ride away from England, decided Peter Davison, 23, and Graham Ardern, 22, of Cheshire. And, in an adventure-strewn 10,000-mile journey, they proved it.

**B**OTH on one scooter, the boys travelled through Europe, the Middle East, India and Ceylon, and made the final hop to Sydney by sea.

The overland safari took four and a half months — "We weren't trying to break a record"—and cost them £55stg. each, plus the cost of the scooter.

"We arrived in Sydney with £2/6," said Peter. "And a packet of soup," added Graham.

Schoolfriends since the age of 11, both boys always had a yen to travel. And last year, when Graham was half way through his studies for an architectural degree, and Peter thoroughly entrenched in commercial training in the textile business, they realised it was time for them to fulfil their ambition.

Otherwise they would become too involved in their careers to break away.

"Even though the English winter was approaching, and we had hardly any money, we decided we couldn't risk waiting for the summer and more money, in case we changed our minds," said Peter.

It took them three months to prepare for the trip. There were visas to get, road routes to study and learn almost by heart, and the latest in camping equipment to investigate and obtain.

"Actually, the camping supplies were very good to us," said Graham, "and gave us a cut price on most of our gear. Probably because they felt sorry for us to be going all that way on a motor-scooter."

By the beginning of October, when winter was just setting in, the boys were ready, set, and off hitch-hiking through Europe to Milan, in Italy, to buy the motor-scooter.

## Learning to ride

The scooter, complete with accessories (spare tyre, etc.) cost them £110 — exactly half the money they had set out from England with. They christened it "Sheila," after a girl in England for whom both boys had a great deal of affection.

Before they could set off on their scooter they had to learn to ride it well. This was no mean feat, as, loaded with the two boys and all their equipment, the scooter was extremely heavy to steer and the balance was difficult, because they had to ride so slowly owing to the weight.

"To begin with, we fell off quite a lot and were wobbling all over the road," said Peter. "But we weren't too conspicuous in Italy, as everyone there is used to scooter-riders."

Among their 200lb. of luggage the boys took a light French tent, two sleeping-bags, a petrol stove and billies to cook with, a first-aid kit, tough-wearing jeans, pyjamas, thick jumpers, and a "smart" set of clothes.

In addition, they took as many spare parts for the scooter as they could load on, battery-run electric razors, and dozens of packets of dehydrated English soup and coffee.

## Terrible roads

Their first taste of adventure came in Yugoslavia.

"We were ordered to stop by some police," Peter said. "They brandished guns, but we didn't dare stop because our visas had expired the day before."

"So we just drove on, and luckily they did not follow us."

Turkey provided more danger and thrills in the form of:

● Terrible roads—"At one stage we had to plough through 100 miles of mud, falling off constantly."

● Hostile natives—"Through some villages, dogs with spiked collars were set on us."

● Extreme cold—"Our water would freeze, so we used to sleep next to the water tank so that it would be thawed in the morning. We used to sleep in our pyjamas, jeans, and pull-overs and have the petrol stove going half the night."

Before long both boys had become expert cooks. Their staple diet was a steaming dish of packet soup mixed with local pasta.

"There were times when we thought we were mad to attempt the trip," said Graham. "But usually by next day something good or interesting would turn up."

"One of the worst parts was going through the great salt desert between Teheran, in Iran, and Pakistan. We seemed to skirt it for days on end. Also, we had to drink salty water there."

Good things they remember are the hot bath they had in Teheran and the wonderful hospitality of the people in Pakistan and India.

"We were befriended by an Indian High Court judge," said Peter. "A very interesting chap, he had been responsible for the hanging of 350 criminals."

"He handed us on to his legal colleagues everywhere we went through India."

In India they had had luck with the motor-scooter. "Her engine cracked in half," Graham said, "but luckily we managed to hitch a ride—with the scooter and all on top of an Indian lorry — for 750 miles."

"It was murder,"

Graham and Peter had planned to get jobs in India to help their dwindling finances, but discovered on arrival there that the prospect was hopeless, owing to unemployment and the low wages.

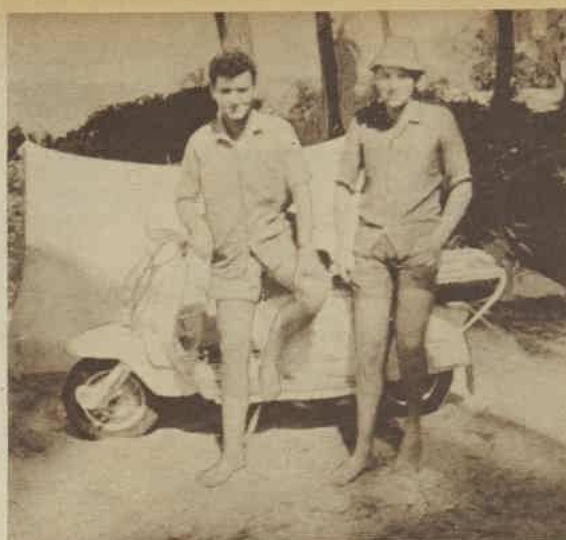
"We're rather ashamed to admit that our parents came to the rescue when we were in Colombo and sent us the money for our fares to Australia," said Peter.

However, once they had arrived in Sydney they were back on their financial feet again. Two hours after they landed, Peter had got a job as a waiter in a city hotel and had rented a cheap flat at Coogee.

"Now that it's all over," said Graham, "we can honestly say that the trip was worth it. We had uncomfortable times, but we didn't ever have a monotonous day."

"And we're fitter now than we were when we left England," added Peter.

"Any two chaps could do the same trip, but we wouldn't advise girls to do it."



CAMPING on a beach in Ceylon, Graham Ardern (left) and Peter Davison with their motor scooter, "Sheila." Below, the boys pose in front of India's famous Taj Mahal.



## Australian book quiz

● You may know your Bronte, Zola, and Hemingway, but how much do you know about Australian writers, past and present?

**H**ERE are 12 questions to test your knowledge of Australian literature.

1 Marcus Clarke, in his most notable contribution to Australian literature, tells of the harshness of the early convict system in a book which appeared in serial form in the "Australian Journal" from 1870 to 1872. What is the name of the book?

2 What is the title of the trilogy which is made up of: "Australia Felix," "The Way Home," and "Ultima Thule," and who wrote it?

3 Who created the famous character Dick Marsden, the teller of the story in "Robbery Under Arms"?

4 "While the Billy Boils" — a selection of short stories containing "His Father's Mate" and "The Drover's Wife" — was written by a really great Australian author. Name him.

5 Which Australian-born writer tells of her life with her husband ("The Mahuka") on the Elsey Station south-east of Katherine, in the Northern Territory, and what was the title of her book?

6 Ethel Turner was a famous writer of children's fiction. Did she write "A Little Bush Maid" or "The Little Lark"? Or both?

7 One of his novels was filmed a few years ago in Australia. He also wrote "You Can't See Round Corners" and "The Go-Getter." Name the author and the film.

8 Although he is noted more for his verse — like "Salt-bush Bill" — he wrote some novels. Can you name him and one of his works?

9 One of these novelists is well known for a series of outback stories for children. Is it Dymphna Cusack, Eleanor Dark, or Mary Grant Bruce?

10 Who wrote "The Wild Colonial Boys," "Roaming Round the Darling," and "The Isles of Spice"?

11 Detective - Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte is a half-caste aboriginal with a university degree. Who created this character and where was the author born?

12 Who is the Australian novelist whose portrait, painted by Louis Kahan, won an Archibald Prize?

Check with the answers on page 7, and score 5 points for each correct answer.

45-60: You should be pleased with your broad knowledge.

35-45: You're coming on. With a little more effort you'll get to know Australian writing really well.

15-35: This is only fair. Begin hunting up some of the books mentioned.

0-15: How about a quick trip to the nearest library for an enrolment form?



# Sulky colors come in



"TICKLED PINK" is the color of the "jumper that grew" worn by Maureen Harwood (above). Her partner in a slow, moody Twist is Jeff Hughes, whose skivvie is of "grey-mood" wool. Maureen, a part-time model, is a fully qualified hairdresser.



"SALTBUSH" is the "sulky" color displayed (above) by Jenny Ham, a professional model, as she Twists on the "Sail Away" set with young American Larry Deutsch, whose skivvie is "redcoat," one of last year's range of "Wild Colonial" colors.

"NUTTY BROWN" is one of the two browns among the new colors. It is worn (at left) by model Wendy Harden, who is whooping it up with Stan Jervis, wearing "brownd off."



# with a Twist

● Fourteen girls and boys — all experts at dancing the Twist — modelled the fashions at the Australian Wool Board's recent show in Melbourne to promote its new range of "sulky" colors.

COMPERE was Olympic swimmer turned actor Murray Rose, and the show was staged on the set of Noel Coward's "Sail Away" to the beat of music recorded by The Strangers.

The girls wore snug-fitting "jumpers that grew" and the boys skivvies to display the new "sulky" colors of "wild oats," "slightly white," "blaze blue," "sulky green," "hazy," "green with envy," "tickled pink," "grey mood," "saltbush," "nutty brown," "browned off."

To add brightness, the new pale colors were supplemented by last year's "Wild Colonial" colors such as "redcoat" and "Ned Kelly green."

Most of the girls were professional models, with the exception of 19-year-old

Nicki Ham, Jan Colson, a former Sydney girl who now lives in Melbourne, Marcia Hanby, a 19-year-old secretary, and Lorraine Childs, 18, a stenographer.

Two of the boys, Peter Lappas and Larry Deutsch, are Americans who are taking odd jobs while travelling around Australia.

Larry, 20, has been here for four months and at the moment is working as a secretary in a Melbourne theatrical agency. He was born in Munich of German parents but has lived most of his life in St. Louis.

Peter, 25, who comes from Santa Cruz, on the coast of California, has been in Australia for 18 months.

The boys share a flat in South Yarra and are working up a comedy act which they hope to air in nightclubs and eventually on television.



"GREEN WITH ENVY" is the color of Peter Lappas' skivvie (above), while raven-haired Ilena Misso models a "jumper that grew" of "redcoat."



MURRAY ROSE is not a new color—but he wears one while compering the Wool Board's color parade. In a "misty" cardigan, he describes two of last year's colors, "pioneer green," worn by Ronah Newton-John, and "Ned Kelly green," by Barry McKinley-Ansett.

Pictures by  
staff photographer  
JIM ELLARD

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 5



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### She's interested

"I AM now 130 miles away from the girl I love. When I was home last, I became friendly with the sister of one of my mates. She is 21 and I am only 18. When her brother and I played football, I asked her if she would come and watch. To my surprise she did come. On several occasions I asked her to come out with me, and after several refusals she accepted. We sat and talked, and she said she liked talking to me. I wrote to her and received a reply, and last weekend she stopped off to see me on her way to another town. I gave her my friendship ring. Do you think I am foolish in liking this girl, and do you think she has any feelings for me?"

"Music Box," N.S.W.

You're not foolish, and she's certainly interested.

### Face the facts

"I AM 19 years old. Last year about this time I was going with a wonderful boy, but one night, as I felt ill, I asked my sister (who is 20) if she would mind taking my place. After that he just dropped me, and continued to take my sister out. She told me she was sorry for what had happened, but it couldn't be helped. Now they are married and very happy, but when they come to our home for tea, it upsets me and I nearly burst into tears. Mum suggests I go on a holiday to get away for a while. What do you think?"

R.T., N.S.W.

I agree with mum. A holiday would help, provided it's the right sort — one on which you meet lots of people and join in with their fun.

But you've also got to face, and accept, the fact that your former boyfriend is now your brother-in-law. It might help if you realise that the attraction must have been there BEFORE your sister took your place on a date, and they would probably have fallen in love in any case.

As well as planning your holiday, think about other things which will give you fresh interests. Join a new club, save up for a car — or even change your job.

### Meeting boys

"WE are two girls doing our Leaving this year, and find it very difficult to mix with people. Neither of us has a boy-friend, but we would like to. The only trouble is we don't meet any boys. We have tried joining youth clubs, going to dances, and playing sport, but we never get introduced to anyone. Even though we get on well with girls, we are worried that we will be left on the shelf. What can we do that we haven't already done?"

B. and J., Vic.

Try forgetting about meeting boys until you've finished your Leaving Certificate. You'll probably meet plenty next year when you start work or training for a career—if you settle down and study so that you don't need to go back to school.

### Saying "sorry"

"I AM a 13-year-old girl who is always arguing with her mother. She seems forever picking at me for every little thing that I might do wrong. However, my main problem is that I cannot say I am sorry, and as this is often the cause of another argument I wondered if you may be able to offer some advice. Also, do you think it is right for a girl of my age to attend mixed parties? I am allowed to, but all my mother's friends are shocked that a girl not yet 14 is attending mixed parties."

"Mixed Up," S.A.

There aren't many girls of your age who DON'T argue with mother sometimes. They're in the first stages of growing up and feeling the need to express their own individuality and make decisions for themselves.

It's important for you to realise, however, that because you haven't had time to develop the necessary wisdom and judgment many of the times when you disagree with mother you've made the wrong decision.

When you know you're in the wrong it's worthwhile making the effort to admit it. For people of some temperaments this is always hard. If you can't get the words out sometimes, try to show you're sorry in other ways. Do something extra for your mother, or even give her a tiny gift—a block of chocolate or some flowers.

She obviously isn't too tough on you, as she lets you go to parties. I see no reason why you shouldn't go, as your mother obviously trusts you to behave well.

### Odd-girl-out?

"I AM 16 years old and have none of the usual interests which girls of my age have. Instead, I like to fool around with car engines and bikes, etc. I also like carpentry work. I have no interest in boys, dances, or parties. My parents will insist that I go out, and they push me into going to dances and parties. That is my problem. I do not have any friends, as they regard me as odd. What can I do?"

"Mechanical-minded," W.A.

You're not in the least odd—lots of girls nowadays are interested in things which used to be considered strictly masculine fields. They aren't any more.

Nor is it unusual for a girl of 16 not to be interested in boys, parties, and dances. You just may not be a "party-girl"—and interest in boys sometimes develops a lot later than 16.

Have you told your parents that you aren't happy about going to parties and dances? I'm sure they only insist on your going because they feel you're bound to enjoy them when you get there.

How about asking them can you join a car club (they're generally open to girls as well as boys)—or go to technical college carpentry classes?

If you mix with people who share your interests, you're bound to make friends.

### Silent father

"I AM 15 and have just started dating a 17-year-old boy. My father gave me permission to go out with him. But since the first date my father hardly talks to me and seems to be drifting further away from me. We have always been close to each other. Do you think that it could be that he doesn't like sharing my affection with a boy-friend? What should I do?"

J.B., Tas.

Most fathers find it difficult to accept the fact that their daughters grow up, and often secretly regard them as little girls, even when they are much older than you are.

They have a tender, protective love for them, which differs from the feeling they have for their sons, and the tinge of jealousy they sometimes feel when a boy-friend comes into the pic-

## A word from Debbie



FOLLOW Cleopatra — the enchantress of the Nile — and concoct a slave bangle.

All you need is a spare half hour, a Pandora box full of baubles and beads, and some millinery wire.

Match and mix your baubles and beads in any size or color and thread them on to the wire.

Shape it round your arm for the correct size and length — seven spirals are the vogue. Finish the ends by twisting the wire over and over into circles.

Wear it on your upper arm — then rush out on an enslaving mission.

Some smart girls are trying car-to-arm jewellery.

Chic charm bracelets can be made from single odd earrings — the ones that lie in your bottom drawer because the partner has vanished — or pairs that are "old-hat."

Most jewellers will attach the earrings to bracelet chains for a small cost.

How about using up the spares for little "un-birthday" gifts for special friends?

ture stems from a feeling that their protection may not be wanted—at least for much longer.

It's up to you to make an effort to show your father that you DO need him as much as ever. You can do this in lots of little ways. Fuss over him a bit, talk to him about your hobbies and your dates. And, above all, ask his opinion and advice as often as you can.

### Bridesmaid's role

"I WOULD like to know the full duties of a main bridesmaid. The wedding will be in April, 1964, on a Saturday at about 4 p.m. I would also like to know exactly what expense I have to pay."

L.V.S., Qld.

The chief bridesmaid is the "maid of honor," which is akin to lady-in-waiting to the bride on her wedding day, and, to a certain extent, during her preparation beforehand.

She assists the bride to dress and, as far as possible, oversees her attire. She also generally helps with other details like packing and arranging (possibly with the best man) to have the bride's luggage delivered to the reception or departure point.

At the church the chief bridesmaid arranges the bride's veil when she alights from the car, and holds her bouquet while the groom puts the ring on her finger.

The bridesmaid pays for her own gown, shoes, gloves, and head-dress. (Although it is quite correct for the bride's family to undertake these expenses if their financial position permits it, this is rarely done.) The groom, of course, pays for all flowers, including the "maid's" bouquet.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Beauty  
in brief:

## SITTING PRETTY

LEARNING how to sit tidily is one of the basic lessons taught in poise and deportment classes, and it's a snap for the girl who wants to make the most of a nice pair of legs.

At one time or another most teens tend to flounce about a bit, then simply flop into the chair or settee that's nearest and let it go at that.

Cardinal rule for poised sitting is, however, to keep the knees together and place the feet neatly with one foot pointing almost straight, the other toeing into its instep.

The picture at right shows how to do it so that the legs, feet, and hands all look graceful and relaxed.

Short, narrow dresses such as the sheath, shift, and skimmer frequently spell trouble for the unwary when sitting down.

The only way to handle it tidily is to approach the chair directly, turning smoothly on the pads of the feet to get in position, and then sliding one leg in front of the other in a cross-step as you lower yourself into the seat.

—Carolyn Earle





**LISTEN HERE—with Diane Roberts**

## Quick TV success after Singapore trip

● Not quite a year ago the Sabres — Dick Oakes and Bob Williams — were just beginning to make a name for themselves in Sydney when they had an offer for an overseas tour. They took it, and now they're back again, poised and polished and fast moving into national popularity.

AN agent heard them singing in a club and asked them if they'd be interested in a tour of Singapore.

"We really wanted to establish ourselves here first," said Dick, "but the offer was so good and the experience invaluable, so we took it."

The boys were away three and a half months, singing at a Singapore hotel and appear-

ing in Kuala Lumpur with Adam Faith.

When they returned home they thought they'd have to start all over again, as everyone would have forgotten them, but they needn't have worried.

They have been a big success on "Bandstand" and more TV offers are pouring in and plans are afoot for a country tour and clubwork in Sydney.

It is nearly a year since a housing problem brought the two boys together.

Bob, a jeweller by trade, was playing guitar in rock bands in Auckland when he decided to come to Australia to try his luck.

When he arrived he had nowhere to live, so he answered an advertisement and rented a room in a house owned by builder Dick Oakes.

Dick was well settled in the building trade and had never thought of becoming an entertainer. One night he heard Bob practising and wandered in to listen. The boys started talking and then started to sing.

Suddenly they realised their voices combined well, so they decided to form a duo.

While the boys were in Singapore they had an offer to tour Japan, but turned it down as they wanted to come home. "We may make the trip next year when we are more settled here," said Dick.

In the meantime Dick has written two numbers, so it may not be long before the Sabres are cutting a disc.

AUSTRALIA'S Rolf Harris is really hitting the big-time in England with his own teenage TV show called "A Swinging Time."

His new version of "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" looks like taking off in America, and Rolf will be making a tour of the States in October. While there he'll be a guest on the Ed Sullivan show.

GREAT news for Jay Justin and Peter Ciani—Peter has recorded Jay's "Proud of You" in Italian (H.M.V. 45). He translated the lyrics and wrote the flip number, "Angelina." The disc will be released in Italy.

LONNIE LEE is moving around these days. He is busy at present with a tour of the north coast and north-west of N.S.W., and his new single is out.

He recently finished a week of personal appearances in Brisbane and has been doing TV shows in Wollongong.

"I'd Like to Leave It If I May," on Lonnie's new disc, was written by Barry of the Bee Gees. The flip number is "Acres of Everything But Love."

YOU have to admire the stamina of the young Australian singers who are continually touring, recording, and doing TV shows.

Take Rob E.G. for instance, who has only five free days before Christmas.

He is doing a tour of N.S.W. as far as Walgett, returns to



THE SABRES—Bob Williams (left) and Dick Oakes.

Sydney to work on his new Festival recordings, then flies to Melbourne for a TV show before taking off on a tour to Mt. Isa, in Queensland.

In September he will make a month's tour of New Zealand.

ATLANTIC records can't miss with their first album release in this country. It's "What'd I Say?" by the king himself, Ray Charles. There's also "Jumpin' in the Mornin'," "Tell All the World About You," and "You're My Baby." A truly knockout album.

BERICE and Arthur Blanch have a new single, "The Same Old Fool," and a new version of "If I Had You on a Desert Island" (W. & G.). This disc will go over big with fans of out-and-out Country and Western music, and there seems to be a lot of them in Australia. The backing is expertly handled by "the king of the steel guitar," Speedy West.

THE Bee Gees have a very good follow-up to their "Three Kisses of Love" with "Timber," backed by "Take Hold of That Star" (Leedon 45). It's very encouraging to see such good material being written and produced by these boys. They have a smooth, warm sound and "Take Hold of That Star" is really excellent.

A NEW Festival album, "Dion Sings to Sandy," is a good party disc, but it doesn't have any other particular merits. Some of the tracks are "Queen of the Hop," "Little Girl," and "Teen Angel."

### Quiz answers

● Here are the answers to the quiz on page 2:

1. "For the Term of His Natural Life."
2. "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," by Henry Handel Richardson.
3. Rolf Boldrewood.
4. Henry Lawson.
5. Mrs. Aeneas Gunn, "We of the Never-Never."
6. "The Little Larrikin." Mary Grant Bruce wrote "A Little Bush Maid" in 1910.
7. Jon Cleary, "The Sun-downers."
8. A. B. ("Banjo") Paterson. His novels were "An Outback Marriage" (1906), "Three Elephant Power and Other Stories" (1917), and "The Shearer's Colt" (1936).
9. Mary Grant Bruce (the "Billabong" series).
10. Frank Clune.
11. Arthur William Upfield, born in England.
12. Patrick White.

## I ONLY HAVE ICE FOR YOU!

● Contrary to legend, it has been suggested that people living in particularly cold climates are the world's most romantic.

A GERMAN doctor has made this claim, which, no doubt, will have Latin lovers and South Seated Romeos up in ever-lovin' arms.

If the doctor is right (his assumption is based on Arctic Circle courting and marriage figures) it just shows how strong students (academic and practical) of romance have been.

Now, obviously, girls seeking polished pursuers overseas could well pass over the sun-drenched countries for better times (view mat.) in colder climes.

They will probably try to have a whale of a time, literally. And they will stick to Eskimos like igloo.

Certain local courting customs will be strange at first, of course.

Letters from ardent males in the Arctic are probably quaintly endorsed "Kissed by a loving seal!"

And a girl's meaning could be misconstrued if she said, "Have me home by midnight, son!"

Nor, any more, would it be a deterrent for a lass to give a boy the cold shoulder.

Still, a girl might decide that there is no place like Nome.

This opening-up of a new world of romance could well produce a fresh crop of dreamy music.

"Annie Get Your Penguin" would possibly have haunting melodies such as "Anything Yukon Do, I Can Do Better."

There might also be a rollicking song "On An Icicle Built For Two."

Girls probably would have to be careful of hot-blooded (cold smoothies whose intentions aren't honorable.

They could be sled up the garden path.

Once frost-bitten, of course, they would be twice shy.

Whether the Antarctic is as romantic as the Arctic is not quite clear.

Probably it is not.

After all, they are — Robin Adair

Poles apart!

## WORTH HEARING

### SIBELIUS: First Symphony

IN an often-quoted remark, the great Finnish composer Jean Sibelius once said that, whereas other composers of his day served up elaborate and many-colored musical cocktails, he provided pure cold water.

The water that flowed from the Sibelius fountain was sometimes less pure and cold than it is in (for example) the fourth symphony, which was discussed here a little while ago. In his first symphony, written in 1899, he was still a 19th-century romantic, turning out rich orchestral harmonies and almost Tchaikovsky-like tunes — though you can already feel a bracing Arctic wind blowing through the music at times.

There is a new recording of the first symphony, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy (C.B.S.). It is an exciting performance, which stresses the romantic side rather more than the austere side.

Another Sibelius record (from R.C.A.) brings five of his most popular smaller works: three works based on Finnish folk legends: Pohjola's Daughter, Lemminkäinen's Return, The Swan of Tuonela; and Finlandia and Valse Triste. They are played by Morton Gould and his orchestra.

— Martin Long

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# Quick rise to golf fame

● Three years ago Diana Cross wouldn't have known a seven iron from a putter, yet a few months ago, at 19, she became the youngest girl golfer ever chosen to represent Australia.

**P**ETITE and pretty Diana, who adds glamor as well as drive to any field, still can't believe that she's a member of the team playing Canada, Great Britain, and New Zealand in Commonwealth Games at Royal Melbourne on August 8-10.

"I got the biggest shock of my life when I was named as one of the internationals and I haven't really recovered yet," said the effervescent Diana.

"Well, gee, you don't expect to get such an honor when you've only been playing such a short while. And I'd never really won anything till last year."

Diana, who is now the pin-up girl of her home town of Wagga, N.S.W., deserved this big break in golf, however, for she's the dashing, powerful, ever-confident type of player who can be a world-beater on her day.

She's certainly the most improved young golfer in Australia today.

At last year's N.S.W. State

By Cynthia Robinson

championships she was too inexperienced and too impatient to take any great honors.

Her driving play and obvious ability impressed selectors so much, however, that she was included in the N.S.W. team as an extra junior player for the Australian championships in Adelaide.

There — with the then N.S.W. junior champion, Judy Mancell, as her partner — she shot into prominence with a magnificent win in the Australian foursomes.

That win seemed to be all she needed, and by the time she returned to Melbourne in February for matches from which the international Australian team was chosen, she was playing brilliant golf.

Recently she broke the course record on the N.S.W. club course at La Perouse to win this year's State junior championship, and despite her subsequent shock defeat in the first round of the open title she made a great impression.

In Wagga, Diana works on the telephone exchange, a job

she took because "its broken hours fit in with my golf."

It's just four years since Diana's family moved to Wagga, and she became friendly with one of the neighboring families, which includes three professional golfers.

"I went to school with one of them, Margaret Thomas, who'd been mad about golf for ages, and she talked me into playing a few games," she said.

"At first I thought it was stupid, and everyone else seemed to think I was hopeless."

"I'd probably have given up golf there and then but for Margaret's brother Ray, the pro. who's taught me all I know about the game."

Today Ray is Diana's boyfriend as well as her coach.

Diana has four golfing ambitions. She wants to reduce her enviable handicap of three; to hit 18 straight pars; to be Australian champion; and to be a member of the teams which will play in New Zealand and Canada within the next two or three years.

Next week: Shirley Francis



DIANA CROSS, a dashing, powerful, and confident golfer who has been chosen to represent Australia less than four years after she began to play the game.

